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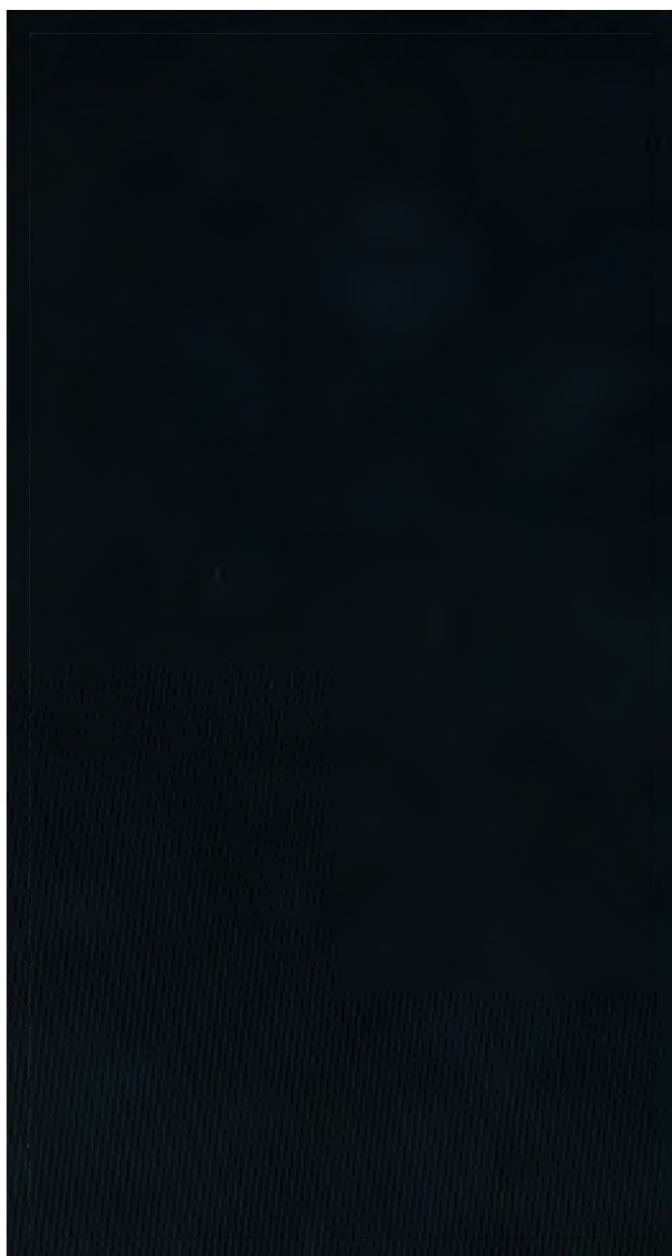
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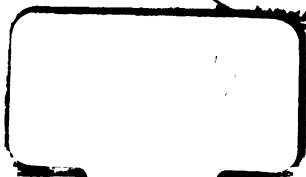
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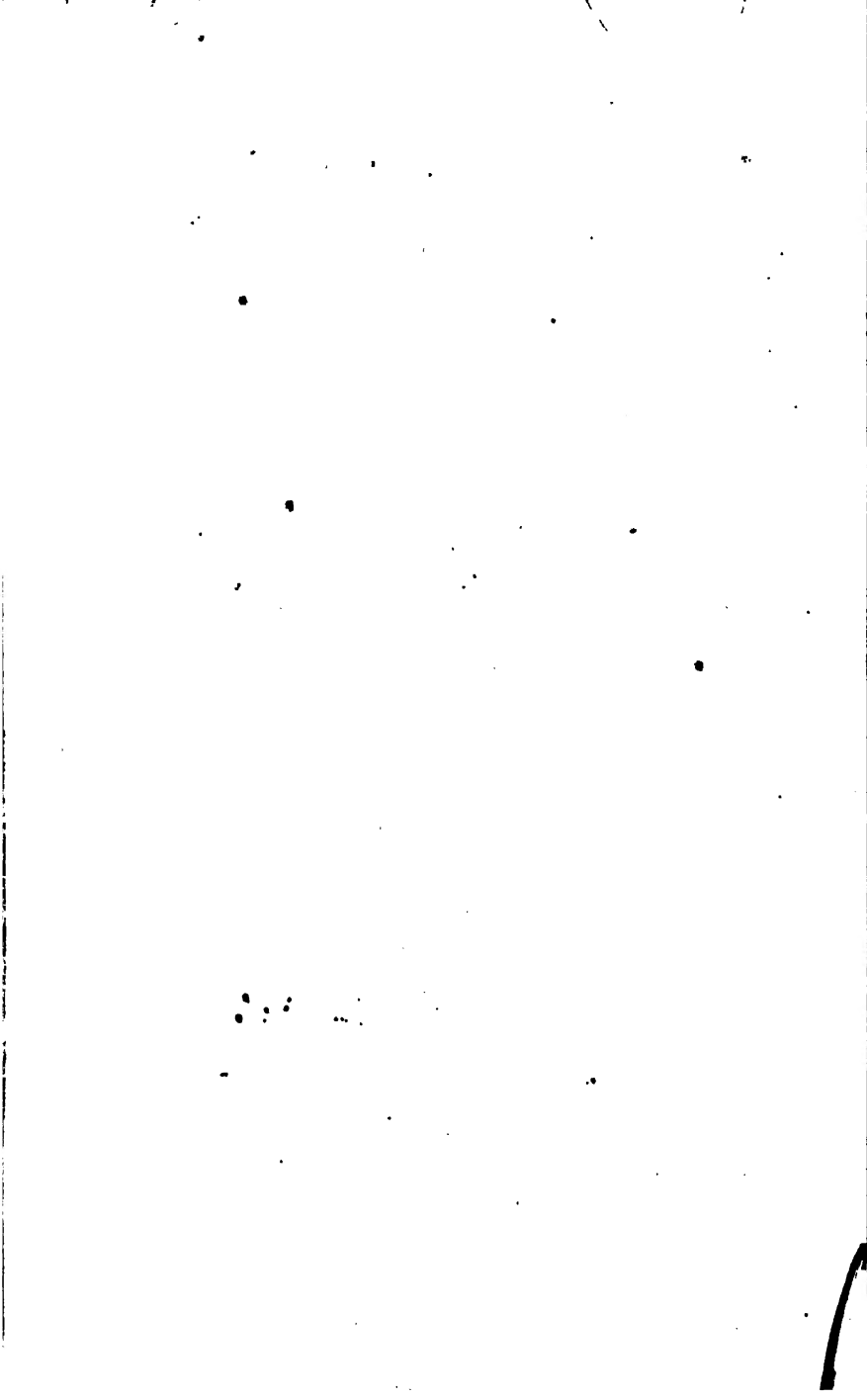
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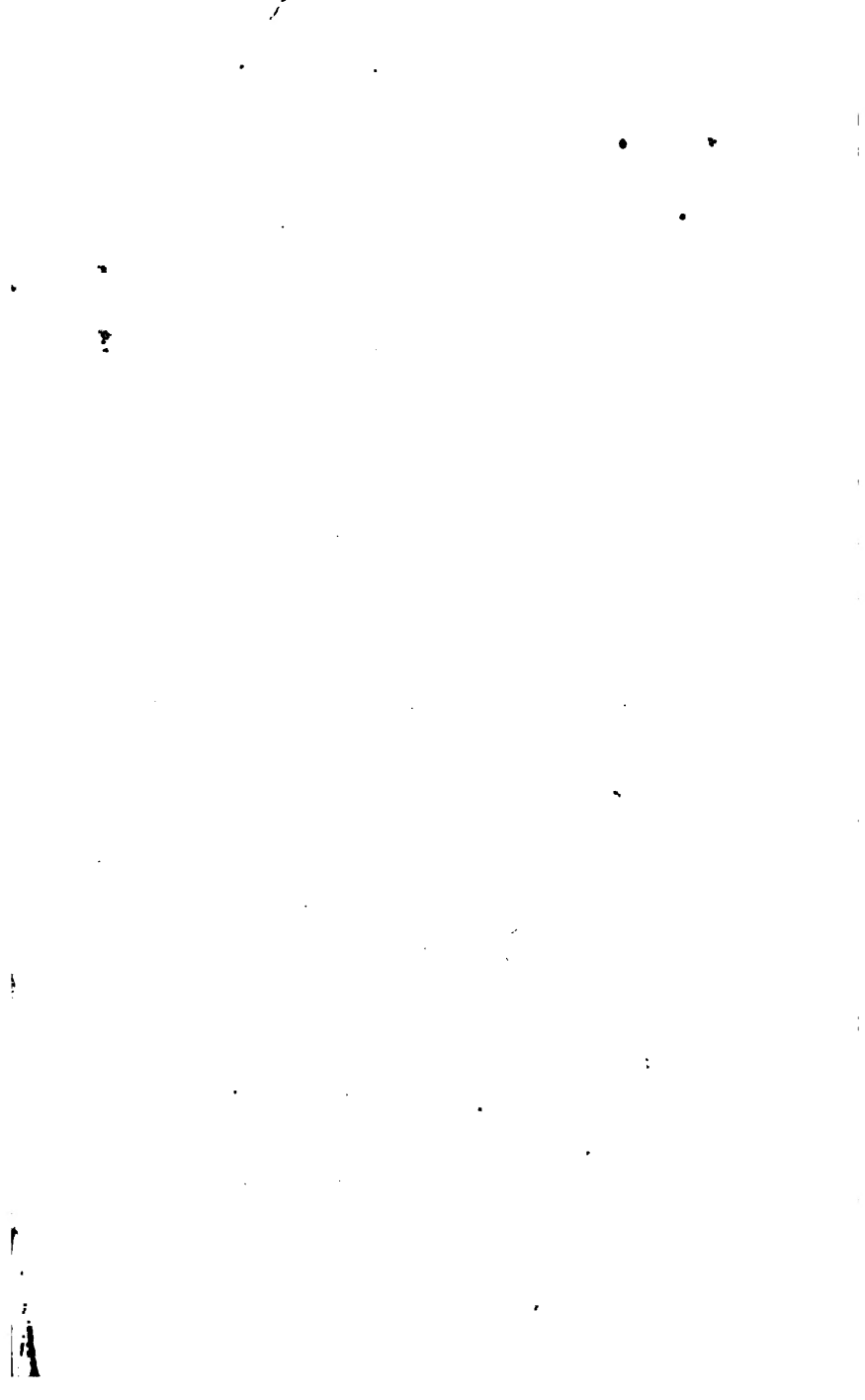
OF BOOKS RELATING TO THE
HISTORY OF WOMAN.

No. 213

1844







GOETHE'S
CORRESPONDENCE
WITH
A CHILD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FIRST AMERICAN, FROM THE LONDON EDITION.

VOL. II.

LOWELL:
PUBLISHED BY DANIEL BIXBY.

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1841.

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CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

GOETHE.

TO GOETHE.

Landshut, October 24th.

THE kingdom of God stands in its strength at all times, and in all places ; this I remarked to-day in a hollow oak, which stood there, in the host of wild, lofty forest-trees, mighty and great, and counting its centuries, though quite averted from the sunshine. Wolfstein is within three hours' walk from here ; one must climb up many steps, ascending by degrees between firs and willows, which drag their broad boughs along the sand. Many hundreds of years ago, stood there a hunting palace of Louis the Beautiful, Duke of Bavaria, whose singular joy it was, to stroll about in fog, and evening-dusk ; once he had wandered away, and the darkness had led him unconsciously to a mill ; the water he heard rushing and the mill-wheel turning, all else was still ; he called, to see if any one heard him ; the miller's wife, who was very beautiful, awoke, lighted a pine torch, and came out before the door ; the Duke fell directly in love with her, being able to distinguish her by the light of the flame, and went in with her and remained also till

morning : but he sought out a secret path by which he might come to her again. He did not forget her, but he did forget the March of Brandenburg, which he lost, because he regarded nothing but love alone ; an alley of elms, which leads from the palace to the mill, and which he planted himself, still remains ; “ here one can see that the trees grow old, but not love,” said one of our party, as we passed through the alley.

And the Duke was not wrong, that he gave the March of Brandenburg for love, for the first is always still there, — and stupid ; but in love one wanders as in spring, for it is a rain of velvet blossom-leaves, a cool breath on a hot day, and it is beautiful even to the end. Would you, too, give the March for love ? I should n't like it, if you loved Brandenburg better than me.

October 23d.

The moon is shining high above the hills, the clouds drive over like herds. I have already stood awhile at the window, and looked at the chasing and driving above. Dear Goethe, good Goethe, I am alone, it has raised me out of myself, up to thee ! like a new-born babe, must I nurse this love between us ; beautiful butterflies balance themselves upon the flowers, which I have planted about its cradle ; golden fables adorn its dreams ; I joke and play with it, I try every stratagem in its favor. But you rule it without trouble, by the noble harmony of your mind, — with you there is no need of tender expressions or protestations. While I take care of each moment of the present, a power of blessing goes forth from you, which reaches beyond all sense and above all the world.

October 22d.

I like to begin to write at the top of the page, and to finish low down, without leaving a place for " respects ;" this reminds me, how familiar I dare be with you ; I really believe I have inherited it from my mother, for it seems to me an old habit ; and as the shore is accustomed to the beating of the waves, so is my heart to the warmer beating of the blood at your name, at all which reminds me, that you are living in this visible world.

Your mother related to me, that when I was new-born, you first carried me to the light, and said, "the child has brown eyes ;" and then was my mother anxious, lest you should dazzle me, and now a stranger glance comes over me from you.

October 21st.

One day passes after the other here and produces nothing, this I don't like ; I long again for the anxiety which drove me out of Munich ; I thirst after the tales of the Tyrol, I would rather hear lies about it than nothing : I should at least endure with them, and sorrow and pray for them.

The church-tower here has something strange in it ; as often as a prebendary dies, one stone of the tower is white-washed, and now it is daubed white from top to bottom.

In the mean time one takes long walks here on fine days, with a delightful company, — which is as much refreshed by Savigny's philanthropic nature as by his mind. Salvoti, a young Italian, whom Savigny distinguishes highly, has beautiful eyes, but I rather look at him as he goes before me, than at his face ; for he wears

a green cloak, to which he gives a superb set of folds : beauty gives mind to every motion : he sighs for home ; and although he every day, in order to accustom himself, drinks the wines of his native land, filtered through Bavarian river-sand, yet he becomes daily paler, more slender, more interesting, and he will soon have to seek his home, in order to confess there his secret love : such strange vagaries has Nature ; she is tender, but not everywhere the same to the same.

Ringseis, the physician, (who has dissected the inter-maxillary bone very nicely for me, in order to prove to me that Goethe is right,) and many other friendly people, are our companions ; we search out the steepest hills and most difficult paths ; we exercise ourselves against the next spring, when a journey through Switzerland and the Tyrol is intended ; who knows how it will then look ; then will the poor Tyrolese have learned already to sigh.

Last night I dreamed of you ; what more delightful could happen to me ? You were serious and much busied, and said I must not disturb you ; this made me sad : then you pressed my hand very kindly on my heart and said, “ only be quiet, I know you, and understand all ;” then I awoke : your ring, which in sleep I had pressed hard, was imprinted upon my bosom ; I set it again into the print and pressed it still more strongly, because I could not clasp you to myself. Is a dream, then, nothing ? — to me it is every thing : I will willingly give up the business of the day, if at night I can be and speak with you. O ! be it willingly in dreams, — this my happiness, — thou !

October 19th.

I have here, also, found out a way to set up a pleasure-camp for music ; I have formed for myself a choir of from six to eight singers ; an old clergyman, Eixdorfer, (do n't forget his name, I have more to tell you of him,) a famous bear-hunter, and yet bolder thorough-bass player, is choir-master. On rainy days, the psalms of Marcello are performed in my little chamber : I will willingly have the best copied, if you have n't them yourself ; only write me a word about it, for the music is singularly splendid, and not very easy to obtain. The duets of Durante are also fine ; the ear must be first accustomed, before it can tame itself to their harmonious discords, a host of broken sighs and love-plaints, which break off into the air like wandering echoes ; therefore it is, that they are so powerful when they are well sung, that one always lets one's self faint away anew in these pains. In the mean time a barbarous judgment upon these, and upon Marcello, had been formed. I was called odd, because twice a day, morning and evening, I had only this music sung. By degrees, as each singer learned to maintain his post, he also gained more interest. To stride on Apollo's high cothurns, to throw with Jupiter's lightning, to wage battle with Mars, to break the chains of slavery, and pour forth the shout of freedom ; to rage out with bacchanalian rapture ; to drive the storm-advancing choirs with the shield of Minerva ; to protect, to order their evolutions, these are the individual parts of this music, on which each one can bring the power of his enthusiasm to bear. For there is no resistance to be made ; the soul becomes through music a feeling body, each tone touches it ; music works sensually upon the

soul. Whoever is not as much excited in playing as in composition, will not produce any thing witty ; besides, I see the hypocritical moral tendencies all going to the devil with their feigned trash, for the senses produce alone in art as they do alone in Nature, and you know that better than any one.

October 18th,

Of Klotz's color-martyrdom, I have yet to give you an account ; there is nothing to be done with him. I have in part with tediousness, but still with interest, lent my ear to his twenty-five-year manuscript, have worked laboriously through it, and with surprise discovered, that, in most prosaic madness, he has made an appendix of himself to it. Nothing I understood better than this, " I am I ;" and, examined closely, he has, by frequent meditation of it, changed himself at last, into three rough, filthy earth-colors. After having endured a real martyrdom with him, especially through his dreaded face, I could never bring myself, after the college was finished, to visit him any more ; a strange fear came over me when I scented him in the streets. In sun-light and moon-light, he hastens towards me ; I seek to elude him, alas ! in vain ; anxiety lames my limbs, and I become his prey. Now he began to wedge his system into my soul, that I might clearly conceive the difference between Goethe's views and his. He invited me to hear him read in French, his " Theory of Light ;" he is translating the whole, in order to present it to the Institute in Paris. Now, as a demon within me works against all which pretends to *Reality*, ennobles no form, abjures all that is poetic, or with the greatest indifference overbuilds and crushes it ; I gave respite for some time, by my lies, parodies, and heaps of

comparisons, to his life, which was about to be quite petrified.

Methought, as I looked through his prism into the dark streak, and saw all that he wished me to see, that Faith was the birth and visible appearance of the mind, and a strengthening of its being ; for without it, every thing hovers and gains no form, and escapes through a thousand outlets. Thus also, when I doubt and believe not, your delightful remembrance also takes flight, and leaves me nothing.

October 17th.

I have a request you dare not refuse ; during life one cannot collect enough of those things which sweeten the loneliness of the grave, such as bows, locks of the beloved one's hair, etc.; my love to you is so great that I would not hurt a hair of your head, still less deprive you of one ; for it belongs to you, whom my love has made its own, and I will not miss a hair of you. Give me your book ; let it be handsomely bound, in a friendly color, say red, (for that is a color in which we have often met,) and then write with your own hand on the fly-leaf: " Bettine, or my Treasure, etc. etc. — this book I give to thee."

October 16th.

Two letters did I receive from you about Dürer's picture, but you must also send me word, whether it arrived uninjured, and whether you like it ? tell me what you find praiseworthy in it, that I may tell it again to the (very poor) painter. I have into the bargain, an accumulated correspondence with young off-shoots of the fine arts ; with a young architect at Cologne, a musician of eighteen years of age, who studied composition with Winter, rich

in beautiful melodies, like a silver swan, which sings in the clear blue atmosphere with swelling wings. The swan has a confounded Bavarian name, he is called Lindpaintner ; yet, says Winter, he will bring the name to honor. A young engraver, who is studying with Hess at Munich: The enclosed sketch is by him ; it is the first impression, but smeared and unneat ; the whole, too, is somewhat indistinct, and, according to the judgment of others, too old, notwithstanding it seems to me not wholly without merit ; he etched it directly after Nature, without a drawing. If it please you, I will send you one cleaner, better, and packed with more care, that you can stick upon the wall by your bedside. Now to all these people I speak comfort in different ways, and it is a pleasant feeling of worthiness I have, to be consulted by them as their little oracle. I only teach them to understand their five senses ; how, as it were, being of all things flies and creeps within them ; how perfume of the breezes, force of the earth, impulse of the water, and color of the fire, live and work within them ; how the real essence of art lies in the clear mirror of the creation ; how hoar, dew, and mist ; rainbow, wind, snow, hail ; thunder, and the threatening comets, the northern lights, etc., produce quite a different spirit. God, who gives wings to the winds, will also give them to your spirits.

October 15th.

Do you not remark, that my date always goes backward instead of forward ? I have planned a stratagem : since time is always carrying me further on, and never to you, so will I turn back till I come to that day when I was with you, and there will I stop, and will have nothing more to do with "in future," and "opportunity," and "soon,"

but will turn my back upon them all ; I will put a lock upon the door of futurity, and therewith shut up the way to you, so that you can go nowhere but to me.

Write to me about the music, that I may send it, if you have not got it ; I like so to send any thing ; and then I beg you to give my most loving greeting to your wife ; of your son I am not forgetful. But do you write to me on a clear day ; I always imagine that I, amongst many things, am the dearest to you. When your mother still lived, I could talk with her about such things ; she explained every thing to me in your few hasty lines. "I know Wolfgang," said she, "he wrote that with a heavy heart, he holds thee as safe within his arms as his best property." Then the hand which had fostered your childhood, stroked my head ; and she showed me, sometimes, much of the former household furniture which you had used. Those were charming things.

BETTINE.

To-morrow I return to Munich, then I shall see the amiable president. At the public sitting of the Academy this year, a very beautiful treatise upon the history of the old salt-works, at Reichenhall, was read. It had the peculiar lot of tiring every one ; if my letter should take part in this lot, yet read it for the sake of the violence I have done myself, in speaking of any thing else but my eternal love.

GOETHE TO BETTINE.

Weimar, November 3d, 1809.

How could I, dear Bettine, begin a contention with you ; you excel friends in word and in deed, in kindness and

gifts, in love and amusement : with this, then, must one be contented, and in return send you as much love as possible, be it only in silence.

Your letters are very delightful to me ; if you could only be a secret observer of me while I read them, you would in nowise doubt of the power which they exert over me ; they remind me of the time when I, perhaps, was as foolish as you, but certainly happier and better than now.

Your enclosed picture was immediately recognised by your friends, and duly greeted. It is very natural and artist-like, therewith earnest and lovely. Say something friendly to the artist upon the matter, and at the same time, he should continue to exercise himself in sketching after Nature ; the Immediate feels itself directly ; that he therewith always keep the maxims of his art in his eye, is of course. Such a talent must even become lucrative, always supposing that the artist lived in a great town, or travelled about. In Paris they have already something similar. Induce him to take the portrait of some one else, whom I know, and write his name ; perhaps all may not succeed with him like the interesting Bettine ; for really she sits so truly and heartily there, that one must envy the somewhat corpulent book (which, by the by, is in good keeping with the picture,) its place.

Albrecht Dürer would have arrived quite safe, if the fatal precaution had not been taken of packing fine paper upon the top, which has in some places rubbed into the clothing, which is now restored. The copy deserves all respect ; it is perfected with great industry, and with a sincere and honest view of rendering the original as near as possible. Give the artist my thanks ; to you I

give them daily, whenever I look at the picture. I should like once at least to see a portrait after Nature from this pencil.

Since I am writing this word Nature once more, I feel myself compelled to tell you, that you should make your Nature-gospel, which you preach to the artists, somewhat conditional; for who would not willingly allow himself to be led into every error by so charming a Pythoness. Write to me, whether the spirit inform what I mean. I am at the end of my page and take this as a pretext for being silent upon what I have no pretext for saying. I only beg you, that, by sending me the compositions of Durant and Marcello, you would sweetly haunt my house anew.

A few days ago a friend announced herself; I wished to anticipate her, and really believed I was going to meet you, as I mounted the stairs of the Elephant; but quite another countenance unfolded itself from out the travelling hood; yet since then I am bewitched often to turn to the door, thinking you were coming to rectify my error; by a speedy, longed-for surprise, I should hold myself assured of the gift of prophecy, belonging of old to my family; and one would with confidence prepare one's self for so pleasing an event, if the evil demon were not well exercised in playing the heart, before all, his most spiteful tricks; and, as the tenderest blossoms are often covered with snow, so too the sweetest affections change to coldness: for such things one must always hold one's self prepared; and it is to me a warning sign, that I had to thank the capricious April (although at parting) for your first appearance.

GOETHE.

TO GOETHE.

Munich, November 9th.

AH ! it is so awful in many an hour to be alone ! Ah ! so many thoughts need comfort, which yet can be told to none ; so many frames of mind, which draw at once into the vast and formless, must be overcome. Forth into the cold, open air, upon the loftiest snow-Alps, in the midst of night, where the storm-wind might blow upon one ; where one hardily and boldly steps to meet the only narrow feeling, fear ; there I imagine to myself, one could become *well*.

When thy genius bears along the high blue heaven a storm-cloud, and at last lets it dash down from the broad mighty wings in the full bloom of the rose-season, this does not raise universal pity: many a one enjoys the magic of the confusion, many a one loosens his own desires therein ; a third (I also) sinks down by the rose, as it lies broken by the storm, and pales with it and dies with it, and then he rises again in fairer youth new-born, — through *thy* genius, Goethe. This I say to you from the impression of that book : “ *The Elective Affinities*.” *

A clear moon-night have I passed, in order to read your book, which only a few days ago came to hand. You can think that in this night a whole world crowded through my soul. I feel that from you ~~there~~ is to be had balsam for the wounds, which are given by you ; for when the next morning your letter came, with all marks

* Die Wahlverwandschaften, by Goethe.

of your goodness, I knew well that you lived, and for me, too ; I felt my mind more purified, to render me worthy of your love. This book is a storm-excited sea, where the waves threateningly beat upon my heart to crush me. Your letter is the lovely shore, where I land, and look upon all danger with quiet, nay, even with good comfort.

Thou art in love with her, Goethe ; I have already long had the presentiment : yonder Venus has risen from the foaming sea of your passion, and after sowing seeds of tear-pearls, she vanishes again in more than earthly splendor. You are powerful, you would have the whole world mourn with you, and, weeping, it obeys your summons. But I, too, Goethe, have made a vow ; you seem to give me up in your grief. “ Run,” you say to me, “ and seek for yourself flowers ; ” and then you lock yourself up in the inmost sadness of your feeling : yes, this will I do, Goethe ! — this is my vow ; I will seek flowers, gay garlands shall adorn your gates, and when your foot stumbles, they are wreaths, which I have laid down upon the threshold ; and when you dream, it is the balsam of magic blossoms, which overcomes you : flowers of a far, strange world, where I am not strange, as here in this book, where a ravenous tiger swallows up the fine structure of spiritual love : I do not understand it, this cruel enigma : I cannot conceive why they all make themselves unhappy ; why they all serve a spiteful demon with thorny sceptre : and, Charlotte, who daily, nay, hourly, scatters incense before him, who with mathematical certainty prepares unhappiness for all. Is not love free ? do not they both stand in affinity ? why will she forbid them this innocent life with and near each other ? Twins they are ; entwined

together, they ripen on to their birth into light ; and she will separate these germs, because she cannot believe in innocence : the immense prejudice of sin she grafts upon innocence ; O ! what unhappy precaution !

Do you know ! no one is thoroughly acquainted with ideal love ; each one believes in common love ; and thus one cherishes, one grants, no good fortune, which springs from this loftier one, or which by it might reach the end. Whatever I shall gain, may it be by this ideal love ; it bursts all bars to new worlds of art, and divination, and poesy ; yes, naturally, as it only feels itself satisfied in a more elevated sense, so it can only live in a more lofty element.

Here, your Mignon occurs to me ; how, with banded eyes, she dances in the midst of eggs. My love is skillful ; rely entirely upon its instinct ; it will, also, dance blindfold onward, and make no false step.

You interest yourself in my pupils of art, this gives me and them much delight. The young man, who etched my miniature, is of a family, each single member of which, hangs with great attention upon your doings ; I often listened to the two elder brothers, how they laid plans to see you once, if only from afar ; one had seen you return from the theatre, wrapped in a large grey cloak ; he was always telling me of it. What a twofold enjoyment was that for me ! — for I myself had been with you, that rainy day, in the theatre, and this cloak protected me from the eyes of the many, as I was in your box, and you called me “ mouseling,” because, so secretly hid, I listened from out its wide folds : I sat in darkness, but you in the light ; you must have been sensible of my love ; I could clearly perceive your sweet friendliness, which was blended in every feature, in every motion ; yes, I am rich ; the golden Pacto-

lus flows through my veins and deposits its treasures in my heart. Now see, such sweet enjoyment from eternity to eternity, why is it not allowed to the lovers in your novel? or why does it not suffice them? Yes, it can be that another lot may yet step between us; yes, it must be, for since all men will act, they will not leave such a space unemployed; let them have their way, let them sow and reap, — that is not it; — the shiverings of love, the deeply felt, will once again rise to the surface: the *soul* loves; what is it then, which, in the germinating seed, will be moistened? The deep-closed, yet unborn blossom; this, its future, will be produced by such shiverings: but the soul is the closed blossom of the body, and when it bursts forth from it, then will those love-shiverings, in heightened feeling, burst forth with it; yes, this love will be nothing else than the breath of that future heavenly life; therefore is it, that our hearts beat, and the breath rules the inconceivable delight. Now it draws, with heavy sigh, from out the abyss of bliss; now it can scarcely, with the wind's rapidity, embrace all, which streams mightily through it. Yes, thus it is, dear Goethe; I perceive each moment when I think of thee, that it oversteps the boundaries of earthly life, and deep sighs change unseen with the quick pulsation of enthusiasm; yes, thus it is, these shiverings of love are the breath of a higher existence, to which we shall once belong, and which, in these earthly blessings, only breathes softly upon us.

Now I will return to my young artist, who belongs to one of the most amiable families, all whose highly gifted members, although so young, rise far above their time. Louis Grimm, the artist, already two years ago, when he had very little practice, but much quiet, hidden sense, made a portrait of me; for me, it is of importance, it has

truth, but no superficial skill ; few people, therefore, find it like. No one, either, has seen me fall asleep over the bible, in a scarlet gown, in the little Gothic chapel, with grave-stones and inscriptions round about ; I, fallen asleep over the wisdom of Solomon ! Let it be framed for a screen, and think that, while it changes your “ evening light ” to quiet darkening, I, dreaming, explore the brightness which lighted the most ardently loving of kings.

The young artist's character, moreover, is such, that the rest of the good which you say to him is not applicable. He is timid. I, with cunning only, have made him tame by degrees. I won him, by being pleased to be as much a child as himself. We had a cat, about which we contended in play ; in an unused kitchen, I myself cooked the supper ; while all were standing by the fire, I sat upon a foot-stool, and read ; as chance would have it, I was dressed, reclining, and in drapery. With great enthusiasm, for the favorable accident, he made sketches after Nature, and would not suffer me to alter even a fold ; thus we assembled an interesting little collection, of how I walk, stand, and sit. He has made tours into the neighbouring country, where there are fair, attractive faces ; he every time brought with him a treasure of etched plates, imitated from the humorous, with remarkable truth. The simple gospel, which I preach to him, is nothing else than what the warm west wind whispers to the violet, — by this it cannot be led into error. The enclosed etchings after Nature will please you.

The musician is my favorite, and with him I might more easily have driven my discourses upon art to excess, for there I expatiate more, and here I cede nothing to you : I will soon again take you to task ; you must accept, with their mystic workings, the overpowering,

unconceived presentiment of wonderful powers ; I will soon draw a deeper breath and express all before you. Very strange is it, an architect, whom I formerly knew, appears indisputably in your " Elective Affinities." He deserves it, for his former enthusiastic love to you. He made at that time the model of a very wonderful house for you, which stood upon a rock, and was ornamented with many bronze figures, fountains, and columns.

How much had I still to say to you upon a glorious word * in your letter, but it will answer of itself, or I am not worth your lavishing so much condescension upon me. Often I would fain look upon you, to carry happiness in your eyes, and again to draw happiness from them, therefore do I now leave off writing.

BETTINE.

TO GOETHE.

THE world often becomes too narrow for me. What oppresses me is the truce, the peace, with all the dreadful consequences, with all the profligate treachery, of policy. The geese, which with their cackling once saved the capitol, allow not their right to be disputed ; they, alone, take the lead.

But thou, friendly Goethe ! thou sun-beam ! which, even in the midst of winter, lies upon the snowy heights, and peeps in at my window. On the neighbour's roof, upon which the sun shines in the morning, I have made a remembrance of thee.

Without you, I should perhaps have been as sad as

* Foolish as you, etc. etc. (Goethe's letter.)

one born blind, who has no idea of the lights of heaven. Thou clear fountain in which the moon mirrors itself, where the stars are scooped up with hollowed hand to be drank ; thou poet, freeman of Nature, who, her image in thy bosom, teaches us poor children of slavery to adore it !

That I write to you, is as strange as if one lip spoke to the other ; listen, I have something to tell you ; yes, I am too prolix, since all that I say is of course, and what should the other lip answer to it ? In the consciousness of my love, my inmost relationship to you, you are silent. Ah ! how could Ottilie wish to die sooner ? O, I ask you, is it not also an expiation to bear happiness, enjoy happiness ? O, Goethe, could you not have created one who could have saved her ? You are excellent, but cruel, that you let this life destroy itself ; after misfortune had once broken in, you should have hidden, as the earth hides, and as it blooms freshly above the graves ; so should loftier feelings and sentiments have bloomed from out the past, and not the unripe youthful man should have been thus rooted out and thrown away ; what to me is all mind, all feeling, in Ottilie's diary ? It is not maidenly for her to leave her lover, and not to await from him the unfolding of her fate ; it is not womanly, that she does not consider his fate alone ; and it is not motherly, (since she must forefeel all the young germs, whose roots are entwined with hers,) that she has no care for them, but brings all to destruction with herself.

There is a limit between a realm which springs from necessity, and that loftier one which the free spirit cultivates ; into the realm of necessity we are born, we find ourselves there at first ; but to that free one, we

are elevated. As wings carry through the air the bird, which was before compelled to lie unfledged in the nest, so does that spirit carry our fortunes, proud and independent, into liberty ; close to this limit do you lead your loving ones ; no wonder ! all we who think and love, await at this limit our redemption ; nay, all the world appear to me as though assembled on the shore, and waiting a passage through all prejudices, evil desires, and vices, to the land where heavenly freedom is cherished. We are wrong to believe for this the body must be put off, to come to heaven. Verily ! as all Nature, from eternity to eternity, frames itself, even so does heaven frame itself, in itself ; in the recognition of a germinating spiritual life, to which one devotes all his powers, till, of its own power, it generates into freedom. This is our task, our spiritual organization ; it depends whether it is animated, whether the spirit becomes Nature, in order that *again* a spirit, a prophetic one, unfold itself from this nature. The poet (you Goethe) must first unfold this new life ; he lifts his wings and rises above the desiring, and allures them, and shows them how one may support one's self above the soil of prejudice : but alas ! your Muse is a Sappho ; instead of following her genius, she has precipitated herself down from the rock.

November 29th.

Yesterday I wrote thus far ; then I went to bed from mere fear, and as I do every evening, that, in thought on you, I may fall asleep at your feet. I could not yesterday succeed ; I was ashamed that I had talked away so arrogantly, and all is perhaps not as I mean it. After all, it is jealousy which so excites me, that I seek a way

how I may draw you to me again and make you forget *her*: now try me, and, whatever I be, yet do not forget my love; and pardon me, too, for sending you my Diary; I wrote it on the Rhine. I have therein spread out before you the existence of the years of my childhood, and shown you how our mutual "elective affinity" forced me, like a rivulet, to sweep on, hastening over crags and rocks, among thorns and mosses, till there where you, mighty stream, swallow me up. Yes; I wished to keep this book, till I should at last be with you again; then I would in the morning see in your eyes what you had read in it at evening: but now I am troubled with the thought, that you should lay my Diary in the place of Ottilie's, and should love the living, who remains with you, more than her who has gone away from you.

Do not burn my letters, do not tear them, or you might even do harm to yourself; so firmly, so truly, am I bound to you; but show them to no one, hide them like a secret beauty; my love gives you beauty, you are beautiful because you feel yourself loved.

Morning.

During the night often a good fortune blossoms, like the Turkish bean, which, planted at evening, grew up till morning, and threw its tendrils round the moon's sickle; but at the first sun-beam, all withers, to the very root; thus did my dream last night, blooming, climb up to you; and it was just at the fairest you called me "your all;" then broke the morning, and the beautiful dream was withered like the beanstalk, by which one at night so conveniently mounted to Moon-land.

Ah! write to me soon, I am troubled about all which

I have dared in this letter, I close it to begin another ; true, I might have kept back what I have said to you about the " Elective Affinities ;" but would it have been right to conceal from the friend, what, in the labyrinth of the breast, wanders in the night ?

BETTINE.

TO GOETHE.

December 13th, 1809.

AH, I will abjure idolatry ! of you I do not speak, for what prophet says, that you are no god ?

I speak of great and little, which leads the soul astray. O, did you but know what is good for your salvation, now in the days of your visitation ? Luke xix.

I had much to say to you, but it throbs within my heart, and painful thoughts tower one above another.

Peace is confirmed. In the moment of the most glorious victory, when the energy of this people had reached its summit, Austria commands them to lay down their arms. What right has she to this ? Has she not long already, maliciously fearful, separated her cause from that of the Tyrolese ? There stand the crowned heads, around this jewel Tyrol ; they look eagerly upon it, and are all dazzled by its pure fire : but they throw a pall over it, — their crafty policy ! and now they decide in cold-blood upon its fate. Should I say, what deep wounds the story of this year has inflicted upon me, who would commiserate me ? And who, alas ! am I, that I should let my complaint, my curse, be heard ? Each one has the right, in whose heart it so rages as in mine, to espouse the highest destinies ; alas ! in nothing more have I either pleasure or

confidence ; the cold winter-wind, which storms to-day, with it I do not stand in opposition ; it at least does not deceive me. Six weeks ago there were a few fine days, we made a journey to the hills ; as we approached the chain of the rocky Alps, this worked mightily within me, the ashes fell from my heart, there streamed the glow of spring into the languid ray of the autumn-sun. It was splendid beneath the firs and pines upon the high Alp, they bowed their tops in the wind-blast to one another ; were I a kitten, in their shade the Emperor's majesty would not have dazzled me. Here I lay upon the steep precipice and overlooked the narrow valley, out of which, coupled with hills, hieroglyphic rock-walls rise. I was alone upon the steep height, and oversaw numberless ravines ; the sympathizing preachers of ecstasy had remained behind, — it was too steep for them. Had we both been there together in summer, and, hand in hand, carefully, slowly, alone, descended the dangerous path, — these were my holy thoughts there above, — had you been there, we should have reflected otherwise. A wreath cools, and becomes well, the heated cheeks : — what would you ? — firs sting, oaks will not bend pliantly, elms, — the branches are too high ; poplars do not adorn, and the tree which is yours, that is not here. This I often said : mine is not here ; you are mine, but you are not here.

It might chance, that, according to your prophetic vision, in a short time my way may lead me to you ; I want this remuneration for the evil time which I have lived without you.

A distinguished class of men, amongst whom were excellent people, are the physicians ; when disease broke forth so terribly during the war, most of them be-

came victims to their activity : then it is that we first see what they are worth, when they have ceased to live: death drives the bud to an unseasonable blossom.

The enclosed drawing is the portrait of Tiedmann, a professor of medicine here ; he interests himself so much for fish, that he wrote a beautiful work upon their hearts, provided with very good plates : now since you, in your " Elective Affinities," have shown that you closely examine heart and loins, fish-hearts will also be interesting to you, and perhaps you may discover that your Charlotte has the heart of a whiting : with my next (in which I shall send many other things) I will forward it. Do not have a mean opinion of the drawing ; only become acquainted with the man, and you will see that he does honor to his mirror.

To come again to something bitter, Meline, with the beautiful eye-lashes, of whom you said she was like a rose, which the dew above had just waked out of a deep sleep, will marry a man who is generally known as an excellent man. O, how sad is it to be the slave of excellence ; one will there do no better than Charlotte did ; one frets one's self and others to death with virtue. Excuse me only, that I am always beginning anew about your book ; I ought rather to be silent, since I have not mind enough to comprehend it thoroughly.

Strange is it, that while reality so powerfully excites me, even so powerfully does fiction cast me down. The black eyes, which are large and somewhat wide open, but quite filled with friendliness when they look on me ; the mouth, from whose lips songs flow, which I can close with a seal, which then sing more beautifully, murmur more sweetly, warmer than before ; and the breast, on which I can hide myself, when I have prattled too

much, such I shall never misunderstand, such will never be strange to me, — hereupon, good night !

The accompanying plates are by our friend Grimm ; the two boys' heads he did hastily upon a journey to the Staremberger lake, the drawing of them is still better ; it is, together with the scenery, the boys, the dark one sitting upon a bank in the sun, the fair one leaning against the well side, all delightfully true to Nature. The girl is an earlier attempt of his graving needle ; your praise has given him great zeal ; his master is the engraver Hess, whom I often watch with mute astonishment at his great important works.

Marcello's psalms are here at Landshut too miserably copied, it is old church-style ; I must have patience till I find a copier.

Farewell ; greet heartily from me all that is thine.

My address is at Count Joner's house, in Landshut.

BETTINE.

TO GOETHE.

I HAVE bolted my door, and, not to be quite alone with my ill-humor, I searched for your Eugenia : she had hidden herself in the very hindmost corner of the book-case : I felt assured of consolation, a heavenly thought would therein breathe upon me ; I have drank it in like scent of flowers ; beneath oppressive clouds I have calmly advanced, untired, forwards to the lonely point, where no one willingly abides, since there the four winds meet, and do not drive the poor wayfarer about, but hold him fast in the midst of them ; yes, when misfortune is

in full storm, then one is not driven here and there, but turned like Niobe to stone.

Now that the book is read, the thick earth-fog disperses, and now I must speak with you. I am often unhappy, and know not wherefore ; to-day, I think it was because I believed I took your letter from the post-boy, and it was another ; my heart beat so violently, and, after all, it was nothing. When I came in, all asked me why I looked so pale, and I handed them my letter and fell, quite exhausted, upon a chair ; it was an old account of four florins, from Robert, the old painter, at Cassel, of whom I learned nothing ; they laughed at me, but I cannot laugh, for I have an evil conscience ; I know but little what suits mind ; soul and heart plead with one another ; why then have I written to you all sorts of things for which I cannot answer ? You are not angry with me ; how could my immature prattle offend you ? but you do not answer, because, after all, I do not understand what you might say, and thus has my presumption robbed me of my good fortune, and who knows when you will be again in humor. Ah fortune, thou lettest not thyself be mastered, and not be formed ; where thou appearest, there art thou ever peculiar in thy being, and destroyest, by thy innocence, every plan, every calculation, upon the future.

Misfortune is, perhaps, the organization of fortune ; a fluid diamond, which congeals to crystal ; a disease of longing, which becomes a pearl ! O write to me soon.

BETTINE.

January 12th, 1810.

GOETHE TO BETTINE.

THAT is a dear, graceful child, cunning as a little fox ; you bounce into my house like a fortune-bomb, in which you conceal your claims and just complaints. This so crushes me down, that I do not even think of justifying myself. The waistcoat, of soft velvet within, of smooth silk without, is now my breast-plate ; the more comfortable I feel under this well-suited corslet, the more oppressed is my conscience ; and as I, two days afterwards, dived into the pocket by chance, and drew forth the register of my sins, I was then immediately resolved to search no excuses for my long silence. To you yourself, however, I propose it as a theme, to interpret my silence on your so surprising communications in a friendly manner, which may, in a congenial way, answer your undiminished love, your constancy to the past and the present. Concerning the "Elective Affinities," only this: the poet was, at the development of this sad fate, deeply moved ; he has borne his share of pains ; chide him not, therefore, that he calls upon his friends for sympathy. Since so much which is sad dies, unmourned, the death of oblivion, the poet has here proposed to himself, in this one fabled lot, as in a funeral urn, to collect the tears for much that has been neglected. Your views, deep, and springing out of spirit and truth, nevertheless, belong to the fairest offerings, which delight but can never disturb me ; I earnestly beg you, therefore, to commit, with conscientious truth, such things to paper, and, at any rate, not to cast it to the winds, as is easy to be feared with your spiritual relations, and superfluity of thoughts. Farewell, and let me hear from you soon again.

GOETHE.

Weimar, February 5th, 1810.

My wife can write and tell you herself in what a dilemma she has been, about a masquerade dress, and how delighted she was at the opening of the band-box, — it made a splendid effect. About dear Meline's marriage, I say nothing; it does one no good, when so beautiful a girl throws herself away; and the congratulation which one then offers, only weighs on the heart.

TO GOETHE.

CONTINUE to be so rich in love to me; do you yourself pack together what you send me; write yourself the address on the parcel; all this delights me, and your letter, which makes good all damages, nay, so mildly supports my own weaknesses, gives me to myself again, because it takes my part.

Now I am blown upon by all humors, I close my eyes and grumble, that I may see and hear nothing; no world, no solitude, no friend, no foe, no God, and, at last, too, no heaven.

Hofer, they have taken prisoner in a cow-herd's hut, upon the Passeyrer mountains; this whole time have I secretly followed the hero, with my prayers. Yesterday I received a letter, with a printed Tyrolese lamentation: "*The leader of the hero-band on lofty Alps, a captive made, finds many tears within our hearts.*" Ah, he is not unwept by me, but the age is iron, and turns every complaint to shame; therefore, must one fear the worst, although it is impossible. No, it is not possible, that they should hurt a hair of this mild hero's head, who, for all the sacrifices, which he and his country made in vain, took no other revenge than to write, in a letter to Speck-

bacher : — “ Thy glorious conquests are all in vain, Austria has made peace with France, and Tyrol has been — forgotten.”

In my stove, the wind whistles, and roars, and blows the glow into a flame, and burns the old Bavarian pines down into ashes ; herewith, then, I have my amusement, as it cracks and rumbles ; and, at the same time, I study Marpurg's fugues : and therewith it is so well with me that the “ wherefore ? ” never can be answered, that one must assume the immediate rule of the *leader* (*Dux*) and that the companion joins, — ah, even as I fain would join you : thus would I essentially be to you, without making much noise ; all the ways of life should proceed from you and end in you again ; and that would be a genuine, exact fugue, where no demand of feeling remains unanswered, and in which the philosopher cannot meddle.

I will confess to you, will sincerely avow to you, all my sins ; first, those in which you are partly to blame, and which you must, also, expiate with me ; then those which most oppress me ; and, lastly, those in which I even find pleasure.

Firstly : I too often tell you that I love you, nay I know nothing else ; when I turn it here and there, nothing else comes of it.

Secondly : I envy all your friends, the playmates of your youth, and the sun which shines into your chamber, and your servants, especially your gardener, who, under your orders, lays asparagus beds.

Thirdly : I grant you no pleasure, because I am not there ; when any one has seen you, speaks of your high spirits and gracefulness, that is no great pleasure for me ; but when he says, that you are serious, cold, and reserved, that I like well.

Fourthly : I neglect all people on your account ; no one is any thing to me, of their love I think nothing ; nay, whoever praises me, displeases me, that is jealousy of myself and of you, and no proof of a great heart ; and that Nature has a miserable disposition, which withers on one side when it will blossom on the other.

Fifthly : I have a great inclination to despise the world, particularly in the persons of those who so praise you ; all the good which is said of you, I cannot listen to ; only a few simple persons, those I can allow to speak about you, and that need not exactly be praise ; no, one may make one's self a little merry about you, and then I can tell you that an unmerciful waggery rises within me, when I can throw off the chains of slavery for a little.

Sixthly : I feel a deep displeasure in my soul, that it is not you with whom I live under the same roof and breathe the same air ; I fear the neighbourhood of strange people ; at church, I seek a place on the beggar's bench, because it is the most neutral, — the finer the people the stronger is my dislike ; to be touched, makes me angry, ill, and unhappy : thus in company and at balls I cannot remain long ; dancing I might like, if I could dance alone, upon an open spot ; where the breath, which comes from out strange bosoms, does not reach me. What influence might not that have upon the soul, only to live near one's friend, — so much the more painful the struggle against that which, spiritually and bodily, must for ever remain strange.

Seventhly : In company, when I am to hear something read aloud, I seat myself in a corner, and secretly stop my ears, or I entirely lose myself in thought upon the first word that offers : then, when some one does not understand, I wake up out of another world, and I presume

to give an explanation upon it, and what others take for madness, is to me intelligible, and is connected with an internal knowledge, which I cannot express. Of yours, I cannot possibly hear any thing read aloud, nor read it aloud myself, — I must be alone with myself and with thee.

Eighthly : I cannot appear strange or high to any one ; when I put myself to the least inconvenience, I become quite stupid, for it seems tremendously stupid to impose upon one another ; also, that respect should express itself more in something attained, than in something felt ; I think that reverence must spring only from a feeling of intrinsic worth. Herewith occurs to me, that near Munich lies a village, which is called Culture's-seat. In a walk to it they explained to me, that this name of Culture's-seat arose from the intention of giving the peasantry a higher cultivation ; all, however, stands upon the old footing, and these good peasants, who were to set the whole country a good example, sit at the beer-can, and vie with each other in drinking. The school-house is very large, and has no round but all square window-panes ; yet the school-master loves the twilight : he sat behind the stove, had a blue handkerchief hanging over his head, to protect himself against the flies ; the long pipe had fallen from his hand, and he slept and snored till it echoed again : the writing-books lay all heaped up before him, that he might set copies of ornamental writing. I drew a stork, standing upon its nest, and wrote underneath : —

Ye children, learn to make your nest, with your own hands, as suits the best. The proud fir in the wood which teems, fell for your rafters and your beams. And then, when all the walls do stand, see you to have an oak at hand, of which you may carve table and dish, to dine up-

on it meat and fish. The best wood take to cradle and bed, for child and wife that you will get, and profit of God's bliss and power, by sun-shine and by raining shower. From your retreat look then about, as from your roof the stork so stout, which every year will be your guest, to lead the fate on to your best. Still, under just cause, learn to write your father's name, and now sleep quiet. This is the very Culture's seat, on which this pretty rhyme will fit.

I fluttered every moment out of the door, for fear the schoolmaster should awake ; I made my rhymes without, and stole back again upon tiptoe, to write them down with a one-nibbed pen, which had probably been made with the bread-knife ; at last I took the blue riband from my straw-hat, and made it into a handsome bow round the book, that he might at all events see it ; else, the pretty poem might easily have been lost in the wilderness of writing-books. Before the door sat Rumohr, my conductor, having in the mean time eaten a basin of curds ; I would not eat any thing, nor indeed stop any longer, for fear the schoolmaster should awake. Upon the road, Rumohr spoke very finely upon the peasantry, upon their wants, and how the good of the state depended upon theirs ; and that one must not force any knowledge upon them, which they cannot use immediately in their calling ; and that one must form them to be free men, that is, people who themselves procure all that they want. Then, too, he spoke about their religion, and upon this he said some very beautiful things ; he was of opinion, that each rank must let that pass for religion, which is their chief calling. The calling of the peasant is to protect the whole country from famine ; herein must his importance and obligations to the state be made intelligible to him. It must

be put to his heart, how great an influence he has upon the well-being of the whole ; and thus, too, must he be treated with respect, from which will spring self-respect, which, essentially, is of more value to every man than any other advantage ; and thus would the sacrifices, which fate demands, be made uncompelled. Like the mother, who nourishes her own child, and for it offers up her all with joy, so would the direct feeling, of being essential to the good of the whole, surely bring forth each sacrifice, in order to preserve this dignity. No revolutions would then take place, for self-taught policy would, in all, anticipate each just demand ; and that would be a religion which each could comprehend, and where the whole day's work would be a continual prayer ; for all which passes not in this feeling, is sin. He said this much more beautiful and true : only I am not yet capable of this wisdom, and cannot render it so again.

Thus have I at once sprung off from my confession ; I wished to say still much which one might perhaps find sinful ; how that I love your garment better than my fellow-creatures ; that I would fain kiss the steps upon which your feet go up and down, etc. This one might call idolatry ; or is it so, that the divinity who animates you, floats along every wall of your house ? — that when he plays in your mouth and eyes, he also glides beneath your feet, and pleases himself even in the folds of your garment ; that when in the masquerade he changes himself into every gay form, he may well be concealed in the paper in which you pack the “ masquerade ? ” Therefore, when I kiss the paper, it is that which is loved in you, which, for love of me, lets itself be sent by post.

Adieu ! continue to love your child in dark, as well as in clear days, for I am eternally and wholly yours.

BETTINE.

You have received my Diary, do you also read in it, and how does it please you ?

February 29th.

TO BETTINE.

DEAR Bettine, I have again been guilty of an oversight, in not mentioning to you the receipt of your Diary. You must believe, that I am not worthy of so fair a gift ; and yet I cannot paint in words, what I am indebted to you for it. You are an unparalleled child, whom I joyfully thank for every enjoyment, for every bright glance into a spiritual life, which without you I should perhaps never again have experienced. The Diary is treasured by me in a place, where I have all your dear letters at hand, that contain so much which is beautiful, and for which I can never enough thank you ; only this I do say to you, that I let not a day pass without turning over their pages. At my window, well-attended to, grow a selection of graceful foreign plants : each new flower and bud, which greet me at early morning, is gathered, and according to Indian custom, strewed as a flower-offering in your dear book. All that you write is a spring of health to me, whose crystal drops impart to me a well-being. Continue to me this refreshment, upon which I place my dependence.

GOETHE.

Weimar, March 1st, 1810.

TO GOETHE.

AH, dear Goethe ! your lines came to me at the right time, just as I did not know what to do for very despair. For the first time have I followed the events of the world with great constancy, to the heroes who fought for their sanctuary. Hofer I had pursued at every track ; how often has he, after the burden and heat of the day, concealed himself in the late night among the lonely mountains, and taken counsel with his pure conscience ; and this man, whose soul, free from evil defects, was open to all, as an example of innocence and heroism, has now at last, on 20th February, suffered death, as the consummation of his lofty destiny. How could it have been otherwise ; should he, too, have suffered disgrace ? — that could not be : God has so ordained it best, that, after a short pause from this glorifying patriotic inspiration, with great strength and self-consciousness, and not complaining of his fate, he should be torn for ever from his miserable fatherland. For a fortnight he lay a captive in the dungeon at Porta Melina, with many other Tyrolese. His sentence he received calmly and unshaken. They would not let him take leave of his beloved countrymen, the drums drowned the lamentations and cries of the imprisoned Tyrolese. He sent them, by the hands of the priest, his last piece of money, and requested they might be told he went consoled to death, and looked for their prayers to accompany him on the way. As he passed by their dungeon-doors, they all fell upon their knees, prayed, and wept ; at the place of execution he said, “ He stood before him who had created

him ; and, standing, he would yield up his spirit to him.” A coin, which had been issued during his administration, he delivered to the corporal, with the charge to bear witness, *that in his last hour he felt himself bound, by every tie of constancy, to his poor fatherland.* Then he cried, “*Fire.*” They fired badly, twice, one after the other ; only at the third time was it, that the corporal, who conducted the execution, put an end to his life with the thirteenth bullet.

I must close my letter, what more could I write to you ? the whole world has lost its color for me. A great man is Napoleon : so say the people here ; — yes, externally, but to this outward greatness he sacrifices all which crosses his unplanetary career. Hofer, inwardly great, a sacred German character, — if Napoleon had protected him, then I too would call him great. And the Emperor, could not he say, “ Give me my Tyrolese hero, then I will give you my daughter ? ” then had history called that great, which she must now call little.

Adieu ! that you elevate my Diary to be the temple of an Indian divinity, is predestination. Of those light forests of ether, of sun-habitations, of many-shaped darkness, and a formless brightness, in which the soul lives and breathes, have I often dreamed.

I could not give your greeting to Rumohr ; I do not know to what quarter he has been blown off by the wind.

Landshut, March 10th, 1810.

TO BETTINE.

DEAR Bettine, I feel an irresistible want to speak a few words of sympathy to your patriotic sorrow, and to acknowledge to you how much I feel myself drawn into your feelings : only let not this life, with its capricious changes, become painful to you. To struggle through such events is certainly difficult, is certainly a heavy task, particularly for a character which has so many claims and hopes for an ideal existence as yours. In laying your last letter to the others, I find that with it an interesting period is closed. Through a lovely labyrinth, amidst philosophical, historical, and musical prospects, have you led me to the temple of Mars, and everywhere does your sound energy maintain itself ; for this receive my most hearty thanks, and let me still further be the initiated of your interior world, and be certain that the truth and love, which thus become due to you, will be paid you in secret.

March 19th, 1810.

GOETHE.

TO GOETHE.

DEAR Goethe, many thousand thanks for your ten lines, in which you so consolingly bend to me ; thus, then, let this period be closed : this year of 1809 has much disturbed me ; now we are on the point of changing ; in a few days we leave Landshut, and pass by and through many places, which I do not know how to name to you.

The students are just packing up Savigny's library; they place numbers and tickets on the books, lay them in order in chests, let them down by a pulley through the window, where they are received underneath, with a loud "halt," by the students; all is joy and life, although they are much distressed at parting with their beloved teacher. However learned Savigny may be, yet his affable, befriending disposition surpasses his most brilliant qualities. All the students swarm about him; there is not one who does not feel the conviction, that in the great teacher he also loses his benefactor: most of the professors, too, love him, particularly the theological ones. Sailer is certainly his best friend. People meet here daily, and, indeed, more than once: in the evening, the landlord of the house, with a burning taper, easily accompanies his guests each to his own house door; very often have I made the round with them; to-day I was with Sailer upon a mountain, on which the Trausnitz stands, a castle of the olden time: *trust not*. The trees are opening their blossoms; *Spring!* the sparrows were flying about us in flocks; of Sailer I have told you but little, and yet he was the dearest of all to me. In the hard winter we often went over the snow-covering of the meadows and arable lands, and climbed together over the hedges, from one enclosure to another, and in what I imparted to him he willingly took interest: and many thoughts, which arose out of conversation with him, I have written down; although they find no place in any letters, yet they are for you; for I never think any thing beautiful, without rejoicing in the thought of telling it to you.

I cannot come to myself while I am writing: the swarm of students leaves no more the house, now that Savigny's departure is fixed for a few days hence: they are just

gone past my door with wine, and a great ham, to be consumed at the packing up ; I had presented them my little library, which they were just going to pack up, also ; for this they gave me three cheers. In the evening, they often make a serenade of guitars and flutes, and this often lasts till after midnight ; therewith they dance round a large fountain, which plays before our house, in the market-place. Yes, youth can find enjoyment in every thing ; the general consternation at Savigny's departure has soon changed into a festival ; for it has been determined to accompany us on horseback, and in carriages, through the neighbourhood of Salzburg ; they who can procure no horse, go before, on foot ; and now they are all rejoicing so at the pleasure of these last days, travelling in awakening spring, through a splendid country, with their beloved teacher : I, too, expect for myself, fair and happy days, — ah, I believe I am near the goal, where my life will be the fairest and most splendid. Free from care, full of the sweet fire of spring, in delicious expectation, thus sound the tones of hope within my breast ; if this be verified, then must this, too, be certainly verified, that I shall soon meet you ; yes, after so much, which I have passed through, and faithfully imparted to you, how can it be otherwise ? — the meeting again must create a new world within me. When all joyful hopes burst forth into realities, when the present chases the darkness of the past by its light ; ah, and with one word, when feeling and look embrace and hold thee, then I well know that my happiness heightens itself beyond measure ; and, ah, I am borne upon the wings of the wind to those blissful moments, though the sweetest enjoyments soon fade away ; yet that which must be united, will once more return to indissoluble ties.

BETTINE.

Landshut, March 31st, 1810.

If you should favor me with a line concerning your abode, during this summer, I beg you to address me at Sailer's, in Landsbut; he maintains a correspondence with Savigny, and will take the best care to send the treasures of your lines after me.

TO BETTINE.

FOR a long time, dear Bettine, I have heard nothing of you, and it is impossible for me to commence my journey to Carlsbad, without greeting you once more, and begging you to send me there a "sign of life : " may some good genius lay this request on your heart ; — as I do not know where you are, I must take my refuge in higher powers. Your letters journey with me ; yonder they shall supply the presence of your friendly, loving image. More I do not say, for, properly speaking, one can give you nothing, because you either procure or take all for yourself. Farewell, and think of me.

GOETHE.

Jean, May 10th, 1810.

Vienna, May 15th.

AN immense bunch of May-flowers perfumes my little room ; I am much pleased with the old tower, from whence I overlook the whole Prater : trees on trees, of majestic appearance, delightful green lawns. Here I live in the house of the deceased Birkenstock, in the midst of two thousand engravings, as many drawings, as many hundred antique urns, and Etrurian lamps, mar-

ble vases, antique remains of hands and feet, pictures, Chinese dresses, coins, collections of minerals, sea-insects, telescopes, countless maps, plans of ancient buried kingdoms and cities, skilfully carved sticks, valuable documents, and lastly, the sword of the Emperor Carolus. All these surround us, in gay confusion, and are just about being brought into order ; so there is nothing to be touched or understood ; and with the chestnut-alley in full blossom, and the rushing Danube, which bears us over on his back, there is no enduring the gallery of art. This morning at six o'clock we breakfasted in the Prater ; round about beneath mighty oaks, lay Turks and Greeks ; how magnificently do these graceful, gay-colored groups of handsome men contrast with the green plain ! what influence, too, may not dress have, which, with easy energy, here in the freshness of spring, raises to superiority the peculiarity of these foreign people, and puts the natives, in their colorless dresses, to shame. Youth, infancy, are still ever reflected in the mature forms and motions of these southern people : they are bold and enterprising, like boys quick and cunning, and yet good-natured. As we passed by them, I could not help trailing a short way, with my foot, the slipper of a reclining Turk, which had fallen off ; at last I slid it into the grass and left it lying there : we sat down and breakfasted ; it was not long before the Turks began to seek the lost slipper. Goethe, what secret pleasure did not this raise within me ! how delighted I was to see them wondering at the miracle of the vanished slipper ! Our company, too, interested themselves about where the slipper could be : to be sure, I was now afraid I might be scolded, but the triumph of conjuring up the slipper again, was

too beautiful ; I raised it suddenly to general view upon a small twig, which I had torn from a tree ; and now the handsome men came up to us, and laughed and exulted, so I could look at them quite near. My brother Francis was for a moment ashamed of me, but was obliged to laugh, and so every thing went off well.

May 27th.

It is not pleasure-parties which hinder me from writing to you, but a child of my brother, sick of the scarlet fever, with whom I am day and night, and it is now the third week. Of Vienna I did not see much, and of society still less, because such an illness demands discretion, on account of contagion. Count Herberstein, who has lost in my sister Sophia a beloved bride, has visited me several times, and has taken walks with me, and led me through all the paths where he had wandered with Sophia ; he related to me beautiful touching things of her : he takes pleasure in tracing my resemblance to her ; he immediately called me thou,* because he had called Sophia so, too ; often when I laughed, he became pale, because my resemblance to Sophia distressed him. How amiable must this sister have been, to leave still such deep traces of sadness in the hearts of friends. Ribands, cups, locks of hair, flowers, gloves, the prettiest letters, all these tokens lie strewed about in a little cabinet : he likes to touch them, and often reads the letters, which are certainly more beautiful than any I have ever seen ; without violent passion, each expression speaks of inward friendliness ; nothing escapes her, each charm of Nature is subject to her mind. O ! what

* Mark of the greatest intimacy.

a wonderful artist is mind ! were I only able to give you an idea of this beloved sister ; nay, were I myself only able to conceive her amiability ! Every one, whom I see here, speaks of her to me, as if they had lost her but a short while ago ; and Herberstein says, she is his last and first, only true love : all this moves me, gives me a disposition for the past and future, damps my fire of expectation. Then I think of the Rhine, at Bingen ; how suddenly there its clear, majestic expanse narrows itself, boiling and roaring, between frowning rocks, winds through chasms, and the banks never become so tranquil again, so infant-like beautiful, as they were before they met the Bingen shoals : before such shallows, then, do we stand, where the spirit of life must also wind through dreadful chasms. Courage ! the world is round, we return with increased powers and redoubled attraction. Longing sows, even at parting, the seeds of return ; so have I never parted from you, without thinking at the same time with enthusiasm on the future, which shall again receive me in your arms, and thus may all regrets for the parted be well considered as a modest type of joy at a future reunion ; surely ! else no such longing sensations would penetrate the heart.

May 20th.

I believe it was at the end of March, when I wrote to you for the last time from Landshut : yes, I have been long silent, nearly two months ; to-day I received, through Sailer, your dear letter of May 10th, in which, with flattering words, you press me to your heart ; now for the first time occurs to me all that I have to retrieve ; for each path, each glance into Nature, is after all connected with you. Landshut was to me a beneficial abode ; in every

respect I must praise it ; homely the town, friendly the country, confiding the people, and the manners harmless and easy : shortly after Easter we took our departure, the whole university was collected in and before the house ; many came in carriages and on horses ; they could not so soon part from their excellent friend and teacher ; wine was given out, and, amidst continued cheers, we passed through the gates. The horsemen accompanied the carriage up a hill, where spring was just opening its eyes ; the professors and grave personages took solemn leave, the others went one stage further ; every quarter of an hour we met upon the road parties who had gone on before, that they might see Savigny for the last time : I had seen already for some time the tempest-clouds gathering ; at the post-house one after the other turned towards the window to conceal his tears. A young Suabian, of the name of Nussbaumer, the embodied of popular romance, had gone far before, in order to meet the carriage once again ; I shall never forget how he stood in the field and waved his little handkerchief in the wind, while his tears prevented him from looking up, as the carriage rolled past him :— I love the Suabians.

Several of the most beloved pupils of Savigny accompanied us till Salzburg ; the first and oldest, Nepomuck Ringseis, a faithful friend of the family, has a countenance as if cast in steel ; a physiognomy of a knight of old ; small, sharp mouth, black moustache ; eyes, out of which the sparks flash ; his breast labors as in a smithy, bursting with enthusiasm ; and, as he is an ardent Christian, he would fain haul Jupiter out of the lumber-room of the ancient divinities, to baptize and convert him.

The second, a Mr. Schenk, has far higher cultivation ; has become acquainted with actors ; declaims in public ; was quite glowingly in love (or is so still) ; was obliged to let his feelings stream forth in poetry, all sonnets ; laughs at himself about his gallantry ; auburn curly hair ; rather a strongly marked nose ; pleasant ; extremely distinguished in study. The third, the Italian Salvotti, handsome, in full green cloak, which throws the noblest drapery around his fine figure ; imperturbable, quiet in his actions ; ardent excitement in expression, does n't let one speak a connected word with him, so deeply is he sunk in learning. The fourth, Baron Gumpenberg, of infantine nature, noble heart, quiet to bashfulness, so much the more does his openness surprise, when he first feels confidence, in which he then finds himself immeasurably happy ; is not handsome, has uncommonly sweet eyes ; an inseparable friend of the fifth, Freiberg, twenty years of age ; lofty, manly figure, as if he were already older ; a countenance like an Italian cameo ; of mysterious disposition, concealed pride, love and good will to all ; not familiar, endures the severest fatigues ; sleeps little, looks out of the window at night upon the stars ; exercises a magic power upon his friends ; is not inclined to maintain his ground with them, either by wit or a resolute will, but all have an unshaken confidence in him ; what Freiberg wills, that must be. The sixth was the young painter, Louis Grimm (by whom were my portrait, and the prettily etched studies after Nature, which I sent you). He is so merry and naïve, that, with him, one soon becomes a child in the cradle, which laughs at nothing ; he took part with me on the coachman's box, from which we greeted the scenes beneath with jest and joke. Why I

so exactly describe all these to you ? because there is not one of them who will not, in purity and truth, shine out in the world ; and because they may serve you in your world as bases for beautiful characters ; all these celebrate your memory with true hearts ; you are like the emperor, wherever he comes, there the subjects exult at his approach.

We had two days' journey to Salzburg ; on the first we got as far as Old-Oettingen, where the wonder-working figure of Madonna, in a gloomy chapel, allures pilgrims from all sides. The whole place about, and the outer walls, are covered with votive tablets : it makes a very uncomfortable impression, these witnesses of dreadful destinies and thousandfold misery, crowded close together ; and besides this, a continual streaming of the pilgrims to and fro, with pressing vows and prayers to be heard, every day of the year, from sunrise to sunset. At four o'clock in the morning service commences, with music, and continues till night. The inside of the chapel is entirely lined with black velvet (even the vaulted-roof itself), and more indebted to lighted tapers than day ; the altars are of silver ; on the walls hang bones and members of silver, and many a silver heart with golden flames or fiery wounds. How strange, Goethe, is man ! he brings his pains as offerings to the Godhead ; and, let these pains have arisen how they will, in God all becomes divine. Max, of Bavaria, as large as life (also of silver), is kneeling upon the black steps of the altar, before the raven-black figure of the Madonna, which is entirely clothed in diamonds. Two men's voices, accompanied by the dull organ, are singing hymns to her ; the quiet reading of the mass ; the people, who with tears kiss the steps of the

altar ; many thousand sighs from all corners, this makes the strange impression. Where all are praying, I too should pray, thought I ; but never, my heart kept continually beating. I had bought of a beggar at the door a violet-wreath ; there stood a little child before the altar, with auburn locks ; it looked at me so kindly and longed for the wreath, I gave it ; it threw it upon the altar, for it was too small to reach up to it ; the wreath fell exactly at the feet of the Madonna ; it was a fortunate cast ; it made my heart light. The stream of pilgrims carried me along out of the opposite door. I waited a long time for the child, I should have liked so to kiss it, and wished to give it a little golden chain, which I wore round my neck, because it had given me so good a sign of you ; for, exactly at the moment when it took the wreath from me, I thought of you ; but the child did not come out ; the carriage stood before the door, I swung myself up to my coachman's seat. At each stage I had a different companion, who took part of the box with me, and at the same time imparted his heart's matters to me ; they always began so timidly, that I got anxious, but wide of the mark ; it was always another ; not once was it I.

Our journey led through a forest of blossoms ; the wind scattered them down like rain ; the bees flew after the flowers, which I had stuck behind my ear : was n't that pleasant ?

May 26th.

About Salzburg I have yet to tell you. The last stage before Laufen, Freiberg sat with me upon the box. Smilingly he opened his lips to extol the scene, but with him a word is like the bed of a mine, one layer

leads to the other. It turned to a joyful evening ; the valleys spread themselves right and left, as if they were the true kingdom, the ever promised land. Slowly, as spirits, rose here and there a mountain, and gradually sank down again in its sparkling mantle of snow. We arrived with the night at Salzburg ; it was awful to see towering to the sky above the houses the smooth-blasted rocks, which, like a sky of earth, floated above the town in starlight, — and the lanterns, which, with the little people, were all flashing through the streets ; and lastly, the four trumpets, which, crashing, played the vesper from the church-tower ; then all the rocks sounded and returned the hymn in manifold echoes. Night in this strange region had thrown its magic mantle over us ; we did not know how it was that all was tossing and waving ; the entire firmament appeared to breathe ; I was delighted with every thing. You know what it is to step, as it were out of one's self, where one has so long toiled and spun, at once into the open air.

Now can I tell you of the richness, which was the next day spread before us ? where the curtain gradually parted from before God's splendor, and one could only wonder that every thing was so simple in its grandeur. Not one, but a hundred mountains are seen, quite naked from foot to top, not covered by a single object : there above is eternal triumph and exulting ; the tempests hover like birds of prey between the clefts, darkening for a moment the sun with their broad wings ; this passes so rapidly, and yet so solemnly everybody too was in ecstasy. Our high spirits expressed themselves in the boldest leaps from the mountains down to the lakes ; a thousand jokes were bawled out among the rock-heaps ; and thus,

like the priesthood of Ceres, we passed a few delightful days on bread, milk, and honey ; and lastly, to their memory, a garnet necklace of mine was broken asunder, each one took a stone and the name of a mountain, which could be seen from where we stood, and called themselves the Knights of the Garnet order, installed upon the Watzmann, near Salzburg.

From here the journey continued to Vienna, the guests there left us ; at sun-rise we passed over the Salza ; behind the bridge is a large powder-magazine ; there they all stood, to give Savigny a last cheer ; each one shouted forth one more assurance of love and gratitude to him. Freiberg, who accompanied us to the next stage, said, " If they would only all so cry, that the magazine should burst, for our hearts already are burst ; " and now he told me, what a new life had blossomed forth through Savigny's means ; how all coldness and hostility among the professors had subsided, or was at least much assuaged ; but that his influence had been chiefly salutary for the students, who through him had attained to far more freedom and self-dependence. Neither can I sufficiently describe to you how great is Savigny's talent in managing young people : first and foremost, he feels a real enthusiasm for their efforts, their application : when any theme which he proposes to them, is well handled, it makes him thoroughly happy ; he would fain impart to each his inmost feelings ; he considers their future fate, their destinies, and a bright eagerness of kindness illuminates their path : in this respect, one may well say of him, that the innocence of his youth is also the guardian angel of his present time : and this is properly his character ; love to those whom he serves, with the best powers of his mind and soul. Yes, this is truly amiable, and

must not amiability alone confirm greatness ? — this simple goodness, with which he places himself upon a level with all in his æsthetical erudition, makes him doubly great. Ah ! dear Landshut, with thy whitened gable-roofs and daubed steeple ; with thy fountains, out of whose rusty pipes the water runs but sparingly, around which the students, at nightly hours, leaped and danced, softly accompanying with flute and guitar, and letting their “ good night song ” sound from the distant streets ! how beautiful was it in winter, upon the light snow-carpet, when I went walking with the octogenarian canon Eixdorfer, my master of thorough-bass, and an excelling bear-hunter : there he showed me the tracks of otters upon the snow, and then I was often quite happy and rejoiced to think of the morrow, when he should certainly search for one of these animals for me ; and then when I came the next day, and when, according to his promise, he should have accompanied me upon an otter-hunt, he made excuses ; “ To-day the otters were certainly not at home ; ” when I took leave of him, he gave me a strange blessing : he said, “ May a good demon accompany you, and always at the right moment give you small coin for the gold and jewels which you possess, with which you can alone obtain that which you want.” Besides this, he promised to catch otters enough for a fur lining ; I should come the next year and fetch it. Ah, I shall never go again to dear Landshut, where we rejoiced when the snow fell and the night wind stormed, as much as when the sun shone gloriously out. Where we were all so happy together ; where the students gave concerts, and made devilish music in the church, and were not at all offended, when we ran away from them.

And now I have nothing more remarkable to tell of

our journey to Vienna, except that on the next morning I saw the sun rise with a rainbow above it, and in the midst a peacock spreading his tail.

Vienna, May 28th.

When I saw him of whom I will now speak to you, I forgot the whole world. Thus, too, the world vanishes when remembrance seizes me ; yes ! it vanishes. My horizon begins at my feet, vaults itself above me, and I stand in the ocean of light, which goes forth from thee ; and in all stillness, I float in calm flight over mountain and dale to thee. Ah ! let all be as it may, shut thy beloved eyes, live in me for a moment, forget what lies between us, the far miles and the long time. From that point, where I saw thee for the last time, look upon me, — did I but stand before thee ! — could I but make it clear to thee ! — the deep shudder which shakes me, when for a short time I gazed upon the world, when I then look behind me into the solitude, and feel how strange all is to me. How is it, that I nevertheless flourish and blossom in this wilderness ? Whence comes to me the dew, the sap, the warmth, the blessing ? — from this love between us, in which I feel myself so lovely. If I were with thee, I would return thee much for all. It is Beethoven, of whom I will now speak to you, and with whom I have forgotten the world and you : true, I am not ripe for speaking, but I am nevertheless not mistaken when I say, (what no one understands and believes,) that he far surpasses all in mind, and whether we shall ever overtake him ? — I doubt it ! may he only live till that mighty and sublime enigma, which lies within his spirit, be matured to its highest perfection ! Yes, may he reach his highest aim, then

will he surely leave a key to heavenly knowledge in our hands, which will bring us one step nearer to true happiness.

To you I may confess, that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of mental nature ; this magic does Beethoven exercise in his art ; all relating to it which he can teach you, is pure magic ; each combination is the organization of a higher existence ; and thus, too, does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new sensual basis in spiritual life. You will understand what I mean to say by this, and what is true. Who could replace this spirit ? from whom could we expect an equivalent ? The whole business of mankind passes to and fro before him like clock-work : he alone produces freely from out himself the unforeseen, the uncreated : what is intercourse with the world to him, who, ere the sun rise is already at his sacred work ; and who after sun-set, scarcely looks around him ; who forgets to nourish his body, and is borne in his flight on the stream of inspiration, far beyond the shores of flat every-day life ? He says himself, “ When I open my eyes, I cannot but sigh, for what I see is against my religion, and I am compelled to despise the world, which has no presentiment, that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy : — music is the wine, which inspires new creations ; and I am the Bacchus, who presses out this noble wine for mankind and makes them spirit-drunk ; and then, when they are sober again, — what have they not fished up to bring with them to dry land. I have no friend : I must live with myself alone, but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others ; I commune with Him without dread, I have ever acknowledged and understood Him ; neither have

I any fear for my music, it can meet no evil fate ; he to whom it makes itself intelligible, must become freed from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them." All this did Beethoven say to me the first time I saw him : a feeling of reverence penetrated me, as, with such friendly openness, he uttered his mind to me, who could have been only very unimportant to him. I was surprised, too, because I had been told he was very shy, and conversed with no one.

They were afraid to introduce me to him, and I was forced to find him out alone ; he has three dwellings, in which he alternately secretes himself ; one in the country, one in the town, and the third upon the bulwarks ; here I found him upon the third floor ; unannounced, I entered, — he was seated at the piano : I mentioned my name ; he was very friendly and asked, if I would hear a song that he had just composed ? — then he sung shrill and piercing, so that the plaintiveness reacted upon the hearer, " Know'st thou the land." — " It's beautiful, is it not," said he, inspired, " most beautiful ! I will sing it again ;" he was delighted at my cheerful praise. " Most men," said he, " are touched by something good, but they are no *artist-natures* ; artists are ardent, they do not weep." Then he sung another of your songs, to which he had a few days ago composed music : " Dry not the tears of eternal love." He accompanied me home, and it was upon the way that he said so many beautiful things upon art ; withal he spoke so loud, stood still so often upon the street, that some courage was necessary to listen : he spoke passionately and much too startlingly, for me not also to forget that we were in the street : — they were much surprised to see me enter, with him, in a large company assembled

to dine with us. After dinner, he placed himself, unasked, at the instrument, and played long and wonderfully : his pride and genius were both in ferment ; under such excitement his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible. Since this he comes every day, or I go to him. For this I neglect parties, picture-galleries, theatres, and even St. Stephen's tower itself. Beethoven says, " Ah ! what should you see there ? I will fetch you, and towards evening we will go through the Schönbrunn alley." Yesterday, I walked with him in a splendid garden, in full blossom, all the hot-houses open ; the scent was overpowering. Beethoven stood still in the burning sun, and said, " Goethe's poems maintain a powerful sway over me, not only by their matter, but also their rhythm ; I am disposed and excited to compose by this language, which ever forms itself, as through spirits, to more exalted order, already carrying within itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, from the focus of inspiration, I feel myself compelled to let the melody stream forth on all sides. I follow it, — passionately overtake it again ; — I see it escape me, vanish amidst the crowd of varied excitements, — soon I seize upon it again with renewed passion ; I cannot part from it, — with quick rapture I multiply it, in every form of modulation, — and at the last moment, I triumph over the first musical thought, — see now, — that's a symphony ; — yes, music is indeed the mediator between the spiritual and sensual life. I should like to speak with Goethe upon this : if he would understand me ? Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Do not the spiritual contents of a poem become sensual feeling through melody ? Do we not, in Mignon's song, perceive its entire sensual frame of mind through melody ? and does

not this perception excite again to new productions ? There, the spirit extends itself to unbounded universality, where all in all forms itself into a bed for the stream of feelings, which take their rise in the simple musical thought, and which else would die unperceived away : *this* is harmony, this is expressed in my symphonies ; the blending of various forms rolls on as in a bed to its goal. Then one feels, that an Eternal, an Infinite, never quite to be embraced, lies in all that is spiritual ; and although in my works I have always a feeling of success, yet I have an eternal hunger, — that what seemed exhausted with the last stroke of the drum with which I drive my enjoyment, my musical convictions into the hearers, — to begin again like a child. Speak to Goethe of me, tell him he should hear my symphonies ; he would then allow me to be right in saying, that music is the only unembodied entrance into a higher sphere of knowledge which possesses man, but he will never be able to possess it. One must have rhythm in the mind, to comprehend music in its essential being ; music gives presentiment, inspiration of heavenly knowledge ; and that which the spirit feels sensual in it, is the embodying of spiritual knowledge. Although the spirits live upon music, as one lives upon air, yet it is something else spiritually to understand it ; — but the more the soul draws out of it its sensual nourishment, the more ripe does the spirit become for a happy intelligence with it. But few attain to this ; for, as thousands engage themselves for love's sake, and among these thousands love does not once reveal itself, although they all occupy themselves of love, in like manner do thousands hold communion with music, and do not possess its revelation : signs of an elevated moral sense form, too, the

groundwork of music, as of every art. All genuine invention is a moral progress. To subject one's self to music's unsearchable laws ; by virtue of these laws to curb and guide the spirit, so that it pours forth these revelations, this is the isolating principle of art ; to be dissolved in its revelations, this is abandonment to genius, which tranquilly exercises its authority over the delirium of unbridled powers ; and thus grants to fancy the highest efficacy. Thus does art ever represent divinity, and that which stands in human relation to it is religion ; what we acquire through art is from God, a divine suggestion, which sets up a goal for human capacities, which the spirit attains.

"We do not know what grants us knowledge ; the firmly enclosed seed needs the moist, warm, electric soil to grow, think, express itself. Music is the electric soil, in which the spirit lives, thinks, invents. Philosophy is the precipitation of its electric spirit ; and its necessity, which will ground every thing upon a first principle, is supplied by music ; and although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet is it blessed in this creation ; in this manner, too, is every creation of art independent, mightier than the artist himself, and returns by its appearance back to the divine ; and is only connected with men, in so much as it bears witness to the divine mediation in him.

"Music gives to the spirit relation to harmony. A thought abstracted, has still the feeling of communion, of affinity, in the spirit : thus each thought in music is in the most intimate, inseparable affinity with the communion of harmony, which is unity.

"The electric excites the spirit to musical, fluent, streaming production.

"I am of electric nature. I must break off with my unwitnessed wisdom, else I shall miss the rehearsal; write to Goethe about me, if you understand me; but I can answer nothing, and I will willingly let myself be instructed by him." I promised him to write to you all, as well as I could understand it. He took me to a grand rehearsal, with full orchestra, — there I sat in the wide, unlighted space, in a box quite alone; single gleams stole through the crevices and knot-holes, in which a stream of bright-sparks were dancing, like so many streets of light, peopled by happy spirits.

There, then, I saw this mighty spirit exercise his rule. O, Goethe! no emperor and no king feels such entire consciousness of his power, and that all power proceeds from him, as this Beethoven, who just now, in the garden, in vain sought out the source from which he receives it all: did I understand him as I feel him, then I should know every thing. There he stood so firmly resolved, — his gestures, his countenance, expressed the completion of his creation; he prevented each error, each misconception; not a breath was voluntary; all, by the genial presence of his spirit, set in the most regulated activity. One could prophesy that such a spirit, in its later perfection, would step forth again as ruler of the earth.

Yesterday evening I wrote every thing down, this morning I read it to him: he asked, "*Did I say that?*" — well, then I have had a rapture;" he read it once more attentively, and made the erasures, writing between the lines, for he is interested that you should understand him.

Give me the delight of a speedy answer, which shall prove to Beethoven that you reverence him. It was

always our plan to talk upon music, and I would have done so, but now I perceive, through Beethoven, that I am not capable.

BETTINE.

My address is Erdberg street, in Berkenstock's house ; for a fortnight yet your letter may find me here.

TO BETTINE.

YOUR letter, dearly beloved child, came to me in a happy hour. You have collected yourself bravely, in order to place before me, in its accomplishments as well as its endeavours, in its wants as well as the superfluity of its gifts, a great and beautiful mind : it has given me high pleasure, to receive into myself as it were the reflection of a truly genial spirit. Without wishing to classify him, a master-piece of psychological calculation is nevertheless necessary, to come at the real product of accordance : in the mean time I feel nothing contradictory to that which I could understand from your sudden "explosions : " on the contrary, I may warrant you an internal connexion of my nature, with what can be understood by these manifold and genial expressions ; the common human understanding would perhaps find contradictions therein, but what such a demon-possessed person utters, a layman must respect, and it must be the same to speak from feeling or from knowledge ; for here the gods dispose and scatter seeds of a further intelli-

gence, which it is desirable may come to undisturbed perfection, until in the mean time it will become general ; the fogs must separate before the human mind. Remember me cordially to Beethoven, and say that I would do much to make his personal acquaintance, as then an exchange of thoughts and feelings would surely bring the best advantage ; perhaps you may so far prevail with him as to engage him to meet me at Carlsbad, where I go almost every year ; and there I should have the best leisure of hearing and learning from him. To advise him would, even by more intelligent people than myself, be mischievous, as his genius inspires him, and gives him often, as if by lightning, a brightness ; whilst we remain in the dark, and scarcely guess from which side daylight will break.

It would give me great pleasure to have the two songs which Beethoven has set to music, but they must be written clearly ; I am very curious to have them. These are my best enjoyments, for which I am ever grateful, when such a song of earlier emotions, will be rendered anew sensual in my mind, by melody, as Beethoven justly maintains.

I give thee the best thanks for thy communications, and in the manner in which you give me such pleasure. As all succeeds to thee, as all becomes to thee instructive enjoyment, what wishes for you should be added, but that it may be so everlastingly, — everlasting also for me, who do not mistake the advantage of being numbered among thy friends ? Remain, therefore, what till now you have been, faithfully, although you have so frequently changed abode, and the objects around you have changed and become embellished .

The Duke also greets, and wishes you not to forget him. I hope to have a letter from you, at my residence at Carlsbad, at the sign of The Three Moors.

G.

June 6th, 1810.

TO GOETHE.

DEAREST Friend! As far as it concerned him, I have imparted your beautiful letter to Beethoven; he was full of delight, and exclaimed, "If any one can give him an understanding of music, it is I." The idea of searching for you at Carlsbad he seizes with enthusiasm; he struck his head and said, "Could not I have done that before? but I have already thought of it; I have only desisted through timidity, which often mocks my purposes, as if I were no real man, but now I am no longer afraid of Goethe." You may, therefore, reckon upon seeing him next year.

And now I shall only answer the last words of your letter, from which I "gather honey." All things around me change, it is true, but do not grow in beauty; the most beautiful is, still, that I know of you, and nothing would delight me, if you were not, to whom I may impart it; and, if you doubt it, then you will take care of it; and I, too, am happier than all numbered and unnumbered friends could make me. My Wolfgang! you do not number among these friends, rather would I number none.

Greet the Duke, — lay me at his feet, tell him that I have not forgotten him, nor one moment that I passed there with him. That he allowed me to sit upon the stool, upon which his foot had rested; that he let me

light his cigar ; that he set my hair-braids free from the claws of the mischievous monkey, and did not laugh at all, although it was very funny, — no, I shall never forget how beggingly he spoke to the monkey ; then, too, that evening, at supper, when he held a peach to the earwig, that it might creep in, and, as another threw the little animal off the stalk, in order to crush it to death, he turned to me and said : “ You are not so ill-natured, you would not have done so ! ” I collected myself, in this ticklish matter, and said, one must not suffer earwigs to be with princes ? He asked, “ Must one avoid those, too, who are cunning ones ? for, in that case, I must take care of you.” Then there was my promenade with him, to count the young brood of ducks, and you came up and had already wondered at our patience, long before we had finished, — and thus could I call up before you, each moment, feature for feature, which was granted me, in his presence. Whoever can come near him must be happy, for he lets each have his way, and yet one feels that he is there ; granting the most delightful liberty, and not disinclined to the “ dominion of mind ; ” while, at the same time, he is sure to sway by his generous blandness. This can extend to great and general matters, as I have experienced it in small and individual ones. He is great, the Duke, and yet ever growing : he is always the same, and gives every proof that he can surpass himself. Such is the man who has a lofty genius, he is conformable to it ; he increases till he becomes one with it.

Thank him, in my name, that he thinks on me ; describe to him my tender reverence. When it shall be again granted me to see him, I will take the utmost possible advantage of his graciousness.

To-morrow we pack up and go amongst nothing but

Bohemian villages. How often has your mother said, when I made all sorts of projects, "they are but Bohemian villages," * and now I am curious to see such a one. Both the songs of Beethoven accompany this, the other two are by me ; Beethoven has seen them, and paid me many compliments about them ; as that, if I had devoted myself to this art, I might have built high hopes upon it ; but I only touch it in flight, for my art is laughing and sighing in a breath, and beyond this I have none.

Adieu ; I have still much to expect in the Bohemian palace of Bukowan.

BETTINE.

TO GOETHE.

Bukowan, Prague District. July.

How comfortable is it, how lovely, to think on you, beneath this roof of pines and birches, which keep the hot mid-day at respectful distance ! The heavy fir-apples shine and sparkle with their resin, like a thousand little day-stars, but make it above only the hotter, and, here below, the cooler. The blue heaven covers my lofty narrow house ; I measure its distance, as it appears so unreachable, yet many have borne heaven in their breast ; I, too, feel as if I had held it fast for a moment, this wide-extended heaven above me, stretching over mount and dale ; over all streams and bridges, through all rocks and caverns, over vale and plain, till your heart, there it sinks down together with me.

* Proverb.

Does it only lie in youth, that it so fervently wills what it will ? is it not so with you ? do you not long after me ? would you not sometimes fain be with me ? Longing is, after all, the right track ; it wakes a more exalted life, gives clear intimation of yet unknown truths, destroys all doubt, and is the surest prophet of good fortune.

To you all realms are opened, Nature, science ; from all these, divine truths stream forth to answer the questions of your longing. What have I ? — You ! I answer to me a thousand questions !

Here, in the deep ravine, I am thinking all sorts of things ; I have ventured down a break-neck path, how shall I again ascend these smooth walls of rock, on which I in vain seek a trace of my descent ? Self-reliance is reliance on God ; he will not leave me here alone. I lie here beneath fresh, tall herbs, which cool my hot bosom ; a thousand little insects and spiders, crawl over me, all is busily swarming about me. The lizards slide out of their moist holes, and lift their little heads and look astonished at me, with their knowing eyes, and then slip hastily back ; they tell one another that I am there, — and the favorite of the poet, — new ones continually come and peep.

Ah, beautiful summer noon, I need not think ; the spirit looks leisurely out into the crystal air. No wit, no virtue ; naked and bare is the soul in which God recognises his image.

The whole time has been rainy, to-day the sun is burning again. Now I am lying here amidst stones, upon the soft moss of many past springs ; the young firs exude their warm resin, and touch my head with their branches. I must look at every little frog, defend myself against grasshoppers and humble-bees, therewith I am so idle, — what shall I prattle to you here, where a breath stirs the foliage,

through which the sun plays upon my closed lids ? Good master, hear, in these whispers, how you bless my solitude ; you, who know all, and feel all, and know how little words obey the inward sense. When shall I see you again ? When ? That I may just lean a little upon you and rest myself, idle child that I am.

BETTINE.

As I yesterday recovered from my indolence, and came to myself, the shadows were already grown long ; I was obliged to lift myself out of my abyss by help of the young birch-trees, which grew out of the fissures of the rock : the castle of Bukowan, with its red roofs and beautiful turrets, I could discern now here. I knew not into which path to strike, and resolved to follow some goats, which brought me to some people with whom they dwelt in the same hut. I made them understand that I wished to go to Bukowan ; they accompanied me ; the day went to sleep, the moon arose, I sung because I could not converse with them ; afterwards they sang too, and thus late in the evening I arrived ; once or twice I felt afraid that the people might lead me astray, and was happy enough when I was sitting in my little turret chamber.

I am not without employment, lonely as it is. One morning I made several hundred little bricks, — building is my delight. My brother Christian is a real genius, he can do every thing ; the model of a small smithy is just finished, which is now to be executed upon a large scale. My brother's gift of invention is an inexhaustible spring, and I am his best workman, as far as my powers permit : several fancy buildings stand around us in small models, in the great saloon, and there are so many problems which I have to solve, that I am often quite tired out at evening :

yet it does not prevent me from awaiting the sun rise upon the Peteetsch, a mountain which is as round as an oven, and from this circumstance derives its name (for Peteetsch, in Bohemian, means oven) ; it is somewhat elevated above a hundred of the mountains which surround it, like a large encampment of tents. Then I see again and again, the world awake to light ; alone and solitary as I am, there is strife in my soul ; were I forced to remain longer here, beautiful as it is, I could not bear it. A short time ago I was in the great Vienna-town ; a bustle and life amongst the people, as if it would never cease. Here the luxuriant days of spring were passed in company ; in fine clothes, we went socially about. Each day brought new joy, and each delight was a source of interesting communications. Above all this Beethoven was prominent ; the great superspiritual one, who introduced us into an invisible world, and our impulse to the powers of life, so that one felt the confined "self" widened to an universe of spirits. Pity that he is not here in this solitude ; that in his voice I might forget the eternal chirping of yon cricket, which does not cease to remind me, that nothing but its cry breaks the solitude. To-day I have exercised myself a whole hour, in trying, with a stick, to sling a garland of roses upon a high stone crucifix, which stands upon the road ; it was in vain, the garland was unleaved. I sat down, fatigued, upon a bench, till evening came, and then I went home. Can you believe that it made me very sad, to go so lonely home, and that I felt as if I were connected with nothing in the world ; and that, on my way, I thought on your mother ; how in the summer, when I came in from a long walk, through the Eschenheim gate, I ran up stairs to her, threw flowers and herbs, all that I had gathered, into the middle

of the room, and seated myself close by her side, laying my wearied head upon her lap. She said, "Have you brought the flowers so far, and now do you throw them all away?" Then Lizzy was obliged to bring her a glass, and she herself arranged the boquet; upon each single flower she made her remarks, and said much which was as delightful to me as if a dear hand caressed me; she was pleased that I brought all sorts; corn-ears and grass-seeds, and berries on the branch, tall umbels, beautifully formed leaves, chafers, moss, pods, gay pebbles; she called it a pattern-card of Nature, and always preserved it for several days. Sometimes I brought her chosen fruits, and forbade her to eat them, because they were so beautiful. She directly broke a prettily striped peach, and said, "one must give every thing its way; now this peach won't leave me in peace till it's eaten." In every thing which she did, I believed I could recognise you; her peculiarities, her views, were to me dear enigmas, in which I guessed at you.

If I still had your mother, I should know where to be at home; I would prefer communion with her to all others. She made me sure in thought and deed; she often forbade me something, but if I nevertheless listened to my caprice, she defended me against all; and then, in her enthusiasm, she collected strength like the smith, who has the glowing iron upon his anvil: she said, "He who listens to the voice within his breast, will not fail his destiny; a tree shoots out of his soul, on which every virtue, every power blossoms, and which yields the fairest qualities, like delicious apples; and religion does not stand in his way, but is adapted to his nature; but he who does not hear this voice, is blind and deaf, and must let himself be led by others, to where their prejudices have already ban-

ished them." "What?" said she, "I would rather come to shame before the world, than let myself be assisted by a Philistine, over a dangerous stile: after all, there is nothing dangerous but fear itself, this defrauds one of all." During the last year of her life, she was just the most lively, and spoke about every thing with equal interest: from the most simple conversations, were developed the most solemn and noble truths, which might have served as a talisman for one's entire life. She said, "Man must choose for himself the best place, and this he must maintain during his whole life, and must risk all his powers upon it; then, alone, is he noble, and truly great. I do not mean an outward, but an inward place of honor, to which this inward voice always points; could we only govern ourselves, as Napoleon governs the world, the world would renew itself in every generation, and soar above itself. Thus it always goes on in the old way, because none carries it further in himself than he who was before him, and one is already tired at the very beginning. Yes, it must be felt directly, although one sees it for the first time, that wisdom is old and threadbare stuff.

The French soldiers, quartered upon her, were obliged to relate to her much about Napoleon, and she felt with them all the shudder of enthusiasm: she said, "*He* is the right one, who finds echo with delight in all hearts; there is nothing more exalted, than for man to make himself felt in his fellow-men; and so does bliss ascend through men and spirits, as through an electric chain, to pass at last, like a spark, into the heavenly realm. Poesy is, to save the sublime, the simple, the great, from the claws of the Philistines; every thing is originally poesy, and the poet is there to call this forth again, because every thing eternizes itself by poesy

alone." Your mother's way of thinking impressed itself deeply into me. I can answer every thing to myself in her way ; she was so decided, that general opinion had not the least influence upon her, for all sprung from such deep feeling: she often said to me, that her preference for me arose only from the perverted opinions of other people, she directly felt as if she should understand me better. Now, I will call every thing to mind, for my memory will not be less true to me than my heart. On Whitsuntide, in her last year, I came from the Rheingau to visit her; she was pleasantly surprised, we drove together into the cherry grove ; it was pleasant weather, the blossoms whirled down upon us like snow. I told her of a similar beautiful holyday, when I was thirteen years old ; then in the afternoon I sat down alone upon a grass-seat, and a kitten laid itself upon my lap in the sun and fell asleep ; and that I might not disturb it, I kept my seat till the sun went down, then the kitten jumped away. Your mother laughed, and said, " At that time you knew nothing of Wolfgang, then you were pleased to play with the cat."

Yes ! had I but your mother still ! With her one needed no great events ; a sun-beam, a snow-storm, the sound of a post-horn awakened feelings, remembrances, and thoughts. I must blush, that I am so timid before you. Do you not love me, and receive me as a good gift ? — and can one receive a gift without abandoning one's self to the gift ? and is thus a gift, which is not given entirely and for ever ? Does a step also move forwards, which does not lead into a new life ? Does one go back, who is not fallen away from eternal life ? Look, now, this is a very simple problem, that one should not be timid, because what is eternal has no limit. Who will

set bounds to love ? Who can set bounds to the spirit ? Who has ever loved, that has reserved any thing for himself ? Reservation is self-love. Earthly life is a prison, the key to liberty is love, it leads us out of earthly into heavenly life. Who can be set free from himself without love ? the flames devour what is earthly, in order to win a boundless space for its spirit, which soars into ether ; the sigh which dissolves in divinity, has no limit. The spirit alone has eternal efficacy, eternal life, all else dies. Good night, good night ; it is near the hour of spirits.

Your child, who clings close to you, through
fear of her own thoughts.

TO BETTINE.

SINCE you, in the fullness of interesting events and amusements of the most populous city, have not neglected sending me such rich communication, it would be unjust, if I did not send over to your hidden retreats a sign of my living and love. Where are you hidden ? It cannot be far off : the lavender flowers strewed in your letter without date, were not yet faded, when I received it ; they import that we are nearer each other, than we could have conjectured. Do not neglect in your universal doings, and strange attempts, to erect a temple of your own bricks to the goddess Opportunity, and think, that one must boldly grasp her three golden locks, to assure one's self her favor. I have you already with me, in your letters, in your memorials and lovely melodies, and above all in your Diary, with which I daily busy myself, in order more and more to master your rich, exalted

fancy; yet would I fain tell you with my own lips, how dear you are to me.

Your clear views upon men and things, upon past and future, are dear and useful, to me, and I deserve, too, that you grant me the best. Remembrance, true and full of love, has perhaps a better influence upon destiny and the mind, than the favor of the stars themselves, for which we do not yet know whether we have not to thank the fair orisons of love.

Write down every thing about my mother, it is important for me ; she had head and heart for action as well as feeling.

All that you have seen and heard upon your journey write to me ; let no solitude attack you maliciously; you have the power to make the best of her.


It would be delightful if the dear Bohemian mountain procured your dear presence. Farewell, dearest child, continue to live with me, and do not let me miss your dear and ample letters.

GOETHE.

TO GOETHE.

YOUR letter was quickly here, I believed I could catch your breath in it ; for which I had set a trap, even before I had read the letter: I had also been at the map. If I were to depart from here to-day, to-morrow I should lay at your feet ; and as I recognise in the soft, natural tone of your writing, you would not let me pine there long, you would soon draw me to your heart, and in stormy joy (like cymbals and drums, with quick roll) a

finale, piercing through every nerve, would precede the sweet repose, which blesses me in your presence. To whom discover it ? The little journey to you ? Ah no, I will not tell it ; no one will understand how blessed it could make me ; and then, it is so usual to condemn the joy of enthusiasm, — they call it madness and nonsense. Believe me not that I dare to say how I love you ; what one does not conceive, one easily finds mad : I must be silent. But to the magnificent goddess, who makes the Philistines her play-things, I have already (at your hint, and to bound my own impatience) with bricks of my own manufacture, laid the foundation of a small temple. Here I draw you the ground-plan: a square hall ; in the middle of it four walls, doors small and narrow ; inside this hall a second one, raised upon steps, which has also a door in the middle of each wall ; this latter space stands however obliquely, so that the corners are turned towards the four doors of the outer hall : within this a third square space, which is also elevated upon steps, has but one door, and standing parallel with the outermost hall ; the three corners, which are cut off by the inmost space from the second, and join them by large openings, while the fourth corner forms the entrance to the door, represent the gardens of the Hesperides ; in the midst, upon a soft-cushioned throne the goddess : carelessly reclining, she shoots at random, in play only, at the golden apples of the Hesperides, who looked on with sorrow, as the apples, pierced by the chance arrows, fly over the guarded limits. O, Goethe ! who outside chooses the right door, and without long pondering makes way through the hall of the innermost temple, boldly seizing the apple upon the flying arrow, how happy is he !



Your mother said, "All fair inventions of the human mind, even if they be not practicable on earth, yet will not be lost in heaven, where every thing exists without body only in the spirit." God has said, "Let there be," and therewith created he the whole beautiful world ; even so is this power born in man ; what he invents in spirit will, by this power, be created in heaven. For man builds his heaven himself, and his noble inventions adorn the eternal, unending "yonder." In this sense, then, do I erect the fair temple to our goddess. I decorate its walls with lovely colors and marble statues ; I lay out the floor with variegated stones, I adorn it with flowers ; and, wandering through the halls, I fill them with the fragrance of incense ; but upon the pinnacles I prepare for the fortune-bringing stork a convenient nest ; and thus I pass my impatient time, which throws me from one excitement into another. Ah ! I dare not listen to the distance as I used to do, when, in wood-rustling solitude, I hearkened to the twitter of the birds, that I might discover their nests. Now at mid-day I sit alone in the garden, and would fain only feel, not think, what you are to me ; then comes the wind so softly, as if it came from thee ; lays itself so freshly on my heart, — plays with the dust at my feet, and gives chase to the dancing midges, — it caresses my burning cheeks, flatteringly keeps off the heat of the sun ; on the untrimmed vine-trellis it lifts the tendrils, and whispers among the leaves, then in haste sweeps along the fields over the bending flowers. Did it bring a message ? have I rightly understood it ? Is it certain ? — was it to give me a thousand greetings from my friend, who, not far from here, waits on me to bid me a thousand times welcome ? Ah, could I but ask it once, — it is gone ! —

let it go to others, who also pine ; I turn to him who alone holds my heart, renews my life with his spirit, — with the breath of his words.

Monday.

Don't inquire about the date, I have no almanac ; and I must confess to you, it is as if it would not agree with my love, to trouble myself about the time. Ah, Goethe ! I like neither to look behind nor before me. Of the heavenly moment, time is the executioner ; the sharp sword which he waves over it, I see, with shy foreboding, glitter : no, I will not inquire about time, when I feel that eternity would not extend my enjoyment beyond the limits of the moment ; but yet if you will know, in a year hence, perhaps, — or in a later time, when it was, that the sun burned me brown and I did not perceive it, in deeply musing on thee, — then mark, that it is just when the gooseberries are ripe. The speculating mind of my brother will try its skill in an excelling "gooseberry-wine," I help to press. Yesterday evening we held vintage by moonlight, numberless night-moths were flying round my head ; with this nocturnal harvest we roused up a whole world of dreamy creatures, they were quite confused. As I entered my chamber I found thousands, which fluttered around the light ; I was sorry for them ; I wanted to help them out again. I held a light a long while before the window, and spent half the night in this way ; I spared myself no trouble. Do you too, Goethe, have patience with me, when I flutter around you and will not part from the beams of your splendor, — perhaps you would also fain "light me home." *

BETTINE.

* German proverb.

Tuesday.

This morning Christian, who also studies medicine, has cured a tame quail, which runs about my room, and had become ill ; he tried to give it a drop of opium ; unawares he trod upon it, so that it lay there quite flat and dead. He picked it quickly up, and rubbed it again round with both hands, then away it hopped as if nothing had happened, and its illness is also past ; it sits no more huddled up ; it picks, drinks, bathes, and sings ; all are astonished at the quail.

Wednesday.

To-day we went into the fields to see the effect of a machine, with which Christian, in time of great drought, will water the corn ; a wide-extending shower of pearls played in the sun and gave us much delight. With this brother of mine I like to walk ; he saunters on before me, and finds every where something remarkable. He knows the small insects, their manner of life, their dwellings, and how they support themselves and multiply : he can name every plant, and knows its origin and properties ; oftentimes he lies all day on one spot, musing, — who knows all that then passes through his mind ? In no city would there be so much to be done, as his ingenuity hatches every moment ; now I am with the blacksmith, then with the carpenter, or mason, transacting subtile matters for him ; with one I blow the bellows, with the other I hold line and level. With the needle and scissors, too, I must be at work. He has invented a travelling cap, the point of which unfolds itself into a parasol ; and a travelling carriage, round as a drum, lined

with lamb-skin, which moves alone. He makes poems, too : he has written a comedy, at which one laughs with heart and soul ; he plays on the flute, at dead of night, beautiful brilliant variations, of his own composition, which sound through the whole district of Prague. He teaches me to ride, and manage my horse like a man ; he makes me ride without saddle, and wonders that I keep my seat in a gallop. The poney will not let me fall, he bites my foot in play to give me courage ; he is perhaps an enchanted prince, whom I please. Christian teaches me also to fence, with the left as well as right hand, and to shoot at a mark, — a large sunflower ; all this I learn with zeal, that my life may not be too stupid, when war breaks out again. This evening we went shooting, and shot some butterflies ; I brought down two at one shot.

Thus the day passes quickly ; at first, I was afraid by too long leisure I should write too long letters, or molest you with speculative thoughts upon God and religion, having at Landshut read much in the Bible, and in Luther's works. Now all is for me as round as the globe, where there is nothing to fear, because we can nowhere fall off ; your songs, I sing in my walks through the fields ; the melodies come unsought, and I give them the right rhythm ; in the wilderness I make great steps, that is to say, bold leaps, from one crag to another. I have discovered a little trysting place of squirrels ; beneath a tree lay a great heap of three-cornered nuts ; upon the tree were sitting at least a dozen squirrels, which threw the shells upon my head ; I kept still, and saw through the boughs their ballet-capers and mimick dance ; what one sees consumed with such delight, gives one also an irresistible appetite. I gathered a

handkerchief full of these nuts, which one calls beech-nuts, and nibbled away at them the whole night, like the squirrels. How prettily do the animals of the wood feed, how graceful are their motions, and how is the nature of their food described in their movements ! One sees directly, that the goat likes sour herbs, for it smacks its lips. I don't like to see men eat, I feel ashamed. The smell of the kitchen, where all sorts of dishes are prepared, vexes me ; there is stewing, roasting, and larding, — perhaps you don't know how this is ? It is an enormously large needle, threaded with bacon, and with this the meat is sewed ; then the noble and the learned, who govern the state, seat themselves at table and chew in company. At Vienna, when they made out the pardon of the Tyrolese for the revolution (which they themselves had plotted), and sold Hofer to the French, every thing was settled at dinner ; with drunken courage all was arranged, without any particular stings of conscience.

The diplomatists have the cunning of the devil, but the devil makes them his butt ; that one can see in their foolish faces, upon which the devil paints all their intrigues. Wherein, then, does the highest dignity lie, but in serving mankind ? What a splendid theme for the sovereign, that all children come and pray to him, "Give us our daily bread !" — and that he can say, "There it is ! take all, for my need is only that ye are cared for." Yes, verily ! what could one wish to have, except to hold it for others ; this would be the best sinking fund : but they have not paid the debts of the poor Tyrolese. Ah, what is all this to me ; the postman sets off, and I have written nothing of all that I had to say to you ; ah ! if it might only be that we soon

meet, it surely will happen, — yes it ~~must~~. Then we will let all worldly matters rest, and conscientiously dispose of each minute.*

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Teplitz,

YOUR letters, lovely Bettine, are of that kind, that one always believes the last to be the most interesting. So it was with the pages which you brought with you, and which, on the morning of your departure, I read and read again, — but then came your last, which surpasses all the others.† If you can thus continue to surpass yourself, do so. You have taken so much away with you, that it is just you send something from out your far home. Farewell.

GOETHE.

Your next letter I must beg you to send according to this direction ; how ominous ! Woe 's me ! what will it contain ?

By Captain Lost,
at
Dresden.

* Here occurs a breach in the correspondence.

† Both letters and pages are wanting.

TO GOETHE.

October 17th.

Do not accuse me of having taken so much away with me ; for truly, I feel myself so impoverished, that I look around on every side for something to which I may cling : give me something to do for which I need no daylight, no communion with men, and which will give me courage to be alone. This place does not please me : here are no heights, from which one could look into the distance.

October 18th.

I once ascended a mountain. Ah ! what weighs upon my heart ? — trifles, says the world. Write connectedly ? I could not for my life bring out the truth : since we sat together at Teplitz, how should I write at length of what the day brings with it ? life is only beautiful when I am with you. No, I can tell you nothing connected ; spell your way through it, as you used to do through my prattle. Do I not always write what I have already said a hundred thousand times ? Some, who come from Dresden, told me much of your in-comings and out-goings, exactly as if they would say, “ Your tutelary saint was a guest at other people’s hearths, and found a home.” Zelter has received your picture, and has laid it against his iron grey cheeks. I look into the world, and, in this varying fools’ mirror, I often see your picture fondled by fools ; you may easily suppose that this does not please me. You and Schiller were friends, and your friendship was based in the realm of the mind : but, Goethe ! these after-ties seem to me

exactly like the mourning train of a lofty past, trailed through all the dirt of common life.

When I prepare myself to write to you, and turn my thoughts into myself, then ever occur to me the different moments of my life, which echoed so tranquilly and intelligibly within my soul. Even as to a painter appears similar moments in Nature, which he has once painted with delight, so do I now think of the twilight evening in the hot month of August ; how you sat at the window, and I stood before you ; and how we exchanged thoughts. I had gazed, sharp as an arrow, into your eye, and there I clung, piercing my way deeper and deeper ; and we were both silent, and you drew your fingers through my loosened hair. Ah, Goethe, then you asked me, if I would think of you, in future, by the light of the stars, and I promised you ; and now we are in the middle of October, and I have already often looked at the stars and have thought of you, and a cold shudder runs over me ; and you, who have banished my gaze to the stars, think how often I must gaze above, then write daily anew in the stars, "How you love me ;" that I do not despair, but that comfort may shine down from the stars, now that we are not together. A year ago, at this season, I took a long walk and remained sitting on a hill ; there above I played with the glittering sand, upon which the sun was shining, and jerked the seed out of the dried pods ; by evening red, struggling with the mists, I went and overlooked whole countries. I was free at heart, for my love to you makes me free. I feel sometimes so anxious, that whilst the refreshing air made me once so strong, I might almost say clever, I do not always walk, always wander, beneath the free sky, and converse with Nature. A storm-blast embraces, with the greatest speed, whole val-

leys ; it touches all, moves all, and who perceives it is seized with enthusiasm. Mighty Nature leaves no space and needs no space ; what she surrounds with her magic circle is fixed by enchantment. O, Goethe, you are also fixed there ; in no word, in no breath of your poems, does she set you free. And again I must kneel down before this incarnation of Nature in thee, and must love and desire you, as I do all Nature.

I would have said much to you, but was called away, and, to-day, October 29th, I return once more to my writing. It is every where tranquil, or rather void. That truth exist, no one is requisite, but that truth be verified in them, all mankind is requisite. Man, whose frame is so penetrated by the beauty of your soul, how dare I thus love body and soul together ! often do I think to myself, I would fain be better and greater, that I might justify my claims upon you ; but can I ? Then must I think on you, see you before me, and be nothing, if love may not be accounted to me as desert ! — such love is not unfruitful. And yet I dare not think ; it would be my death ! would it matter ? Yes, indeed ! I have a cradle in thy heart, and who steals me out of it, be it death or life, robs thee of a child. I would fain have one pillow with you, but a hard one ; tell no one, that I should like to lie near you, in profoundest tranquillity, by your side. There are many outlets and passages in the world, lonely woods and caverns without end, but none is so fitted for sleep, for well-being, as the lap of God ; I imagine it to myself broad and comfortable, and that one rests his head upon the other's breast, and that a warm breath sweeps over the heart, — like what I should so wish to feel, — your breath.

BETTINE.

[Breach in the correspondence.]

TO BETTINE.

I AM now once more, dear Bettine, settled in Weimar, and would, long ago, have thanked you for your dear pages, (which have all arrived by degrees,) particularly for your remembrance of August 27th. Instead, therefore, of telling you how I am, concerning which there is not much to say, I make you a friendly request. Since you will not cease from liking to write to me, and I shall not cease from liking to read, you might besides that do me a kindness. I will confess to you, that I am about to write my "Confessions," whether in form of a novel or a poem cannot be determined beforehand, but, in either case, I need your assistance. My good mother has departed, and so have many others, who could have called up the past, which I have almost forgotten. Now you have lived a fair time with my dear mother, have repeatedly heard her fables and anecdotes, and bear and cherish all in a fresh creative memory. Therefore set down directly and commit to writing all that refers to me and mine, and you will thus greatly delight and oblige me. Send something from time to time, and therewith speak of yourself and neighbourhood. Love me till we meet again.

G.

Weimar, October 25th, 1810.

TO GOETHE.

November 4th.

You have always a cause for writing to me, but I have retained nothing, nothing noticed, save the end : "Love

me till we meet again." Had you not added these last words, I should, perhaps, have taken notice of the preceding ones ; this solitary sign of friendliness has overwhelmed me, has held me captive to a thousand sweet thoughts, from yesterday evening to this evening. From all this you may conclude, that your letter, about twenty-four hours ago, brought fresh air into my chamber : but ever since I have been like a dormouse, for which the winter-world is too bad, and have buried myself in the warm soil of my own thoughts. What you request has always this worth for me, that I consider it worthy to be granted. I willingly, therefore, deliver into your custody the nourishment, the life, of two stirring years ; it is little in respect of much, but infinite, because unique. You yourself might, perhaps, wonder that I bore things into the temple, and consecrated my existence by them, though one finds them in all places, — on every hedge one may gather blossoms in spring ; but what, dear friend, when, imperceptible as the blossom may be, it continue after years to scent and bloom ? Your mother bore you in her seventeenth year, and in her seventy-seventh she could still live over again all that had occurred in your earliest years ; and she sowed the young field (which had a good soil, but no flowers) with these eternal blossoms : and thus I may well be pleasant to you, since I am as it were a sweet-scenting garden of these remembrances, among which your mother's tenderness is the fairest blossom, and — dare I say it ? — my constancy the most powerful one. I feared already, long since, that what had taken such deep root with your mother and blossomed in me, would at last let fall its sweet fruit from the lofty stem upon the earth. Now listen ! In Munich I became acquainted with a

young physician ; his face tanned and disfigured by the small-pox ; poor as Job, strange to all ; of lofty extended nature, but on that very account close and reserved ; could not conceive the devil as an absolute evil, but yet as a fellow with two horns and cloven foot (naturally, one can lay hold of the horns, if one has courage). The road of his enthusiasm did not lead by a heaven's ladder, but a hen's ladder, to his chamber ; where, at his own cost, he hungered with the poor, the sick ; joyfully divided his mite with them, caused his young enthusiastic art to prosper upon them ;—he had been dumb from disease till his fourth year ; a clap of thunder loosed his tongue ; at fifteen he was to have served as a soldier ; having tamed the General's wild horse, he was exempted ; for having cured a madman, he received a small inconvenient place at Munich : in this situation I became acquainted with him ; he soon frequented our house. This good spirit, —rich in nobleness, who, except that, had nothing but his solitude ; after the oppressive burden of the day, often late at evening, out of benevolent passion, walked miles to meet the Tyrolese prisoners and convey money to them, or he accompanied me to the snail-tower, from whence one can see the distant Alps ; there, when we observed mist and a ruddy glow in the sky, we considered together, whether it might not be a fire. Often, too, did I impart to him plans for going over to the Tyrolese ; we studied out a road upon the map, and I saw it written upon his features, that he only waited my commands.

Thus matters stood when the infectious Lazarets at Augsburg began to fill, and in a short time swept away both physicians and patients : my young "ice-breaker" wandered there on foot, to relieve his old master (who

was father of a family) of the fatigue and danger : he departed with heavy foreboding ; I gave him at parting a handkerchief, some old wine, and a promise to write. Then came reflection and thought of all the good which had occurred during this short acquaintance ; and I thought, that my words concerning you, my loving knowledge of you and your mother, were a sacred treasure, which should not be lost ; that, within the external shell of poverty, such a jewel would be most sacredly preserved, and thus it was that my letters to him were filled with isolated anecdotes of your childhood, each one of which came like spirits at the right moment to banish ill-humor and vexation. Chance (to us the consecrated) bears too, on her thousandfold laden wings, these letters ; and it may be, perhaps, that when plenty and luxuriancy once again cover this much abused land of fruits, she may also shake down this golden fruit for the common weal.

During that time I pointed at much in a few words, more conversing with you upon it, as I did not yet know you, had not seen you, or I was too deeply sunk with the fathom line in my own weal and woe. Do you understand me ? since you love me ?

Do you wish me to speak to you of time past, where, soon as your spirit appeared to me, I became master of my own spirit, that I might embrace and love yours ? And why should I not grow dizzy with enthusiasm ; is a possible fall, then, so fearful ? As the precious stone, touched by a single ray, plays forth a thousand colors, so too will your beauty, lighted alone by the ray of enthusiasm, be a thousandfold enriched.

It is only when all is conceived, that the something can prove its real worth : and with this you conceive

me, when I tell you, that the bed, in which your mother brought you into the world, had blue chequered hangings. She was then seventeen years old and one year married ; hereupon she remarked, you would always remain young, and your heart would never become old, since you had the youth of your mother into the bargain. Three days did you consider about it, before you entered the world, and caused your mother heavy hours. Through anger, that necessity had driven you from your nature-home, and through the ill-treatment of the midwife, you appeared quite black and without sign of life. They laid you in a butcher's tray, and bathed the pit of your heart with wine, quite despairing of your existence. Your grandmother stood behind the bed ; when you first opened your eyes, she exclaimed, "*Daughter, he lives!*" "Then awoke my maternal heart, and lived since then in continual enthusiasm to this very hour," said your mother to me, in her seventy-seventh year. Your grandfather, who was an admirable citizen, and at that time Syndic, ever turned both good and evil chance to the weal of the city, and thus your difficult birth was the inciting cause of the appointment of an accoucheur for the poor. "Even in the cradle," said your mother, "he was a blessing to mankind." She gave you the breast, but you could not be brought to suck, and so a wet-nurse was procured ; — "from her he drank with a most comfortable appetite," said she ; "and since it was now found that I had no milk, we soon perceived that he was wiser than all of us, as he would not drink from my breast."

See now, you are born at last, and now I may pause a little : now you are in the world, each moment is dear enough for me to remain ; I do not wish to call up the

second, that it may not drive me away from the first. "Where you are is love and goodness ; where you are is nature, too." I shall now wait till you write to me : "Come, tell me some more." Then I shall first ask : "Well, where did we leave off ?" and then I shall tell you of your forefathers, of your dreams, beauty, pride, love, etc. Amen.

"Daughter, he lives !" these words always pierced me through and through, as often as your mother, with raised voice of joy, recited them.

The sword of danger
Oft hangs by a hair,
But the bliss of eternity
Lies often in a glance of grace,

may one say of your birth.

BETTINE.

P. S.

Write soon, dear child, and then you will soon grow, enter into the sweetest years, when your wantonness made you dangerous to all, and lifted you above all danger. Shall I acknowledge to you, that this writing the anecdotes of your life causes me pain ; and that the thousand thoughts surround me, as if they would make me eternally captive ?

Zelter chimes and tolls away your songs to me, like a bell, which is tolled by a lazy clerk, — it always goes "bim," and too late "bam." They all attack one another ; Zelter falls upon Reichard, he upon Hummel, he upon Righini, and he again upon Zelter : each one might beat himself, and then he would do the other a greater favor than inviting him to his concert. They must only let the dead rest, and Beethoven, who, at his very birth,

renounced all claims on their inheritance. But all this is of no use. Dear friend ! he who loves you like me, sings you in the deepest heart ; but one who has such broad bones and such a long waistcoat cannot do this.

Write soon, write directly ; if you only knew how one word of yours often dissolves a heavy dream, — call to me only : “ Child, I am with you,” — then all is well. Do it !

Would it not interest you, to get again the letters, which you have written to the friends of your youth ? Write to me upon this ; they might bring back the past to you in more lively colors, and to obtain possession of them would not be impossible ; answer me, dear friend ; in the mean time I will not let a day pass by, without working at your request:

TO BETTINE.

HERE are the Duets ! At this moment I have no more recollection nor quiet than enables me to say to you, continue to be so lovely and graceful. Let me soon be christened ! Adieu.

G.

November 12th, 1810.

TO GOETHE.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

I do not know you ! no, I do not know you ! I misunderstand your words ? I, troubled about you, who have ex-

emption from all slavery, whose countenance was never shadowed by ill-fortune ? I feel fear, with the noblest guest of fortune ? — true love has no solicitude. I have often determined to keep you far too holy to have petty anxiety about you, and so that you should only raise comfort and joy within me. Be it as it may, even if I have you not, yet I have you still, and — in my letters you feel (do you not?) that I speak the truth ? There you have me, and I? divining, I trace the marks of your pen, — the hand which is good to me has guided it, the eye which wishes me well has overlooked it, and the spirit, which embraces so much and so various matter, has for a minute devoted itself exclusively to me, — here I have you. Shall I add a commentary to this ? One moment is a fitter period for a divine apparition, than half an hour, — the moment which you give me, makes me more blessed than my whole life.

To-day (the 24th) I received the duets, with the few accompanying lines from you, which had almost led me astray : I felt as if you might be ill, or — I do n't know all that I thought, but I did not think that in that moment, only because your heart was so full, you could have expressed so much in so few words ; and lastly, on your account there is nothing to fear, nor to tremble at. But even then ! Woe 's me, if I could not joyfully follow you, if my love should not find that path which is always near to you, even as my heart is and was to yours.

BETTINE.

Herewith I send you sheets filled with all sorts of stories and memoranda, out of your life and that of your mother. The question is, whether you can use, it;

write to me if more is requisite for you ; in such case, it would be necessary to return me the memorandum-book, which I here inclose: but I certainly think you will find more and better things in it, than I could add. Pardon all that is superfluous, to which belong the blots and erasures.

TO GOETHE.

THE heavens expand so widely before me ; all the mountains, which I ever measured with silent look, rise so unmeasurably ; the plains, which were limited by the glowing disc of the rising sun, these have no longer limits. On into eternity ! Will his life, then, have so much space ?

Of his childhood : when in his ninth week he had already had troubled dreams ; when grandmother, grandfather, and mother and father, and nurse, had stood around his cradle, and listened what violent movements showed themselves in his mien, and upon awaking, changing to a most afflicting cry, — often, too, shrieking so violently, that he lost his breath, and his parents feared for his life ; — then they procured a bell. When they observed that he became restless in his slumber, they rung and rattled violently, that, upon waking, he might immediately forget his dreams. His father once had him on his arm and let him look at the moon, when he shrunk back as if inwardly shaken, and became so convulsed, that his father was obliged to blow into his nostrils, lest he should suffocate. “ These trifling matters,” said your mother, “ I should have forgotten

in the course of sixty years, if his life had not continually made all sacred to me ; for shall I not humble myself before Providence, when I think that a life, which has now fixed itself in a thousand hearts, then hung upon a breath ? And to me it is my all, for you may well conceive, Bettine, that the events of this world do not much entice me ; that society does not satisfy me here in my solitude, where I count one day after the other, and not one passes by without thinking of my son, and all is to me as gold.

He did not like playing with little children, — unless they were very pretty. Once he began suddenly to cry and shriek : “ the black child shall get out, I can’t bear it ;” neither did he cease crying till he got home, when his mother asked him how he could be so naughty ; he could not console himself for the child’s ugliness. He was then three years old. Bettine, who sat upon a footstool at the feet of his mother, here made her own glossary, and pressed the mother’s knee to her heart.

For his little sister Cornelia, while she was yet in the cradle, he had the strongest affection ; he brought her every thing, and wanted to feed and nurse her alone ; and was jealous, when any one took her out of the cradle, in which he was her ruler ; his anger then knew no bounds, and indeed he was much easier brought to anger than to tears.

The kitchen of the house led into the street : one Sunday morning, when every one was at church, little Wolfgang got in and threw all the crockery-ware, one piece after the other, out of the window, because the clatter pleased him ; and the neighbours, whom it delighted, encouraged him. His mother, who was returning from church, was sorely astonished, at seeing all the

dishes fly out ; he had just finished, and laughed so heartily with the people in the street, that his mother laughed too.

He often looked at the stars, which one told him were propitious at his birth ; here the imagination-powers of his mother were often called upon to perform the impossible, in order to satisfy his inquiries, and thus he soon learned that Jupiter and Venus would be the rulers and patrons of his destiny. No play-thing could engage him more than the counting-board of his father, upon which he laid down, with counters, the position of the stars as he had seen them : he placed this board by his bedside, and so believed that the influence of his favorable stars approached nearer to him. Often, too, full of care, he said to his mother, " The stars will not forget me, and will keep the promise they made over my cradle, won't they ? " Then said his mother, " Why will you have absolutely the assistance of the stars, when we others must do without them ? " Then he answered, quite proudly, " I cannot do with that which suffices for other people ; " — at this time he was seven.

It seemed strange to his mother, that at the death of his younger brother Jacob, who was his playmate, he did not shed a tear ; he rather seemed to feel a sort of irritation at the complaints of his parents, brother, and sisters. When his mother, sometime after, asked him if he did not love his brother, he ran into his bed-room, brought out a quantity of papers from under the bed, which were filled with exercises and little stories ; he told her, that he had written all that to teach his brother.

Your mother thought, too, that she might ascribe to herself some share in his descriptive powers : " For at one time," said she, " I could not become weary of

relating, any more than he could of listening : air, fire, water, and earth I represented to him as beautiful princesses, and all that happened in the whole of Nature, received a signification, in which I soon believed myself, more firmly than my auditor. And when we had imagined to ourselves streets between the constellations, and that we should once inhabit stars, and what great spirits we should meet there above, then there was no one so eager for the hour of narration with the children as I was. Nay, I was curious, in the highest degree, about the further progress of our little imaginative tales ; and an invitation, which robbed me of such an evening, was always vexatious to me. There I sat, and there he soon devoured me, with his great black eyes ; and when the fate of any favorite did not turn out exactly according to his notion, I saw how the passionate veins swelled upon his forehead, and how he choked his tears. He often caught me up, and said, before I had taken the turn in my tale, ‘ Mother, the princess won’t marry the nasty tailor, even if he does slay the giant, will she ? ’ When I made a stop, and put off the catastrophe to the next evening, I might be sure, that, during that time, he had put every thing in good order ; and so my imagination, when it could reach no further, was often supplied by his ; and when the next evening, guiding the reins of fate according to his design, I said, ‘ You have guessed it, so it has happened,’ he became all fire and flame, and one could hear his little heart beat under his collar. To his grandmother (who lived in the back part of the house, and whose pet he was) he always confided his views, as to how the story would go on ; and from her I learned how I should continue my text according to his wishes, and thus there was a secret diplo-

matic correspondence between us, which neither betrayed to the other. Thus I had the satisfaction of relating my fairy-tales to the delight and astonishment of my audience, and Wolfgang, without ever recognising himself as the author of all the remarkable events, looked forward with glowing eyes to the fulfilment of his boldly laid plans, and greeted the execution of them with enthusiastic applause. These delightful evenings (through which the glory of my art in tale-telling was soon spread abroad, so that at last both old and young soon took part in them) are to me a very refreshing remembrance. The theatre of the world was not so abundant, although it was a source of ever new inventions. That, which by its awful reality, surpassing all fable, made the first breach in the fairy-world, was the earthquake at Lisbon : all newspapers were filled with it, everybody argued upon it, in strange confusion ; in short, it was an event which shook all hearts, even to the most distant lands : little Wolfgang, who was seven years old, could rest no more. The foaming sea, which in a trice swallowed down all the ships, and then mounted the shore to swallow up the enormous royal palace, — the lofty towers, which were at the very first buried beneath the rubbish of smaller houses, — the flames, which bursting from every part of the ruins, joined at last and spread forth a vast, fiery sea, while a host of devils rise out of the earth, to practise all sorts of malicious mischief upon the unfortunate, — the remnant of the many thousands destroyed, — all this made a tremendous impression upon him. The papers contained every evening new fables, more minute details ; in the churches expiatory sermons were preached, the Pope ordained a general fast ; in the Catholic chapels requiems were

sung for those swallowed up by the earthquake. Remarks of all kinds were made on every side, in presence of the children : the Bible was consulted, reasons maintained, pro and con ; all this busied Wolfgang more deeply than one could suppose, and he made at last a conclusion, which surpassed all in wisdom.

“ After having returned with his grandfather from a sermon, in which the wisdom of the Creator towards the afflicted people was defended, and his father asked him how he had understood the discourse ; he answered, ‘ After all, every thing may be much simpler than the clergyman thinks ; God will well know, that the immortal soul can receive no injury from evil fate.’ ” From this time you were again in spirits ; yet your mother thought, that your revolutionary excitement, at this earthquake, made its appearance again in your “ Prometheus.”

Let me too relate to you, that your grandfather, in memorial of your birth, had planted a pear-tree, in the well-cultivated garden beyond the Bockenheim-gate. This tree has become very large ; of its fruit (which is delicious) I have eaten, and — you would laugh at me, if I were to tell you every thing. It was on a beautiful day in spring, sunny and warm, the young lofty-stemmed pear-tree was covered over and over with blossoms ; it was, I believe, your mother’s birth-day, when the children carried in all silence the green settee (sitting upon which she used to narrate in the evening, and which was therefore called the “ fable-seat”) into the garden, adorned it with ribands and flowers ; and, after guests and relations were assembled, Wolfgang, dressed as a shepherd, with a scrip (from out which hung down a scroll with golden letters), with a garland of green upon

his head, stepped under the pear-tree, and held an address to the settee, as to the seat of beautiful fables ; it was a high delight to see the handsome wreath-crowned lad beneath the blossoming branches, how he fermented in the fire of an oration, which he held with the utmost confidence. The second act of this delightful festival consisted of soap-bubbles, which, blown in the clear air by children, who surrounded the fable-seat, were caught by zephyr, and floated here and there in the sun-shine. As often as a bubble sunk down upon the celebrated chair, all cried out, "a tale, a tale ;" when the bubble, held for a while by the crisp wool of the cover, at last burst, they all cried again, "the tale burst." The neighbours in the adjoining garden peeped over wall and hedge, and took the liveliest interest in these great rejoicings, so that the little festival was known by evening throughout the whole town. The town has forgotten it ; your mother retained it ; and often, in after times, interpreted it as an omen of your future fame.

Now, dear Goethe, I must confess to you, that my heart is straitened while I write to you these single anecdotes, one after the other, which are connected with a thousand thoughts, that I can neither open nor otherwise explain to you ; for you do not love yourself as I love you, and this must seem unimportant to you, while I would fain not lose a breath of yours. There is much which cannot be forgotten, when it has once been felt. That it always recurs, is no cause of sadness ; but that the shores remain eternally out of reach, this sharpens the pain. When your love to my mother resounds within me, and I think upon all, — this reserve, this fermenting of youth in a thousand ways, — it must once resolve itself. My life, what else was it but a deep mirror of

yours ? It was love's forefeeling, which carries every thing with it, that announced you to me : and as I came after you to light, so shall I follow you into darkness. My dear friend, who never mistakes me, lo ! I solve the enigma in many pretty ways, but ask not what it is ; and let the heart have its way, say I to myself a hundred times.

I saw growing up around me plants of a rare kind ; they had thorns and fragrance, I would touch none and I would miss none. Who ventures into life, has only to work his way through to freedom : and I know that I shall once hold you fast, and be with you and be in you : this is the goal of my wishes, this is my creed.

Farewell ; keep your health, and let it be your frequent thought, that you would see me again, — there is much which I would fain utter before you.

November 24th.

TO GOETHE.

BEAUTIFUL as an angel you were, are, and will remain : so in your earliest youth all eyes were turned upon you. Once some one was standing with your mother at the window, just as you crossed the street with several other lads ; they remarked that you walked with much gravity, and reproached you, that your erect figure distinguished you in a strange manner from the others. " With this," said you, " I make a beginning, and hereafter I will distinguish myself in many other ways ;" and this, said your mother, has been verified.

Once at the autumn-vintage, when in Frankfort, at evening, fire-works are let off in every garden, and

rockets ascend from all sides, were seen in the furthest fields, where the festival had not extended, numerous *ignes-fulvi*, which hopped about here and there, now divided, now close together ; at last they began to perform a regular dance. As the people hurried closer to them, one light after the other was extinguished ; others made long leaps and vanished ; others remained in mid-air and then suddenly went out ; while others, again, seated themselves upon hedges and trees. Gone in a moment, — the people found nothing, went back again, and the dance began anew ; one little light after the other took its place again and danced round half the town. What was this ? Goethe, that with many of his companions, who had stuck lights upon their hats, was dancing there without.

This was one of your mother's favorite anecdotes ; she had much to tell besides, how after such tricks you always came merrily home, having met with a hundred adventures, etc. etc. It was delightful to hear your mother's tales !

“ In his dress he was most terribly particular ; I was obliged to arrange three suits daily for him ; upon one chair I hung a great coat, long trousers, ordinary waist-coat, and added a pair of boots ; upon a second a dress-coat, silk stockings, which he had already worn, shoes, etc. etc. ; upon the third was every thing of the finest, together with sword and hair-bag : the first he wore in the house, the second when visiting his common acquaintances, the third as full dress ; when I entered the next day, I had every thing to bring to order ; there stood the boots upon his fine ruffs and collars, the shoes thrown east and west ; one thing lay here, the other there : then I shook the dust out of his clothes, placed clean linen

for him, brought every thing again into the right track. Shaking a waistcoat once at the open window rather strongly, a quantity of pebbles suddenly flew into my face : upon this I began to curse ; he came up and I scolded him, for the pebbles might have struck out my eye. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘but your eye is not out ; where are the pebbles ? I must have them again, help me to look for them.’ Now he must have received them from his sweet-heart, for he took so much trouble about the stones, which were common flint and sand ; he was so vexed, that he could not collect them any more : all that was still there, he wrapped up carefully in paper and carried away. The day before he had been at Offenbach ; there was an inn called the Rose-Inn, the daughter was called the pretty Grizzel ; he liked her very much, she was the first that I know with whom he was in love.”

Are you angry, that your mother should tell me all this ? This story I like uncommonly ; your mother related it to me at least twenty times ; she often added, that the sun shone through the window, that you became red, that you held the gathered stones close to your heart, and so marched forth with them, without even begging pardon for their having flown into her face. Only see, all that she took notice of ; for, little as the matter seemed, it was yet to her a source of joyful reflection upon your hastiness, sparkling eyes, beating heart, red cheeks, etc. ; it delighted her, even in her latest days. This and the following story made the most lively impression upon me ; I see you before me in both, in the full splendor of your youth. On a bright winter’s day, when your mother had company, you proposed to her a drive with the strangers along the Maine.

“She has not yet seen me skate, and the weather to-day is so fine, etc.” “I put on my scarlet fur-cloak, to which was a long train, and down the front fastened with gold clasps, and so we drove out. My son was shooting like an arrow between the other skaters, the air had made his cheeks red, and the powder had flown out of his brown hair: as soon as he saw the scarlet cloak, he came up to the coach and smiled quite kindly at me. ‘Now what do you want?’ said I. ‘Come, mother, you are not cold in the carriage, give me your velvet cloak.’ ‘Why, you won’t put it on?’ ‘But I will, though.’ I pulled off my beautiful warm cloak, he put it on, swung the train over his arm, and away he sailed like the son of a divinity along the ice;—had you but seen him, Bettine! Any thing so beautiful is not to be seen again; I clapped my hands with joy! I always have him before my eyes, how he glided out of one arch and under the other, and how the wind upheld the long train behind him.” At that time your mother was with us on the ice, her he wished to please.

At this story I can say again, what I said to you at Teplitz: that the remembrance of your youth ever glows within me; yes, it glows within me, and I have a continual enjoyment in it. How do we rejoice to see the tree before the door, which we have known from childhood, grow green and blossom again in spring!—how do I rejoice (since you blossom eternally for me), when at times an inward loftier gleam beams forth from your blossoms,—and I, in lively remembrance, sink my face into the cup and quite inhale it!

BETTINE.

November 28th.

TO GOETHE.

I KNOW that you will not be able to use all that I tell you of yourself ; I have in a lonely hour lain upon these single moments, like the dew upon the flowers, which mirrors their colors in the sun-shine. Still do I ever see you so glorified, but it is impossible for me to prove it to you by representation. You are modest and will leave it to itself, but you will grant me that your appearance beamed precisely upon me ; I was the only one who, by chance, or rather unconscious instinct, found myself at your feet. It costs me pains, and I can only insufficiently prove, that which is so intimately bound up with my heart, which, once for all, dwells in my breast, and will not be entirely separated. In the mean time, I need only one word from you to cast back these jewels, just as I received them, rough and unpolished, into your enormous wealth. What on my brow, rounded by loving thought ; in my look, which was fixed with enthusiasm upon you ; on the lips, which, touched with love's spirit, moved to you, — what has thus been impressed, I cannot give you again ; it floats away, like the sound of music, which exists only in the moment of performance.

To each anecdote which I write down, I would fain say a farewell ; the flowers must be broken off, that they, still in their bloom, may be placed within the herbary. I did not think thus, when, in my last letter but one, I so kindly offered you my garden. Do you smile ? — yet you will prune the foliage as exuberant, and care neither for the dew nor sunshine, which, beyond my territory, no longer rest upon it. The archer who aims at love, will

not tire of sending a thousand and a thousand shafts. He bends again, and draws the string even to his eye, and looks sharply and aims sharply : — and you behold, graciously, these spent arrows, which fall at thy feet, and think that I cannot restrain myself from saying to you eternally the same. And does not such an arrow sometimes touch you, — a very, very little ?

Your grandfather was a man of dreams, and dream-interpreter ; much was revealed to him concerning his family, by dreams ; once he foretold a great fire, — then the unexpected arrival of the Emperor : true, this was not much noticed, but yet it spread through the town, and excited general wonder, wherever it came. He secretly confided to his wife, that he had dreamed one of the aldermen had, in a most obliging manner, offered him his place ; not long after, this alderman died of apoplexy, and his place fell, by ballot, to your grandfather. When the bailiff died, an extraordinary council was called, late in the night, for the next morning, by the sergeant. Now the candle in his lantern was burnt out, and your grandfather called out in his sleep, “ Give him another candle, he takes all his trouble on my account.” Nobody had remarked these words ; he himself said nothing the next morning, and appeared to have forgotten them ; but his eldest daughter, your mother, had noticed them, and believed firmly in their import. When her father was gone to the council-house, she, according to her own expression, “ dressed herself in the most mighty state, and frizzed her hair to the very skies.” In this pomp she seated herself in the arm-chair, by the window, with a book in her hand. Both mother and sisters believed that their sister princess (so was she called, on account of her dislike to domestic employments, and her love of dress and reading) was crazy ;

but she assured them that they would soon creep behind the curtains, when the senators should come to congratulate them upon their father's having become bailiff. As her sisters were laughing at her credulity, she saw, from her elevated seat by the window, her father coming, with a stately train of senators behind ; " Hide yourselves," she cried, " yonder he comes, and all the senators with him ;" none of them would believe, till they had all, one after another, popped their uncurled heads out of the window, and saw the solemn procession pacing on ; then they all scampered away, and left the princess alone in the parlour to receive them.

One sister appeared to have inherited this gift of dreaming ; for immediately after your grandfather's death, when the will could not be found, she dreamed that it was found between two boards, in her father's desk, which were connected by a secret lock ; the desk was searched, and all was right. Your mother, however, had not this talent ; she believed it resulted from her merry-careless disposition, and her full confidence that all was for the best ; this perhaps, was exactly her prophetic gift, for she said herself, that in this respect she was never deceived.

Your grandmother came once after midnight into the bed-chamber of her daughters, and remained there till the morning, because something had happened to her which she, for very fright, did not trust herself to tell. The next morning, however, she related, that something had rustled in her room like paper : thinking that the window was open, and that the wind was blowing the papers off your grandfather's desk in the adjoining study, she had got up, but found the windows closed. Just as she had laid herself to bed again, the rustling came nearer and nearer, accompanied by an anxious crumpling of

paper; at last there was a deep sigh, and then another, so near to her face, that she felt the clammy breath, and thereupon she ran, out of fear, to the children. Shortly afterwards a stranger was announced; and, as he approached your grandmother, handing her a crumpled up paper, she fell into a swoon. A friend of hers who, in that night, had a presentiment of approaching death, wanted paper in order to write to her upon an important affair; but, before he had finished, he was attacked by the death-cramp, seized the paper, crushed it in his hand, rolled about with it upon the coverlid, at last gave two deep sighs, and died. Although that which was written upon the paper, said nothing definite, yet your grandmother could imagine what his last request was, — your noble grandfather took to himself a little orphan of this friend (who had no just claims upon his inheritance), became his guardian, set apart a sum out of his own means, which your grandmother increased with many a little saving.

From this moment your mother slighted no forebodings, or things of like nature. She said, "Even if one does not believe, one should not deny or despise it; the heart is deeply touched by things of that kind." Our entire fate is often developed by events, which appear so trifling, that we do not even mention them, and which work within so pliantly and secretly that we scarcely perceive them: I daily meet with events which no other person would notice, but they are my world, my enjoyment, my glory. When I enter a circle of tedious folks, to whom the rising sun is no more matter of wonder, and who believe themselves raised above all which they do not understand, I think in my soul, "You believe you have digested the whole world, and yet you have no idea

of all I have seen and heard to-day." She told me, that she never in her whole life could content herself in the ordinary every-day manner; that her strong mind wanted important and great events to digest, and that these too had happened to her in full measure; that she was not here for her son's sake alone, but her son also for hers; and that she could be assured of her own interest in your productions and your fame, since no more perfect or exalted happiness could be conceived, than, for her son's sake, to be so generally honored. She was right, — who needs to explain it further? it speaks for itself. Far removed as you were from her, and that too for so long a time, you were never better understood than by her; whilst learned men, philosophers, and critics examined you and your works, she was a living example of how you were to be received. She often repeated to me single passages from your books, at such fit moments and with such splendid look and love, that in them my world, too, began to receive a livelier color, and brothers, sisters, and friends to fall into the shade. That song, "O let me seem, till I become," she interpreted most excellently; she said, that this alone must prove, how deep was the religion within you; for you had there described the only state in which the soul could soar again to God; namely, without prejudice, without selfish merits, out of pure longing towards a Creator. She said, too, that the virtues, with which one believes to take heaven by storm, were mere buffoonery, and that all merit must strike sail before the confidence of innocence; that this was the spring of mercy which washed away all sins, and that this innocence was born in each, and was the primitive cause of all longing after divine life. That, even in the most distracted mind, was adjusted a deep connexion with its

Creator, in this innocent love and confidence, which, in spite of all aberrations, allows it not to be extirpated; that on these one should take fast hold, for it was God himself in man, who will not that man should pass in despair from this world to the other, but rather in peace and presence of mind; otherwise the spirit would reel over like a drunkard, and disturb the eternal quiet with its laments; his folly, too, would there inspire no great respect, since his head must first be set to rights. Of this song, she said, it was the spirit of truth, encased in the strong body of Nature, and she called it her confession of faith; the melodies were miserable and untrue compared with her impressive manner, and the feeling which sounded forth in full measure from her voice. "None but he who longing knows," — her eye therewith rested on the ball of St. Catharine's tower, which was the last point of view that she had from her seat at the window; her lips moved eagerly, which at last she always closed with painful earnestness, while her gaze, lost in the distance, glowed; it was as if the senses of her youth rose up again before her; then sometimes she pressed my hand, and surprised me with the words: "You understand Wolfgang, and love him." Her memory was not only remarkable, it was splendid: the impress of powerful feelings developed itself in its full force in her recollections; and here, simply as she herself related it to me, will I, as an instance of her great heart, impart to you a tale, which I intended to have done at Munich, and which was so strangely connected with her death. Before I went into the Rheingau, I came to take leave of her; and as a post-horn was heard in the street, she said that this sound, even now, pierced her heart, as at the time when she was seventeen. At that time the Emperor Charles

the Seventh, surnamed the Unlucky, was at Frankfort ; all were filled with enthusiasm at his great beauty ; on Good Friday, she saw him in a long black mantle, with many gentlemen and pages, dressed in black, visiting the churches on foot. "Heavens, what eyes had that man ! with what a melancholy did he look up from under the sunken eyelids ! — I did not leave him ; I followed him into all the churches ; in every one he knelt upon the last bench, among the beggars, and laid his head a while between his hands ; when he looked up again, I felt as if a thunder-clap struck within my breast.

"When I returned home, I found myself no longer in my old way of life ; it was as if bed, chair, and table, no longer stood in their usual places : it had become night ; lights were brought in ; I went to the window and looked out into the dark streets, and when I heard those in the room speaking of the Emperor, I trembled like an aspen-leaf. In my chamber, at night, I fell upon my knees before my bed, and held my head between my hands like him, and it was as if a great gate were opened in my breast. My sister, who enthusiastically praised him, sought every opportunity of seeing him ; I went with her, nobody could have an idea how deeply my heart was concerned ; once, as the Emperor drove by, she sprang upon a stepping-stone, by the wayside, and gave him a loud cheer ; he looked out and waved kindly with his handkerchief. She boasted much that the Emperor had given her so friendly a token ; but I was secretly persuaded, that the greeting was meant for me, for, in driving past, he looked back again towards me : indeed, almost every day that I had an opportunity of seeing him, something occurred which I could interpret as a mark of his favor ; and in my chamber, at night, I always knelt before my bed, and held my head between my hands, as I had seen

him do on Good-Friday, in the church ; and then I thought over all that had happened to vie with him, and thus was a private intelligence of love built up within my heart, of which it was impossible for me to believe that he knew nothing ; I believed that he had surely inquired out my dwelling, because he now drove oftener through our street than before, and always looked up at the windows and greeted me. O how blessed was I that entire day, on the morning of which he greeted me, — then I may well say that I wept for joy. Once, when he held open table, I pushed my way through the sentinels and came into the saloon, instead of the gallery. The trumpets were sounded ; at the third sound, he appeared in a red velvet mantle, which two chamberlains took off ; he walked slowly, with a somewhat inclining head. I was quite near to him, thinking not at all of my being in the wrong place ; his health was drunk by all the nobles present, and the trumpets crashed in, and then I shouted loudly in concert. The Emperor looked at me, took a goblet to pledge again, and nodded to me, — nay, it seemed to me as if he would have brought me the goblet, and I must believe it to this day ; it would cost me too much, if I were compelled to give up this thought, at which I have shed so many tears of happiness ; and why should he not, he must have read the great enthusiasm in my eyes. At the flourish of drums and trumpets in the saloon, that accompanied the toast in which he pledged the princes, I became quite miserable and faint, so much did I take this imaginary honor to heart ; my sister had much trouble to bring me out into the fresh air ; she scolded me, that on my account she was forced to lose the pleasure of seeing the Emperor dine ; indeed, after I had drank from the fountain, she tried to get in again ; but a secret voice said to me, that I

ought to content myself with what had been granted me that day, and I did not return with her : — no, I sought my lonely chamber, and seated myself upon the chair by the bedside, and wept painfully sweet tears, of the most ardent love, for the Emperor. The next day he took his departure ; I lay at four in the morning in my bed ; the day was just breaking ; it was on the 17th April, when I heard five postillions' horns blow, — this was he, I sprang out of bed ; with over-haste I fell in the middle of the room, and hurt myself ; I took no notice of it, and flew to the window ; at that moment the Emperor drove past ; he looked up at my window, even before I had torn it open ; he kissed his hand to me, and waved his handkerchief till he was out of the street. From this time I have never heard a post-horn blow without thinking of this parting ; and, to this very day, when I have voyaged along the whole stream of life, and am just about to land, its wide sounding tone painfully affects me ; and that, too, when so much, upon which mankind set value, has sunk around me, without my feeling sorrow. Must not one make strange comments, when one sees how a passion, which, at its very origin, was a chimera, outlives all that is real ; maintaining itself in a heart, which has long rejected all such claims as folly ? Neither have I ever had the desire to speak of it ; to-day is the first time. In the fall which I then got, through over-haste, I had wounded my knee upon a large nail that stood somewhat high out of the floor ; I had made a deep wound above the right knee, the sharp head of the nail formed a cicatrice, resembling a very fine and regular star, upon which I often looked during the four weeks, in which, soon afterwards, the death of the Emperor was tolled by all the bells for a whole hour every afternoon. Ah ! what painful hours did I

then endure, when the Cathedral began to toll with its great bell, and there came at first such single powerful strokes, as if it wavered inconsolably here and there. By degrees the pealing of the smaller bells, and the more distant churches, sounded too ; it was as if every thing sighed and wept at his decease ; and the air, too, was so awful, and it was just at sun-set when the bells ceased tolling, one bell after the other was hushed, till the Cathedral even, as it had begun to mourn, sighed forth the last tones to the evening twilight ; at that time the cicatrice upon my knee was quite fresh. I studied it every day, and there-with thought of all."

Your mother showed me her knee, above which was the scar, in form of a very distinct, regular star ; she reached me her hand at parting, and said to me again at the door, she had never spoken with any one about it except me. I was scarcely in the Rheingau, when I wrote down every thing as nearly as possible in her own words ; for I thought directly, that it must surely one day become interesting to you ; but now your mother's death has set a splendid crown upon this childlike love-tale, which I think could have left untouched no noble, manly heart, much less the Emperor, and which has stamped it as something perfectly beautiful. In September I received a letter at the Rheingau, to say that your mother was not well ; I hastened my return, I went immediately to her ; the physician was just then with her, she looked very grave ; when he was gone, she handed me the prescription with a smile, saying : " There, read ; what may that forebode ? an application of wine, myrrh, oil, and laurel-leaves, to strengthen my knee, which, since the summer, has begun to give me pain, and now, at last, water has collected under the scar ; but you will see that this Impe-

rial specific of laurel, wine, and oil, with which the Emperor is anointed at his coronation, will give me no relief. I see it coming already, that the water will be drawn towards the heart, and then it will soon be over." She bid me farewell, and said she would let me know when I might come again.

A few days afterwards, she had me called; she lay in bed, and said, "To-day I lie in bed again as formerly, when I was scarcely sixteen, of the same wound." I laughed with her about it, and said to her playfully much that both touched and delighted her; then she looked at me again very ardently, pressed my hand, and said, "You are so exactly fitted to keep up my spirits in this time of suffering, for I well know that it is coming to an end with me." She then said a few words of you, and that I should not cease to love you, and that at Christmas I should once more send to her grandson the customary sweetmeats in her name. Two days afterwards, on the evening when a concert was given in her neighbourhood, she said, "Now, as I fall asleep, I will think of the music which will soon welcome me in heaven." She also had some of her hair cut off, saying, that it should be given to me after her death, together with a family picture, by Seekatz, in which she, with your father, sister, and you, dressed as shepherds, are portrayed in the midst of a delightful landscape. The next morning she was no more, she passed away in nightly slumber.

This is the story, which I had already promised you at Munich; now that it is written, I don't know how you will take it; it always struck me as something quite uncommon, and by it I have made so many vows!

Of your father, too, she told me much that was beautiful; he was himself a handsome man. She married

him without any settled inclination ; she knew how to direct him in many ways to the advantage of the children, whom he set, with a certain severity, to learn ; nevertheless, he must have been very kindly disposed towards you, for he used to talk with you, hours together, about future journeys, and painted your future to you as splendidly as possible. Concerning an important house-repair, which your father undertook, your mother had also something to relate ; how, as an infant, she had often with great anxiety seen you clambering about the beams. When the repairs were finished, which turned your old lumbering house, with winding stairs and disproportioned stories, into a handsome, elegant dwelling, in which valuable works of art adorned the rooms with taste, your father with great attention arranged a library, in which you were employed. About your father's passion for travelling, your mother had much to tell ; his rooms were hung with maps and plans of large cities, and while you read the description of the journey, he travelled about with his finger, seeking out every point. Now this agreed neither with your impatience nor the hasty temperament of your mother ; you both longed for some interruption to these tedious winter evenings, which were at last entirely broken up by a French commander, taking up his quarters in the state-rooms. This was no improvement ; your father was not to be consoled for the giving up of his scarcely finished house, which had cost him so many sacrifices, as military quarters ; from this arose much dilemma, which your mother understood excellently how to arrange. I also send you a few pages with memoranda ; they may serve to awake in you the remembrance of a thousand things, of which you will then find the connexion again : the love stories at Offenbach with a certain Griz-

zel; the nocturnal walks and things of that sort, were never connectedly related to me by your mother; and, God knows, I was shy of asking about them.

BETTINE.

TO GOETHE.

WHAT held me so long prisoner was music, unmended pens, bad paper, thick ink, — many accidents came together.

On the fourth of December it was cold and awful weather, varying between snow, rain, and sleet what have I now better to do than to keep your heart warm? The under waistcoat I have made as coaxingly warm as possible. Think of me.

I have heard Prince Radziwill's music out of Faust; the song of the shepherd is so unique, lively, descriptive, brief, possessing all praiseworthy qualities, that it certainly can never be so excellingly composed again. The chorus, "Within sits one imprisoned," goes through and through one. The chorus of the spirits, when Faust slumbers, splendid! one hears the Pole throughout; a German would not have handled it so, — so much the more charming! It must be given as softly as is the flying gossamer in a summer's evening.

Zelter is often with us; I try to get out of him what he is. Unpolished he certainly is; he is right and wrong too. He maintains, too, that he loves you; he would fain serve the world, and bears complaints that it will not yield, and that he is obliged to keep all his wisdom to himself. One point of view he has chosen to himself, from where he looks down upon the world, which does

not care whether he sit together with the crows on the pinnacle, to see mankind struggling upon common places. On the song-table he is Cæsar, rejoicing at his victories; in the singing academy he is Napoleon, who drives by his command all to fear, and his confiding troops follow him through thick and thin; fortunately singing is not fighting; his first guard, the bass, has a catarrh. On the world, in company, and in travelling, he is Goethe, and indeed a very human one, full of kind concession; he walks, stands, throws a little word, nods graciously to insignificant things, puts his hands on his back; all this will do; but sometimes he spits very bravely: that hits not, then the whole illusion goes to the devil.

In every art the magical raises in trivial minds a perplexity, which in music attains an undoing power; Zelter, for instance, admits of nothing he does not already understand, though music is only beginning where mental powers reach no more. And the ever disappointing cross-spirits, having so good an intention, when above all they claim for clear accounts in art! — who do not feel their degrading the highest element of a divine language, in working it up with their low understanding! — who with a higher revelation will never be intrusted, when they think to be wiser than its messengers, enthusiasm and fancy. Though in music a magical performing is ever in action, the trivial-minded, at their not understanding it, struck with fear, often pronounce these magical spells either but half or in a false direction: whence it is, that those else so lively sparkling spirits, now moist-cold, tedious, troublesome, and, indeed, incomprehensible, stop them in their way, whilst the inspired listens with a secret confidence, and complies with a world which cannot be explained, which imparts to the mind its efficacy, yet not

its origin. Thence the sudden appearance of genius in his ripeness, which, for a long time lost in unbounded self-contemplation, now heightened in himself, breaks forth to day-light, not caring whether the profane understand him, while he speaks with God (Beethoven). Thus it is with music: genius will not be revealed to trivial minds, for they will not acknowledge what they do not understand. Ah, when I remember Beethoven, who, feeling his own power, exultingly exclaimed: "I am of an electric nature, therefore my music is so excellent!"

Many senses to one apparition of the spirit, — perpetual lively action of the spirit upon senses (men), — without senses no spirit, no music.

Voluptuousness to look into the past, as through crystal! Acuteness of a ruling and exciting genius! — never thus in music: — what sounds dies away; — music can arise, but ever new.

Strange fate of music-language, not to be understood! Thence the rage against that which has not been heard before; thence the expression: "unheard." To genius in music the man of principle in music always stands opposite, like a block. (Zelter must avoid standing opposite to Beethoven.) With the known he agrees, not by understanding, but because he is accustomed, like the ass, to its daily way. What can one do, who even would do every thing, if genius does not lead him to where he must give no account, and where erudition dares not, bungling, in. Erudition at least comprehends what there was before, but not what is to come; it cannot loosen the spirit from the letter, not from the law. Every art is properly empowered to supplant death, to lead mankind up to heaven; but where the trivial-

wise watch and absolve out as masters, there it stands ashamed at itself : what should be free will, free life, becomes mechanic ; and there one may hear, and believe, and hope ; nothing will result. Only on paths inaccessible to trivial people it could be attained ; these are prayer and discretion of the mind with quiet confidence in eternal wisdom, were it even incomprehensible. There we stay on the inaccessible heights, and yet, — there above only one learns to understand the voluptuousness of breathing.

To the housewife this little souvenir, with my best wishes for the beginning year. To Mr. Riemer the unmade waistcoat ; his perfection has too much dazzled me, that I might find the just measure of it. Simple *forget me not*s on the waistcoat ! — he will be not a little proud of it. Should his taste be not as far cultivated as to find it pretty, he may be assured all will envy him for it. I must still advise, that it is to be worn as an under-waistcoat, — he certainly will write and thank me for it. And thou ? — hum ? — thou only one, who makes death bitter to me !

BETTINE.

Adieu, magnetic mount ! — would I even direct my sails here and there, on thee all ships should wreck.

Adieu, thou sole heritage of my mother.

Adieu, fountain from which I drink.

TO BETTINE.

THOU appearest from time to time, dear Bettine, like a beneficent genius, often in person, often with good gifts ; now also from all sides the best thanks for thy endowments.

That you sometimes are with Zelter, pleases me ; I hope that at last you will learn to accommodate with him. Thou hast sagacity enough, but much limited caprice too ; and particularly what refers to music ; you allow your little head to be benumbed with odd whims ; though I like them because they belong to thee, therefore I will neither command nor torment you for them. To confess it plainly : I wish to have your thoughts on art in general, and particularly on music, committed to me. Your solitary hours you can spend in no better way, than in meditating on your dear caprice, and to intrust me with it. I will not conceal either to you, that, in spite of all their whim, your ideas have a harmonizing echo within me ; and so much which in earlier time I had hidden in a fine heart, will be excited at, what in this moment succeeds very well with me. For you it is to be wished, what the great masters of wisdom will advise as for the most essential condition of immortality, that man, out of his inmost being, shall come forth to light. I must urgently recommend you to follow this wise advice as well as possible ; for though I do not believe, that in this way all unintelligible and mysterious one would sufficiently be resolved in you, yet the most agreeable results would be attended by it.

Of the good musical works I own to you, many are

already studied ; in general, our little musical study, this winter, has a very quiet and regular proceeding.

Of me can I but tell that I am well ; for mere exteriorities nothing could unfold from within. I think spring and a little solitude will do the best. I thank thee, in the best way, for thy *evangelium juventutis*, of which thou hast sent me some *pericopes*. Proceed from time to time, as genius suggests thee.

Farewell, now ; receive my thanks once more for the warm, brilliant waistcoat. My wife salutes and thanks politely. Rfemer must have written already.

Jena, where I shall remain for a fortnight.

G.

January 11th, 1811.

TO GOETHE.

THUS my dear friend is alone ! that cheers me, that you are alone, think on me ! — lay your head in your hand and think on me, that I also am alone. In the pages inclosed is the proof, that my solitude is filled with you ; yes, how should I come to such intuitions, but in thinking myself in your presence.

I have spent a cold night listening to my thoughts, because you in such a friendly manner ask to know all ; yet I could not write all, these thoughts are too volatile. Ay, Goethe ! should I write down all, how odd would that be ! be contented with those, supply them in my mind, in which thou hast a home. You, — no other, — have ever reminded me to impart my soul to you, and I would withhold you nothing ; therefore I would come

forth to light out of myself, because you alone enlighten me.

The added pages were written in Monday night.

Art! — I have not studied it, I know nothing of its origin, of its history, its condition; how is its influence, how men understand it, — that seems unreal to me.

Art is the hallowing, sensual nature, and that is all I know of it. What is beloved, shall serve to love: spirit is the beloved child of God, — chosen by God for the service of sensual nature, this is art. Intuition of spirit into the senses is art. What you feel becomes thought, and what you think, what you strive to invent, that becomes sensual feeling. What men compile in art, what they produce in it, how they force their way through it, what they do more or less, that would be submitted to many contradictions, but yet is it even a spelling of the divine, "Let it be."

What seizes us in the shape of a figure, which moves not, and is not able to unfold the moment of its mental tendency? what penetrates us in a painted atmosphere, in which the idea of rising will never be fulfilled? — what moves us to long for home, even in the painted cottage? what to this intimate bending to the imitated animals? — if it is not the germinating of the productive power in genius?

Ah, what do you ask about art; I can say nothing that shall satisfy you. Ask about love, this is my art; in it I am to perform, in it I shall recollect myself and rejoice.

I am afraid of you; I am afraid of the spirit which you bid to arise within me, because I am not able to express it. In your letter you say: "The whole internal spirit shall come forth to light out of itself." Never before

has this simple infallible command been obvious to me ; and now, where your wisdom calls me forth to light, what have I to display as only faults against this internal genius ; look there ! — misused and oppressed it was. But this breaking forth to light of the mind, is it not art ? This inner man asking for light, to have by the finger of God loosened his tongue, untied his hearing, awakened all senses to receive and to spend ; and is love here not the only master, and we its disciples in every work which we form by its inspiration ?

Works of art, however, are those which alone we call art, through which we think to perceive and enjoy art. But as far the producing of God in heart and mind overpowers the idea we make to ourselves of him, and his laws, which in temporal life are of value, even so does art overpower men's valuing of it. They who fancy to understand it will perform no more than what is ruled by understanding ; but whose senses are submitted to its spirit, he has revelation.

All production of art is a symbol of revelation, where the conceiving mind is often more imparted with revelation than the producing one. Art is witness, that in our world the language of a higher one is plainly to be perceived ; and when to explain it we venture not, then it will make us ready for this higher spirit's-life, of which it is the language. We want not to understand it, but to trust in it ; faith is the seed, through which this language-spirit germs in us ; so as all wisdom springs from faith, as it is the seed of an immortal world. As the highest wonder is true, all that lies there between must be an approach to truth, and but the judging mind of mankind misleads. What in fairness may and dares make us wonder, but our own meanness ? All is father, and son, and

holy ghost, limits of earthly wisdom are but the star-lighted little men, who talk of its light. The warmth of thy blood is wisdom, for love alone gives life ; the warmth of thy spirit is wisdom, for love alone enlivens the mind ; warm thou my heart with thy spirit, which thou breathest into me, then I shall have the spirit of God ; he alone is able to produce it.

This cold night I have spent at the writing-table, to continue the *Evangelium juventutis*, and much I have thought, what I am not able to tell.

To improve the advantages of experiences as they ought to be, is mastership ; to transfer them on the scholar is teaching ; has the scholar comprehended all and understands how to employ it, then he becomes absolved ; this is the school by which art will be transplanted. To one in such manner absolved all ways of error are open, but never the right one. Once released from the long frequented school in which system and experience had enclosed him, the labyrinth of errors becomes his world, from which he may never escape. Every way he will choose, is a misguiding path of error ; void of divine spirit, misled by prejudices, he tries to employ all his artificial craft to bring the object of his labor to a good issue. More will never be attained by the endeavours of an artist educated in the school of art. Whoever is come to something in art, did forget of his craftiness ; his load of experiences become shipwrecked, and despair led him to land on the right shore. What from such a violent epoch will proceed, is indeed often captivating, but not convincing, because the scale of judgment and of perception is no other than those experiences, and artifices, which never suit where production will not be made up by means of them ; then also, be-

cause the prejudice of an obtained mastership will not allow of any thing to be, that depends not on its authority ; and because the presentiment of a higher world will thus remain closed to it. The invention of this mastership is justified by the principle, that there is nothing new ; that all is invented before imagination ; such productions are partly an abuse of that which is invented, to new inventions, partly apparent inventions, where the work of art has not the thought within itself, but must make up for its want by the devices and experience of the school of art ; and finally productions, which go just as far as thought by improvement is allowed to comprehend ; the more prudently balancing, the more faultless and secure ; the more comprehensible, too, they are for the multitude ; these we call works of art.

If we form the statue of a hero, we are acquainted with the situations in his life ; we unite them satisfying to honor in a manner agreeing with good taste ; every part expresses itself harmoniously with the individuality of its idea ; the whole answering the experience of the beautiful, and so we are sufficiently contented. But such is not the problem of art promoted by genius ; this is not contenting, but overwhelming ; it is not representing the appearance, but it reveals the genius himself in this appearance. You will not say, " This is the effigy of a man who was a hero," but " this is the revelation of heroism itself, which is imbodied in this work of art." Such a question of art requires not calculation but passion, or rather endurance of divine power ; and whatever artist represents heroism (heroism is the symbol of every virtue, for virtue is quite victory) in a manner it may impart the enthusiasm which is the appearance of it, he has not only the faculty for this virtue, but

it is already regenerated in him. In the plastic arts, the object stands as fast as faith ; the mind of mankind wanders around it like perception ; consciousness in faith produces the work of art, which enlightens.

In music producing is itself a wandering of the divine idea, which enlightens the mind without object, and man himself is conception. In all is union of love, a joining of mental forces one in another.

Excitement becomes language, a summons to the spirit ; it answers, and this is invention. This also is the secret base of invention : the faculty of mind to answer a demand ; which has no fixed object as problem ; but is the perhaps unconscious tendency of production.

All motions of mental events in life have such a deep hidden basis : thus, as the breath of life sinks into the breast, to draw both anew, so the procreating spirit sinks into the soul, again to ascend to the higher regions of eternal creative power:

The soul breathes by spirit, spirit breathes by inspiration, and this is the breathing of the divinity.

To inhale the divine spirit is to engenerate, to produce ; to exhale the divine breath is to breed and nourish the mind : thus the divine engenerates, breeds, and nourishes itself in the spirit ; thus through spirit in the soul, thus through the soul in the body. Body is art ; art is the sensual nature, engenerated into the life of spirit.

In the style of art they say : nothing that is new is to be invented, all has existed before : Yes ! we can but invent in mankind, nothing is without them. for spirit is not without man, for God himself has no other harbour but the spirit of man. The inventor is love ; and because embracing love alone is the foundation of

existence, therefore, beyond this embraced one, there is no being, no invention. Inventing is only perceiving how the genius of love rules in the being founded by love.

Man cannot invent, only feel himself ; only conceive, learn, what the genius of love speaks to him ; how it nourishes itself in him, and how it teaches him by itself. Without transforming this perception of divine love into the language of knowledge, there is no invention.

How could mind invent, when itself is but the invented ; when the displaying of its life is but the explanation of those passions, which, to impart to it, is the enjoyment and nourishment of divine love ; — as its breathing is only consuming of this passion, as its productions are only the embodying of this passion.

Thus existence is the embracing of love, the being beloved. The inventing, the pronouncing, is the inspiring of its passion into the human mind. Beauty is the mirror of its rapture ; — rapture of love mirrors itself in the spirit which love produces, and penetrates with passion to make him longing for love ; to content spirit is love's enjoyment. Sympathy with this enjoyment, with this rapture, is pronounced by the spirit through beauty. Beauty embodies itself through the loving spirit, which with passion penetrates the form, thus as love will penetrate the self-created form of spirit. Then will the sensual form pronounce the beauty of spirit, as spirit filled by passion will pronounce the beauty of love ; — and thus the beauty of sensual form will be the mirror of the loving spirit's rapture, as beauty of the soul is the mirror of the loving divinity's rapture.

My friend believes me perhaps a lunatic, because we have to-day full moon ? — I believe it also.

August 1st, 1817. ✓

I did not think that I ever again would be so daring as to write to you ! Is it you, or is it only my remembrance, which in this solitude dares look on me with open eyes. Alas, how often in such hours have I offered my hand to thee, that thou mightst lay thine into it, that I might press them both on my lips. How I feel, that it was not easy to endure me in my passionate behaviour ; nay, I do not even endure myself, and with terror I turn my mind from all these pains, which contemplation stirs up within me.

But why even to-day, after years passed, after hours overcome, where I had to struggle with spirits which did mind me to thee ? — to-day I considered, that perhaps you also never may have experienced a love, which lasted to the end ; to-day I had the hair in my hand, which your mother cut off from her head, to have it given to me after her death as a token of her love, and there I kept a good heart ; once more I shall call on thee ; what can happen to me if thou wilt not listen ?

People go now often to church ; they go to the Lord's Supper ; they speak much of the friend and Lord of mankind, of the Son of God ; I could not even preserve the friend, whom I had chosen for myself ; my lips were closed on him, as if I did not know him ; I have seen the judgment's-sword of tongue lightening above him and did not avert it ; look, there is so little good within me, though I did think myself surely better than all who are thus.

Three years ago I dreamed that I awoke out of a calm sleep, sitting upon thy knees, at a covered long table ; the candles had burnt deep away, nearly extin-

guished ; and pointed at them and said, " I let sleep thee so long on my bosom, all the guests have left the table ; I alone, not to trouble thy slumber, waited thy awaking ; and now do not reproach me any more, that I have no patience with thee." Yes, truly ! this I dreamed ; then I would have written it to thee, but an anxiety, which proceeded to my very finger-tops, detained me from it. Now I greet thee once again through all the night of past times, and again close the wounds, which, during so long a time, I did not venture to look on, and I wait if you will not agree to listen, before I relate any more.

BETTINE.

The very day on which I had written this, the theatre took fire ; I went to the place where thousands with me enjoyed this astonishing scene ; the wild flame-dragons broke loose from the roof and curled downwards, or were torn by puffs of wind ; the heat had consumed or dissevered already dripping clouds, and through the red glowing one might quietly look at the sun, the smoke became a reddish veil. The fire descended into the inner rooms, and from without frisked here and there on the edge of the building ; the timber of the roof in a twinkling tumbled down, and then looked most pompously. Now I must also tell you, that meanwhile there was an exulting within me, I also was glowing ; the earthly body consumed itself, and also the false pomp was consumed with it. Through the open door, through the dark dead walls, — all windows black, — we saw the theatre curtain, burning in violent flames, suddenly fall in ; instantly the theatre was a sea of flames ; a slow crackling went through all the windows, and they were

gone. Yes, when the spirits of such elements once have their wings loosened from their chains, they will do great harm. In this other world, into which now I was raised by mind, I thought of thee, whom so long already I had forsaken ; thy songs, which since a long time I had not sung, moved on my lips ; I alone, perhaps, amongst those thousands who stood there shuddering and lamenting, felt in delightful solitary enthusiasm, how fire-proof thou art ; a problem was resolved, better and clearer could the pain, which often in former times stirred within me, not be elucidated. Yes, it was good ! — with this house a mouldy building was burnt down, — so free and bright it grew in my soul, and my fatherland's air blew on me, I will tell you one thing more of this fire-story. In the first afternoon-hours the flames had already finished playing their part within the building ; as the moon was rising, the little blazy spirits frisked in the window-frames ; dancing between the ornaments, they lightened the blackened masks. On the third day the blaze burst out of the deep excavated rafter-holes. More there was not to be expected, I am sure you say so too, — wilt thou again reach me thy hand over all this rubbish ; wilt thou know me warm and loving thee to the end ; then say me one single word, but soon, for I am thirsty.

Since these long years, I have forgotten writing ; thoughts wind themselves through uneven paths, and yet I think myself like the foaming cup in thine hand, out of which thou wouldst like to taste.

When the enclosed leaves of a flower will not have lost their color, you may see what color my love to you has ; for it always seems to me, as if it were just as fervently

red and as quiet, and the golden seed-dust also ; thus your bed is spread in my heart, do not despise it. My direction is 17 George street.

TO GOETHE.

Weimar, October 29th, 1821.

✓ WITH thee I have to speak, not with him who has pushed me from him, not caring about tears ; and niggardly has neither curse nor blessing to spend, before whom thoughts rebound. With thee, genius, warden and inflamer, who, with mighty wings, often blew up again the flame out of the dying embers ; with thee, who with hidden delight enjoyed, when the youthful spring, roaring, revolting, over rocks, searched for its way to the calm inlet at thy feet, where I was contented to embrace thy knees.

Eye in eye ! — thou — merely life ! no ecstasy above thee ! — happiness to see and to be seen by thee !

If I did love thee ? this thou demandest ? — find ye it out above our heads, ye wing-endowed. Trust in me ! trust in a warm impulse, — life's-impulse I call it, so I sing to thy dreaming bosom. Thou dreamst, thou slumberest, and I also do dream.

Yes, past time is now a dream ; the glorious flash of enthusiasm had consumed thy earthly garment, and I saw thee as thou art, a son of beauty ; now it is a dream.

I had to lay down at thy feet, myself, as a sacrifice, a fervent, silent, solemn mystery ; quiet and deeply hidden, like the unripe seed-corn in its husk ; on thee, on thy forgiving love, it should ripen ; every involuntary fault, every sin I ought to confess, I would suck them away out of

thine eyes with my tear-laden look, with my smile ; out of thy consciousness, with the glowing of my heart, which thou wilt not find a second time, — but all this is now a dream.

Ten years of solitude have overbuilt my heart, have parted me from the spring from which I draw life ; of no words, since then, have I again made use ; all what I had felt and forefelt was gone. My last thought was, a time will return in which I shall be ; for, for this time, they have buried my senses and veiled my heart.

This future time, my friend, passes over me like the winds of the desert, which bury so many beings with light quicksand, and no voice but thine will awake me again ; and this, perhaps, will also remain a dream.

Then I often prayed for that only, that I might kiss thy last breath, for I fain would touch thy upflying soul with my lips. Yes, Goethe ! Ye times which are past, from the far horizon turn to me once again ; you bear, hidden in thick veils, the image of my youth time.

No ! thou canst not ever be what thou now art, hard, and cold as stone ; mayst thou be so for this world, for these vanishing times ; but there, where the clouds display themselves in triumphant standards, beyond which thy songs ascend to the throne ; where thou, creator of them and creator of thy world, reposest, after having created the work of thy days, created it to live ; there let me be with thee, for my love's sake, which, by the busy spirits of yonder higher world, was carried to me, like honey by thousands of busy bees, is inoculated on the wild fruit-tree's hollow trunk ; which, though not from itself, hides a more precious treasure than the tree which bears noble fruits. Yes, — let the wild sprig entangle its roots with thine ; consume it if thou wilt not endure it.

Yes, indeed, I am too eager ; look there, the dike which use had built, is destroyed, and the unused overflows heart and paper. Yes, unused tears, ye overflow my face, which seeks the sun and sees it not for tears ; also will it not shine to me to-day.

November 23d.

To gather all the flowers which yet stand in the garden, to join together roses and fresh grapes yet late in the season, is no unfit occupation, and does not deserve the anger of him they are offered to. Why should I fear thee ? — that thou hast thrust me away with the hand I would kiss ; that was long since, and now thou hast changed thy mind. Let this bouquet be planted into the cup of the goblet, from which thou drankest to-day ; may it keep these last flowers for a night, let it be a grave to these flowers ; to-morrow throw the bunch away, and fill the goblet as thou art used to do. Thus thou hast done with me ; thou hast thrown me away out of the vessel which thou art used to carry to thy lips.

November 24th.

For a time the soul flutters on the ground, but soon it flits, ascending into the cool ether. Beauty is ether ; it cools, it inflames not. To know beauty is the true doing of love. Love is no error, but alas ! fancy, which persecutes it ! Thou seest I search for a beginning to speak with thee, but though I stride on cothurns, the body is too weak to bear the mind ; overloaded boughs drag the fruits on the ground. Alas ! soon these dreams will have flamed away.

June 29th, 1822.

Thou seest on this paper that it is old already, and that I have carried it along with me this long time ; I wrote it last year, after having left thee. I suddenly felt, as if thoughts would break down with me ; I must leave off writing ; yet from time to time a voice bids me tell thee all. I am going into the country ; there I will, if possible, raise my view above this earthly life ; I will veil it in mist, that it may perceive nothing beyond thee. Beyond the sun, which the dewdrop embraces, it shall embrace nothing ; each blossom, opening its cup to light, contains a dewdrop, which receives the shape of warming, animating power ; but trunk and root are laden with the dark solid earth ; and, had the blossom no root, perhaps it would have wings.

It is so warm to-day ! To-day be resigned to the thoughts which this paper will bring thee ; time and distance let vanish between our hearts ; then I have no further request, then the heart must be silenced.

BETTINE.

On this letter was written, by Goethe's hand, Received.

July 4th, 1822.

TO GOETHE.

MANY times my mind was fixed on writing to you, but thoughts and feelings, such as tongue would not express, fill the soul, and it is not able to break its silence.

Thus truth is a muse, who, indeed, harmoniously

founds the scheme of her melodies in him that she penetrates, though will not let them resound. When all earthly want is still, and all earthly knowledge is silenced, then first she raises the wings of her song. Love ! impulse of all inspiration, renews the heart, makes the soul infant-like and spotless. How often, beneath the slumber-cover of earthly life did my heart awaken, endowed with the mystic power of revealing itself ; to the world I had faded, the soul a consonant of love ; and hence my thinking, my feeling, a summons to thee : Come ! be with me ! find me in this darkness. It is my breath, which plays about thy lips ! — which comes flying to thy breast. Thus my thoughts tended to thee from afar, and my letters bore to thee these melodies ; my only request, thou shouldst think of me, and so as in thought I ever lay at thy feet, embracing thy knees, so I had a will thy blessing hand might repose on me. These were the fundamental chords of my mind, searching to be resolved within thee. Then I was, what alone makes blissful, an element, penetrated by powers of a higher nature ; my feet did not walk, they flew above earthly paths to meet plentyness of the future ; my eyes did not see, they created the images of my most delightful enjoyments ; and what my ears perceived of thee, that was germ of eternal life, cherished by a fructifying warmth of the heart. See ! with these remembrances I hasten through the past. Back, from cliff to cliff, downward to the valley of a lonely youth ; here, finding thee, calming the moved heart on thy breast, I feel myself raised to that inspiration, in which the spirit of heaven reveals itself in human feeling.

To pronounce thee, might perhaps be the most powerful seal of my love ; surely it would, as a production

of divine nature, prove my relation to thee. It would be a problem resolved, like the long-hidden mountain-torrent, which at last forces itself to light, enduring with a voluptuous enthusiasm the immense fall, in a life's moment, by which, after which, a higher existence begins. Undoer ! thou who hast taken from me free will. Generator ! thou who hast created in me the feeling of awaking ; with a thousand electrical sparkles, out of the holy Nature's realm, palpitatest through me. By thee I have learned to love the curling tendrils of young vines ; on its hoary fruit fell the tears of my longing. The young grass I have kissed for thy sake ; the open breast for thy sake I exposed to the dew ; for thy sake I listened when the butterfly and the bee were swarming about me ; *thee* I would feel in the inmost sanctuary of thy enjoyments. O *thou*, in the hidden toying with the beloved, must I, heeding this mystery, not become drunk with love.

Hast thou an idea of the shuddering which shook me, when the trees poured their fragrance and their blossoms over me ? As I thought and felt, and firmly believed, it was thy caressing with Nature ; thy enjoying its beauty, its longing, its yielding to thee, which loosened these blossoms from the agitated boughs, and whirled them softly in my lap. O, ye mirror-nights of the moon, how, on your heaven-vault, my spirit displayed itself ! there, dreams took off the earthly consciousness, and, re-awakening, the world was strange to me. The approaching of tempests gave me mind of the friend ; the heart felt him, the breath streamed towards him ; joyfully the bounded life loosened itself, during the lightning's crossing flash, and the rolling of its thunder.

The gift of Eros is the only touch which awakens

genius ; but those others, who want genius, call it madness. The endowed, however, soar with the far-hitting arrow, from the god's bow ; and their delight and their love has attained its aim, if, with such a divine arrow, they sink at the feet of the beloved. He, who at his feet finds such an arrow, may keep it sacred, and preserve it in his bosom as a jewel, for it is a double gift of Eros, while a life vowed to him is glowing away in the flight of such an arrow ; and now, also, I tell thee, value me as such a gift, which a god would have voted to thy beauty ; for my life is for thee conciliated to a higher one, and to the earthly one it is glown away ; and what I tell thee yet in this life, is but what the arrow, stretched at thy feet, bears witness to.

What in paradise would be more refreshing, more adapted to heaven's bliss ? either to find friends again, and surrounding abundance of blessed spirits, or but to enjoy the quiet calm, in which the mind collects itself, waving in silent contemplation over love's producing in him, that for me is no question ; for I hasten undisturbed to the loneliest place, and there, hiding my face in my praying hands, I kiss the appearance of what moves my heart.

A king wandered through the ranks of the people, and, as ebb and tide require, so did the wave of triviality bear him higher and higher ; but a child, inflamed by the glance of his eyes, seized the skirt of his garment, and attended him to the very steps of his throne ; but there the intoxicated people pushed the innocent, unnamed, unadvised boy behind the lines of the raised standards of the trivial people. Now he waits for the lonely spot of the grave ; there he will build high walls around the altar, that no wind may extinguish the flame, whilst, to honor the ashes of the

beloved one, it turns to ashes the flowers offered. But, is it thou, Nature! which hidest the freed spirit? — no, no, — sounds rising from the lyre are generated to light, and withdrawn from earth; and, like the song, so does the beloved spirit soar up into the freedom of higher regions; and, the more immeasurable the height, the more endless the depth for him, who, loving, remains behind; if the freed spirit does not recognise him, touch him, sanctify him in his flight.

And thus, O Goethe, despair will pierce my bosom, when, tarrying on the loneliest place, I devote myself to contemplation of thee, and Nature around me is turned into a dungeon, which incloses me, — a lonely captive, when thou art fled from it, without thy spirit's touching me. O do not thus, do not sooner wear away to my inspiration; let the mystery of love once more blossom between us; an everlasting impulse is beyond limits of time, and thus is my feeling to thee, a source of youth, fermenting there in its powers, — and in life's renewed glowings, bursting forth to the end.

And thus midnight has come on, — whilst I am writing and musing on these last lines. They call it Sylvester's-night, in which men for one moment perceive the advance of time. Now by this time's shock, that draws from the watchman's horn a sign of greeting, I conjure thee, think of these written leaves, that, like all truth, they come from a past time. It is not mere remembrance, — but an intimate relation with yonder past time is the base of my feelings. Like the magic wand, which forms itself out of the glance of loving eyes, and from afar touches the beloved, thus the beam of that earlier time breaks itself on my remembrance, and becomes a magic wand in my mind. A feeling of immediate assurance, the view of my

own truest life, is for me this touching of the past ; and whilst world and fate, like phantoms in the background, never had a real influence on me, so the belief, as if I were nearer related to thee ; as if thy seeing, thy hearing, thy feeling for a moment had given itself up to my influence, has alone given me an assurance in myself. The path which leads to thee is remembrance, by which I try to communicate with thee ; it is to me appearance and re-appearance ; spirits' talking, imparting, and uniting. And what to me once was an enigma, that by sweet talk I listened more to the motion of thy features, than to thy words ; that I numbered thy pulses, the beat of thy heart ; reckoned the weight and depth of thy breath ; examined the lines on the folds of thy garment ; nay, that with spirits' love I drew in the shadow that thy shape threw ; that now is no longer an enigma to me, but revelation, by which thy appearance becomes the more perceptible to me, and by which my heart also is moved to beat, and my breath to sigh.

See, on the steps of glory, where every arbitrary activity of the mind suffers itself to be depressed by earthly weight ; where no love, no admiration tries its wings, to penetrate the mists in which the parting one wraps himself ; which ascends between here and beyond ; there, in the forefeeling of love, I hastened to precede thee ; and whilst friends, children, and favorites, and the people, who slowly walk behind thee in solemn procession, call thee their poet, preparing the mind to take leave, I step, fly, exult to welcome thee, steeping my soul in the fragrance of the clouds which bear thy feet, dissolved in the atmosphere of thy blessing-influence. If in this moment we understand each other, my friend, thou who still wearest the terrestrial body, which poured this body's

spirit, a source of charm, over me, sanctified me, transformed me ; which taught me in sense to adore beauty ; which extended this beauty over me as a sheltering mantle, and under this veil raised my life into a holy state of mystery ? if we understand each other, I will not ask, in this moment of profound emotion. Be moved as I am, let me first shed all my tears, hiding thy feet in my lap ; then raise me up to thy heart, once more allow thy arm to embrace me, lay thy blessing-hand on the head that is devoted to thee, overpower me with thy look ; no ! — more ! — darken, hide thy look in mine, and I shall not want thy lips sealing upon mine my soul as thine own. That is what in this life I ask from thee.

In the dark bosom of midnight, surrounded by the prospects of my youth, the most resigned avowal of all sins thou wilt impute to me in reserve, heaven of reconciliation in the foreground, I seize the cup and empty it to thy health, by the dark glowing of the wine at the crystal brim, thinking on the splendid vault of thy eyes.

January 1st.

Thinking on the splendid vault of thy eyes also to-day, on the first morning of the year, where I am as ignorant as on the first morning of my life ; for nothing have I learned, and no arts have I tried, and of no wisdom am I conscious ; only the day on which I saw thee, made me know beauty. Nothing speaks more convincingly of God, than when he himself from out of beauty speaks ; thus is happy he who sees, for he believes. Since that day I have learned nothing, but only I was taught by inspiration. The acquiring of knowledge and art seemed to me dead, and not worth being envied.

Virtue which is not the highest voluptuousness lasts

but a short time and is troublesome ; now we fancy to seize it, now we hasten after the fugitive which vanishes, and we are contented to get rid of the trouble to pursue it. Thus I see also artists contented with their ability, whilst genius vanishes ; they measure with one another, and will find the measure of their own greatness still the highest, but have no idea that the smallest scale of genius requires unmeasurable inspiration. All this I have very strongly felt on the occasion of thy statue being proposed to be made ; the cautious logic of a sculptor allows no precedence to inspiration ; he forms a dead body, which is not in the least sanctified by the legal power of invention. The *invented* Goethe could only be represented in a manner, that at the same time he appears an Adam, an Abraham, a Moses, a lawyer, or also a poet.

Meanwhile the longing increased within me, to represent thee once according to the holy ideal of my inspiration. The inclosed drawing may give thee a proof, what inspiration, without rote in art, is able of ; for I never drew nor painted ; but only kept looking at artists, and wondered at their persevering in their limits ; for they only esteem what is become of use in language of art, and indeed do they esteem the thoughtless word, but never the thought, which before all should sanctify the word. No customary process can unite the spirit, the prophet, and the god, in everlasting peace in the work of art. The Goethe, as I have drawn him here, with trembling hand, but in a free, ardent contemplation, declines from the straight way of the sculptors ; for imperceptibly he sinks to the side where the laurel, in the moment of inspiration, rests neglected in the loosing hand. The soul, swayed by a higher power, in love-effusions abjures the muse, since the infant Psyche pronounces the mystery of his

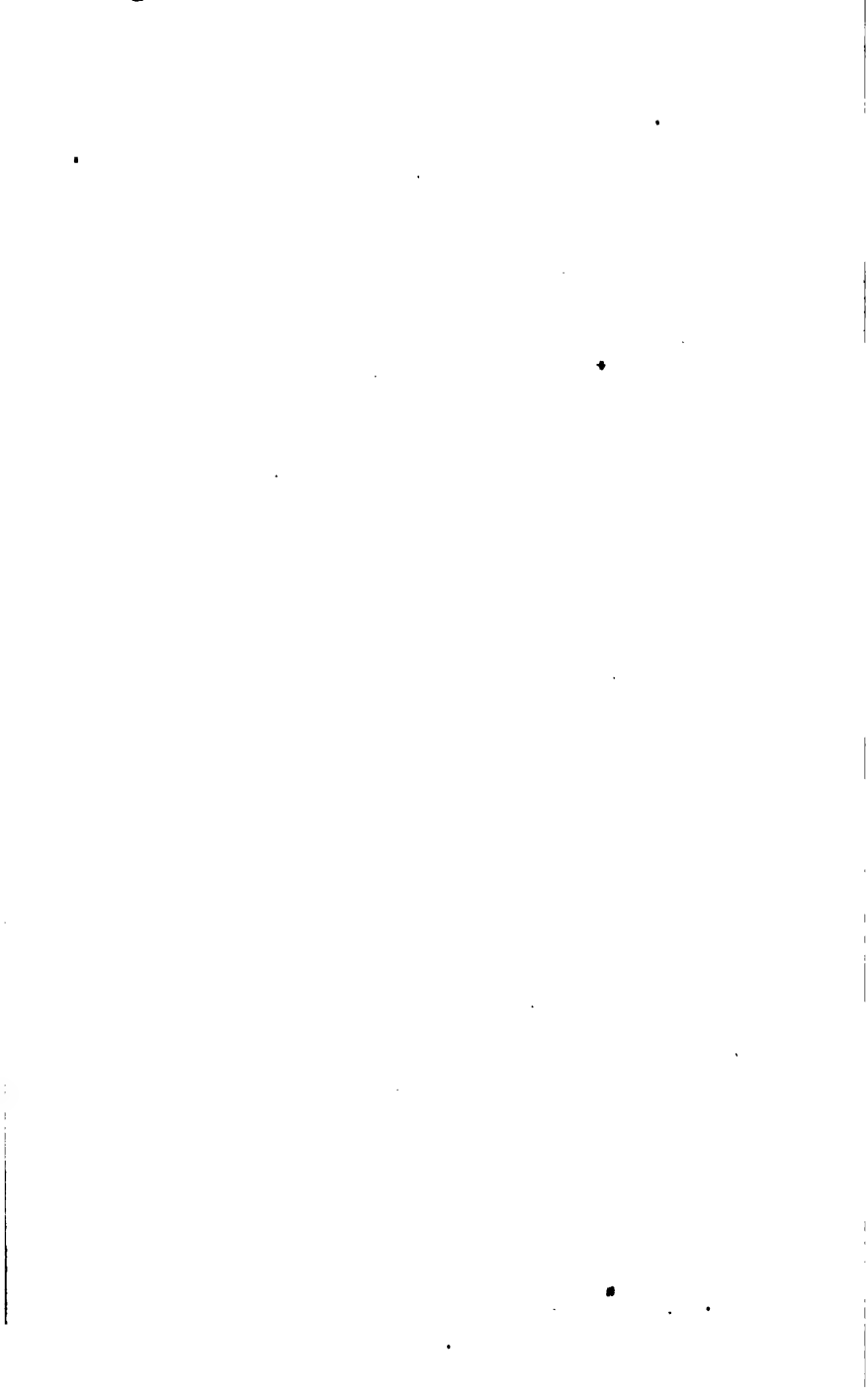
soul in the lyre, her little foot finds no other place, it must upon thine climb to a higher point. The breast opens itself to the sun-beam ; the arm, to which the laurel is committed, we have softly bedded upon the cloak. The spirit ascends in the flaming hair above the head, surrounded by an inscription which thou wilt understand, if thou dost not misunderstand me. It has been interpreted in the most different ways, and always so that it answered thy relation to the public ; partly I would express with it, "*all that with your bodily eyes you perceive no more, has overpowered the earthly and become part of the heavenly.*" I also mean to say by it another thing, which thou wilt feel, and which is not to be expressed ; — in a word, this inscription lies like honey in my mouth, so sweet do I find it, so perfectly answering my love. Of the little geniuses in the niches, on the brim of the chair, who in the execution look more like little awkward fellows, each has a job for thee ; they press wine for thee, they kindle fire and prepare the sacrifices for thee, they pour oil in the lamp for thy nightwatching ; and he, behind thy head, with the reed, teaches the young nightingales in their nest to sing better. Mignon, on thy right side, in the moment when she is resigning — alas ! and I with her for this world, with a thousand tears pronouncing so many thousand times thy song, softening sorrowfully the soul excited again and again forever. This only will grant to me, that to my love's apotheosis I gave Mignon this place ; on the other side, she who bears my name in the moment when she will overthrow herself, — not having succeeded. I have drawn her once more, where she stands on her little head, there the drawing is better. Could you on this side have been so innocent, you dared

even be on the other side so harmless ; that will agree with one another. Below, on the base, I, like thee, a child of Frankfort, have honored my good town ; on both sides of the base, which thou dost not see, will be engraven thy works, overgrown with lightly-relieved laurel sprigs, which behind the pillars come forth to the front, richly to surround and crown the eagle of Frankfort ; on the back may be engraved the names and arms of those who erect the monument. This monument, as I fancied it, in a sleepless night, has the advantage to represent thee and no other. That it is accomplished in its own tendency, pronouncing thy inauguration without by works, that it expresses the love of the citizens of Frankfort, and, also, that which thou bearest them, then, — the mystery of thy transfiguration, which, during thy whole life, kept thy sensual and spiritual nature free from triviality, is explained in it. The drawing may, indeed, not be one of the best ; how should it be otherwise, for I once more must assure thee, that I never had any practice in drawing, which will by so much the more convince thee of the inspiration, by which I produced it in wrath against the want of contemplation in those artists who are intrusted with a work of so much importance, so sacred for a future world, if they would but consider, how significantly, in such a monument, the past ought to penetrate through the future ; how the youth of coming generations, who have not seen thee thyself, will then hang, with glowing look, on these imitated features ; then the artists should be advised to bid the spirit help them, instead of persisting, with vain arrogance, on their academic caprices ; I, at least, implore it to bear witness of its having assisted me, and to suggest to thee, with a look unprejudiced, if not

rather prejudiced, by bounty for me. I have sent a copy to Bethmann, at whose request I ventured to draw the invention, which I made while he was here. Do I not ask for too much, if I entreat thee to announce me the reception of the drawing, with a few words ?

BETTINE. ✓

January 11th, 1824.



DIARY.



TO THE ENGLISH BARDS.

Gentlemen !

The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue, so often
brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd but pure
and fiery draught, do not refuse to taste, if you relish
its spirit to be homefelt, though not homeborn.

BETTINA ARNIM.

PREAMBLE.

THE translating of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child into English, was generally disapproved of. Previous to its publication in Germany, the well-renowned Mrs. Austin, by regard for the great German Poet, proposed to translate it; but, after having perused it with more attention, the Literate and the most famed booksellers of London, thought unadvisable the publication of a book that in every way widely differed from the spirit and feelings of the English, and therefore it could not be depended upon, for exciting their interest. Mrs. Austin, by her gracious mind to comply with my wishes, proposed to publish some fragments of it, but as no musician ever likes to have only those passages of his composition

executed that blandish the ear, I likewise refused my assent to the maiming of a work, that, not by my own merit, but by chance and nature, became a work of art, that only in the untouched development of its genius might judiciously be enjoyed and appraised. I stood in awe of these authorities, so familiar with the literary relations of England, and with regret I gave up the dreamed delight of being read and named by the English ; but a good or bad demon, I know not which, made me forget my wits, with the most alluring charms, tempting me to this enterprize, even in the moment when German Newspapers and Reviews were demonstrating it to be nonsense, and a failed speculation for Goethe's monument, or for the spreading of his glory abroad. *The poet being not so beloved and comprehended in his whole grandeur by strangers as in his native land, the English would greatly be inclined to construe his bearing to the child, in these letters, as the unkindest egotism ; and the most affected, or also incomprehensible passion, in the child.** Those objections disposed me

* Berliner Blätter für Litteratur.

highly to the contrary. I became still more persuaded, that if the inspiration, excited in Germany by that peace-radiating power of Goethe over a juvenile temper, depended on a genuine cause, then it must be real, for English as well as Germans; and if that be true, what a great German philosopher maintains, that the perception for philosophic revelation is innate in English people, then I can hope that my confidence may become a delightful means of intelligence for me with the English.

I was not acquainted with the English tongue, I therefore relied upon the consciousness of my translators; the recapitulating of their version I tried to follow with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text, by their harmonious sounds, and even by the union of their single parts, awake poetic sensation. I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain. To all my objections my relentless translator opposed the impossibility of translating it; the rigor against any arbitrariness in that language; and, besides, its penury, that allows no great

choice, it consisting but in thirty thousand words : — I thought, if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right.

The printing had almost come to end, when, by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted ; then by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties, that fell more heavily upon me than upon any knight-errant, who tries, with the help of propitious spirits, to overcome impossibilities. What erroneous ways have I hastened through ; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions, offered in so many diversing shapes, that the choice disturbed me highly ; how often in the night, the word for which I had pried with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found. I held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down ; nay, I was like a blind man, going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with

their flexure overflowed me ; how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions. I would have them all inweaved in my version, and desponded in chosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all. Often having studied a whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so bēauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them ; the strange etymologies, even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words. Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-dropping fruit. Then I fell in love with this language, that tormented me so much that I almost got a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task, confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or even unusual expressions, and per-

sisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my construction, as they were absurdities. Often my version, larded with uncommon or obsolete expressions, gave way to misunderstanding; then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits, impassioned as I was for my traced-out turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry, and never would yield till the last sheet, which to-day will come in the press; and I am like one to whom, after a long prison, spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth, I saw in the last year no roses, no tree blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, and the grammars, that I took to my couch and fell asleep on them; and had also a very hard bed, to no boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning; all its terms were unknown to me, and their inferences incomprehensible; and those who would advise me, frightened me out of my wits; I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young, and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet

hand, but licks them clean again. So it was with me ; instinctively, and with great labor, I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my reluctant, and said that I never would come to a good issue. Hence it cannot be otherwise, that all what might be strange, or even never heard of, that must be imputed to my persevering obstinacy against the better knowing of my advisers. However, I hope not to be accused of presumption, by inducing me to such unheard of doing ; for even after the refusal of Mrs. Austin, I had not failed summoning her once more insistingly to favor the English with her translation ; but the supposition, as if it were impossible, that this book could be translated, nor even comprehended nor valued by others than the Germans, provoked my desire almost to an unmanageable passion, that it should be read and liked by the English ; and as their Reviews, at least, proved so finely their feeling-out of the primitive element of this love, and how unimpaired, undisturbed, and how much plainer than to my countrymen appeared to them that paternal re-

lation of Goethe's delicious, hearty affection to the *child*, from whose ecstasy he explored a sweet nurture for his immortality ; then I plucked up a good heart, spite of all warning to go adrift on the floods, mastless and without a sail, like a cast-off reefer, trusting in my good luck to find a new fatherland for this *book of love*, I risked the little sum gained by the German edition. Shall I prosperously succeed, then we shall be obliged for Goethe's monument to the English nation ; should I even be destined to suffer shipwreck on those shores, which I had hoped would receive me with an avitous greatness of mind ; should the German prophets be in the right in laughing at my silliness, and boasting already of having predicted the English* would never have an interest for this book, I will however not repent ; for the inducement was not poor, the deed was intrepid, and the exertion was high and undaunted till the utmost moment. Had Byron still lived, he would have praised my

* So many of them came in the spring of their age to this little hospitable spot of Germany's classic soil, and were received by Goethe with the kindest condescendence, for their scientific and social interest.

attempt, praised and loved me for the book's sake ; for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections ; he discriminated humane feelings also in a strange vesture. He would have studied these leaves I wrote in the spring of my age, under the inspiration of one, who, like him, comes to bloom but once after a thousand years. I must sigh that he lives no more, for I might have committed it to his protection, as a field fully teeming with young gems, that dreamingly thrive into their blossom ; then I would have been hallowed in his shelter, and he would have bestowed on me his gentle goodly graces, and this would have exceedingly blessed me. But now, as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean ; or a plant, to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil. Therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honor of publishing my book, to get this little preamble inserted in the Quarterly or Edinburgh reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen, who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to pre-

serve in their deep minds, and protect, such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like they scan the pages of my Diary.

BETTINA.

DIARY.

THE BOOK OF LOVE.

IN this book would I fain write of the mysterious musing, in night's lonesome hours, of the spirit's ripening into love, as in the noonday's sun.

Truth will I seek, and ask will I from her the presence of the beloved, whom I could fancy to be far off.

Love is an internal existence of one in another ; I am not parted from thee, if it be true that I love.

These waves following me along the shore, the ripening plenty of these lands, mirrored in the stream ; the young day, the fleeting mists, the distant heights, kindled by the morning sun, all this I look at ; and as the bee sucks honey in fresh blossoms, thus my look sucks love out of all, carries it home and treasures it in the heart, as the bee does the honey in its cell.

Thus I thought this morning, as I drove along the Rhine, and forced my way through this sprightly life of Nature to the still lonesome evening ; because it is then as if a voice said to me, the beloved is here, and because I then scatter before him, like flowers, the remembrances of the day, —and because I then can lay myself on the earth and kiss it for the love of thee, —this beautiful earth, which bears the beloved, that I may find my way to him.

* * *

Schwalbach.

Names name thee not !

I am silent and name thee not, though it were sweet to call thee by name.

O friend ! man of slender form, of graceful moulded behaviour, silent one ! — how shall I paraphrase thee to supply thy name ? — to call by name is a magic charm, that rouses remembrance in the absent one ; here upon the heights, where the woody ravines return the echo sevenfold, I venture not to utter thy name ; I will not hear a voice so ardent, so piercing, call thee.

O thou ! — Thou thyself ! — I will not tell thee that it is thou thyself ; — therefore I will not trust this book with thy name, even as I trust it not to the echo.

Ah ! upon thy name I do not dwell, — so wholly bared from earthly possession I call thee mine.

* * *

Ems.

Not to sleep without speaking to thee, tired as I am ! — my eyelids close and part me from thee ; not the mountains and not the floods part me from thee ; and not time, and not thine own coldness, nor that thou knowest nought of me, — how I love thee. And me sleep does part ? — why then part ? I coil myself into thy bosom, — these love-flames inwrap thy heart, — and so I fall asleep.

* * *

No ! I will not name thee, thou upon whom I call :
“ Do give ear ! ” Since thou likest to hear thyself talked

of, listen then also to me ; not like those who talk of thee, about thee ; — *to thee*, — in thy *gaze*, do I gather my thoughts. As a spring cleaves the stone, rushing down through the shade-dale, breathing on flower to flower, so do I breathe on thee, sweet friend !

It murmurs only, — the brook ; it waves, it lisps ; few are the melodies of its course, do give them a friendly ear ; — exulting thou wilt hear then, complaining, imploring, defying, — and still wilt thou hear and feel mysteries, solemn, lucid, which only he understands that loves.

* * *

I am no longer tired, I will no longer sleep ; — the moon has risen before me, clouds chase and cover her, still again she looks at me.

I fancy to myself thy house, the stairs ; that they lie in the shade, and that I am sitting on those stairs, and yonder the lawn, lit by the moon. I fancy, that time chases, and hurries, and takes manifold shapes like those clouds, and that man hangs on time, and believes that all hurries with it ; and the pure light, which breaks through time like the moon through the fleeting clouds, — this he will not avow.

O ! — yes ! avow my love ! — and think, that since time hurries by, it yet may come in a fleeting moment to grasp an eternity.

* * *

Midnight has past this long time, there I reclined till now ; and as I look round, the light burns low.

Where was I, so deep in thoughts ? — I thought thou sleepest, and I had looked beyond the river, where the people had kindled a fire near their linen upon the bleaching green, and I had listened to the melodies they sung to keep themselves awake ; — I too am awake, and think of thee ; it is a great mystery in love, this lasting embrace of thy soul with my mind ; much may arise from this, that no one can foresee.

Yes, thou sleepest ! — dreamest thou ? — and is it as truth to thee, what thou dreamest of ? — as it is to me, when I sit at thy feet and hold them in my lap, whilst the dream itself bridles my thoughts, that I fancy nothing but this, — that I am near thee ?

* * *

Dearest ! — Yesterday I was deeply moved, and melancholy ; because much was spoken about thee which is not true, as I know thee better. Through the tissue of thy days runs a thread, which binds them to what is above earth. Not through every one's existence winds such a thread, and without it all existence has no hold.

That thy existence may not want a tie, that all may be eternal truth, that's what I long for. Thou who art beauteous, and whose behaviour also is beauteous, because it unveils the mind ! to conceive beauty, is it not to love thee ? — and does not love wish thee to exist for ever ? What can I do before thee, but behold thy mental image within myself ? — Yes ! look, this is my daily task, and all else that I begin, — all must yield to thee ; — secretly to serve thee in my thinking, in my doing ; to live for thee, amidst the hum of men, or in solitude to

stand near thee ; cheerfully tend upon thee, not caring whether thou welcomest or rejectest me.

All Nature is but a symbol of spirit ; she is sacred, because her language is spirit ; man by her is taught to understand his own mind, that it also requires love ; that it will cling to the spirit as his lips will to the lips of the loved one. Though I had thee and had not thy spirit, that it should understand me, — this would never bring me the longed-for goal of my desire.

How far does love go ? It unfolds its standards, it conquers its own realms. In the shout of joy, in the tumult of victory, it hastens on towards its eternal generator. So far goes love, as to return again from whence it proceeded.

And where two exist but in each other, all finite limits are revoked, — but shall I complain if thou returnest not my love ? — burns not its fire within me and inflames me ? — and is it not an all-embracing bliss, this inward glow ?

And forest, and mountain, and the shore on the river, sun-brightened, smile at me, because my heart, because my spirit, breathes forth to them an eternal spring.

* * *

I will not trifle thee away, beauteous night, as yesterday ; I will go to sleep in thy lap ; thou dost lull me towards the morning-light, and the fresh awakened flowers do I then pluck to my remembrance on the dreams in the night. So are friendly kisses like these half-unclosed roses, — so soft lispings, like the blossom-shower ; so wave the thoughts as the flowers move in the grass ; so trickles tear on tear, which fill the eye with overmeasur-

ed joy, as the raindrops pearl down from the boughs ; and so pants the longing heart as the nightingale pants, by morning-blush inspired ; she exults because she loves ; she sighs for love, she complains of love : therefore, sweet night, — to sleep ! sleep towards morning-blush, which brings me the sweet fruits all that ripen to love.

* * *

Friend ! — it is not a fancy, this inner world ; it rests on knowing and on mystery, it rests upon a higher faith ; Love is this inner world-spirit, it is the soul of Nature.

Thoughts are in the spiritual world what feelings are in the sensual world : it is delight of the spirit's senses, which fastens me to thee, so that I think of thee ; it moves me deeply that thou art, and art born into this sensual world ; that thy sensual appearance gives witness of the mind, which reveals thee to me.

Love is intuition ; I can only enjoy thee in musing, which learns to understand, to feel thee ; but when once I shall wholly understand thee, dost thou then belong to me ? — canst thou belong to any one, who understands thee not ? — is not to understand thee a sweet sensual transition into the beloved one's mind ? — there is an unique limit ; it divides the bounded from the unbounded : to understand removes this limit ; two, who understand each other, are within each other unbounded ; — to understand, is to love : what we do not love, that we do not understand ; what we understand not, does not exist for us.

But as I would fain have thee, I muse on thee, because musing learns to understand thee.

* * *

If I be not wholly as thou oughtest, to love me, then my conscience of thee is undone ; — but this furthers me, brings me nearer to thee, when also my doing in the exterior life move in the rhythm of love, when nothing has power upon me but the feeling that I belong to thee, through my own free will am devoted to thee.

I have thee not in this exterior life ; others pride in thy faithfulness, in thy trust, in thy devotion ; delight with thee in the labyrinth of thy breast ; being certain of thy possession, of giving thee joy.

I am nothing, I have nothing which thou longest for ; no morning wakes thee to ask after me, no evening leads thee home to me ; — thou art not with me at home.

But in this inner world I trust in thee, I give me up to thee ; all these strange paths of my mind lead to thee ; nay, by thy mediation they are planed.

* * *

At the earliest morning, upon the Johannisberg.

The sun-light steals through these bushes into my lap, and plays beneath the shade of the moving leaves. Why, before day-break, already did I come up here ? Here, where the distance towers before me, and loses itself in the endless.

Yes ! so it goes further and still further ; the lands rise one behind the other on the horizon, and on mountain-heights we fancy to ascend to heaven's brink ; there, fruit-laden vales spread, locked in by dusky hill-walls, and the lambs graze here and there.

And as the mountains rise one behind the other, so do the days, and none is the last before that which is to unfold an eternity.*

Where is the day, the hour, which shall harbour me, as I do thee, sporting sunbeam ? Hope of return, harbour me ! — thou, settled on the heights of my life, by heavens-purest breeze enwheeled, do harbour me in thy lap ; let the beam of love, which breaks forth from mine eyes, play in thy bosom, like this morning-sunbeam in my lap.

* * *

Yesterday I longed, — I thought every moment, it was lost to me, because I had thee not.

To have thee for a moment, how blessed could that make me !

How rich art thou, since thou canst bless through whole eternities with every moment !

Yesterday it was early in the morning when I wrote to thee. I had book and standish with me, and I went before daybreak along the vale, which on both sides is narrowly enclosed between mountains, where the brooks purl down into the soft grass, and lisp like babies ; what should I do ? It was in my heart, upon my lips, and in my tear-swelling eye I must bewail to thee, and dolefully object against thee, that I have thee not. And then the sun was so caressing ; — it rustled, it moved, behind me ; — was it a deer ? — was it a sigh in the distance ? I nimbly stepped upwards, I meant to overtake thee, and on the height, — there the distance unbosomed itself to the look ; the mists divided, — it was as if

* The day of return.

thou camest answering to my prayers, mysteriously, and lookedst at me, and shelteredst me in thy to me unrevealed bosom.

Every eternal impulse, — it wooes and attains ; it is beyond the reach of time. What have I to fear ? This longing, can it die away, then thou wilt vanish with it ; does it not, then it will attain what it longs for. And even now, I owe to it an inner world, manifold and individual ; thoughts and senses nourish me, and I feel myself in a most intimate sprightly sympathy with thy spirit.

Bountiful Nature grants to be understood ; and that is her wisdom, that she paints such images, which are mirrors of our inner world ; and he who contemplates her, penetrates into her depths, to him she will reveal the answers of hidden enigmas. Who embraces her, will feel himself understood in her ; every one she indulges with truth, the despairing and the confiding one ; she lightens the soul, and proffers her wealth to the needy ; she spurs the senses and exalts the mind by harmonizing intimation.

I believe also of thee, that thou hast often felt this, when thou rovest alone through woods and vales, or when, in shadows-hidden noon, thou surveyest the wide plains ; then I believe that thou understandest the language of silence in Nature. I believe that she exchanges thoughts with thee, that thou feelest thine own exalted nature reflected in her ; and, although painfully often shaken by her, still do I not believe, that, like others, thou shouldst be timorous before her.

As long as we are still children in mind, does Nature, with mother's-care, cherish us ; she nurses the spirit to make him grow, then she unfolds herself, a genius ; then

she summons to the highest, to self-intelligence, she will insight into the inner depths ; and what dissension might play within them, to what annoyance ever given up, — the trust in Nature, as in our genius, will restore the pristine beauty. This I tell thee to-day, before going to sleep ; — to thee I speak, parted by land and flood ; parted, because thou dost not think of me ; and every one who should know this, would call it madness* ; and I speak to thee from my deepest soul ; and though thy senses would leave me behind them, yet my mind insists upon telling thee all. Here from afar I speak with thee, and out of my senses I speak with thee this spirit-language. Thou art within my mind ; it is no more one, it has become two within itself.

* * *

In the evening, after the tempest, which perhaps
has removed to thee.

Abate, blustering heart, as the storm abates, which lacerates the clouds : the thunders have rolled away, the clouds have done raining, — one star after the other rises.

The night is quite still, — I am quite alone, — the distance is so far, it will not end ; there only where a loving one dwells, is a home and no far-off ; didst thou love, I should know where the distance will end.

Yes, heart ! do abate ; do not bluster, stay quietly. Stoop, as Nature stoops beneath the cover of the night.

What is the matter with thee, heart ? feelest thou not ? forebodest thou not ? Whether it may happen and turn, night covers thee and love.

* Madness, to think not of the beloved.

Night brings roses to light. When the gloom opens itself to light, then the roses fall out of her lap.

It is indeed night within thee, heart. Gloomy, mysterious night weaves roses, and pours them all, at day-break, to the delight of love, into its lap.

Yes ! — sighing, complaining, that is thy delight ; begging, caressing, — will this never end, heart ?

In the evenings I write, be it only a few lines ; still it lasts till late in the night.

Much have I to think of, — many spells do I utter before I lay the friend down by my charms. And when I have raised thee ! — then : — what shall I then say ? — what news shall I find out for thee ? — what stories shall these thoughts dance before thee, here on this paper ?

* * *

At the Rhine.

Here between the vine-hills stands a temple, like the Diana's-temple at Ephesus.

Yesterday at sunset I saw it lay in the distance ; it lighted so daring, so proudly, beneath the storm-clouds ; the lightning's-fork entailed it. So I fancy thy lightening brow like the cupola of yon temple, beneath whose eaves the birds sheltered their storm-ruffled plumage ; — even so proudly settled and swaying around !

This morning, although the temple is far from my dwelling, yet, as in the evening I had fancied to see thy image in it, I had a mind to come here and to write here to thee. At the first traces of day I hastened hither, through bedewed meadows. And now I lay my hand upon this little altar, encircled by nine columns, which bear witness that I swear to thee.

What, dearest ? What shall I swear to thee ? — that

I will still be true to thee, whether thou carest or not ? — or that closely I will love thee ? — closely ; only confessing it to this book, and not to thee ? To be true, I cannot swear ; that would be too much security, and I am already given up to thee, and cannot prevail with me, and so I cannot answer for my truth. Closely love thee, only intrusting it to this book ? — this I cannot, this I will not ; — this book is the echo of my hidden thoughts, on thy bosom it will rebound. O, do receive it, drink it, let it refresh thee ; solely one sole hot mid-day let thy look sink, drunk, only a sole time, in this clear glowing wine of love.*

What shall I swear to thee ?

* * *

To-day I will tell thee how it was yesterday : — so roofed by a former world of beauties, enveiled in the thousand hues of morning-light, the hand upon this altar, which never perhaps may have been touched in such a mysterious sense. Master ! then my heart was seized in a strange manner ; I asked thee jestingly, in sweet earnest, “ What shall I swear ? — and then again I asked myself, “ Is this the world in which thou livest ? — and mayst thou jest with thyself here in midst lonely Nature, where all is silent, and solemnly listen to thy internal voice ? — yonder afar in the open field, where the lark soars in jubilant exultance, — and on the cornice of the temple, where the swallow hides her nest and twitters ? ” — and I leaned my head on the stone and thought of thee ; — I ran down to the bank and gathered balsamic herbs, and laid them on the altar ; I thought,

* In this book of love.

“ Might the leaves of this book full of love, sometimes yield fragrance to thy spirit, as these herbs do to the spirit of yon former beauties-world, in whose sense this temple here is built ; — thy spirit like him speaks in the holy order of beauty, and whether I am any thing to thy spirit, whether I remain so to him, that must be the same.”

Yes, sweet friend ! whether I am any thing to thee, why shall I inquire ? — as I know that the lark not vainly jubilant ascends ; that the morning-breeze does not unfelt play within the branches, — nay, that the whole Nature is not unheard lost in her silence. Why should I be disheartened not to be understood, not to be felt, by thee ? Therefore will I not swear to be any thing to thee ; it is certain to me that I am, what in harmonizing beauty a tune of Nature, a spiritual touch of this sensible world, may be to thee.

* * *

July.

These days, these environs bear the features of paradise. Plenteousness smiles to me in the ripening fruit ; life exults within me ; lonely as I am, like the first man ; — and like him I learn to sway and rule fortune, that the world shall be as I will. I will that thou makest me blessed, only because I know and am concerned with thee, and because thy ethical senses are the world of my spiritual creations ; — into thee can I but lay this world of feelings, to thee can I but let appear the phenomena of exalted emotion. Thy beauty is bounty, which nourishes me, protects and rewards me, comforts me, and promises heaven to me ; can a Christian be better organized than I am ?

* * *

There I sit at last, amidst this plentiful Nature with heart and soul, and so I must always again write to thee of this double-team.*

To-day I was in another temple which lies on the height, and commands the grandest German river in its most glorious magnificence ; where unnumbered villages and towns are seen pasturing upon its banks in its districts. In this sun-basking sky they lay there like reposing herds.

What avails me this splendor of Nature ? — what avails me this swarming life, this busy working, stretching through the gay fields ? — the little boats hasten up and down past one another, each has its travelling aim. Like any of yonder ships hast also thou thine aim, and it passes by me, brisk as the course of the happy crosses more rapidly the way of the lonely deserted one. And I hear then no more of thee, that thou askest after me ; and to thy memory die away, like my sighs, the traces of remembrance.

Thus I thought yonder within the temple upon the height, as I looked down in the wide-spread business of men, and resolved what new interests every moment might engage thee, and wholly banish me from thy world. And I heard the waves roar in the depth, and the flocks of birds fluttered around my seat, the evening-star beckoned me that I should come home. So much nearer do I now throng myself to thee : open thy bosom, and let me rest there from the tear-moved fancy I were nothing to thee, I were forgotten by thee. O no ! — do not forget me ! take me ! — hold me fast, and let the stillness around utter its blessing over us.

* * *

* Team of heart and soul.

Thou hast said it to me then at parting, thou hast asked from me to write thee, all and truly, what I think and feel, and I would fain ; but dearest, the strange ways scarcely enlightened by the dawning torch of sense, how shall I describe them to thee ? These dreams of my happiness ! for happy do I dream myself, they are so stormy, so whimsically humored, — it is so slight, what I often find out.

My happiness, as I fancy it, how shall I describe it to thee ? — see the *moonsickle* in the cloudless sky, and the broad-boughed, rich-leaved lime ; think ! — see beneath its whispering foliage, also whispering and embracing one another, — these two ; — how one requires the other, and ardently loving stretches up to him ; how yon with friendly will inclines to him, and listens to the lisp of love ; and think also the *moonsickle*, the stars dare not set, till these souls, sated in each other, spread their wings and ascend to higher worlds.

This would express to-day my happiness, O dear friend, it would for once express it, in full embracing sense.

As the eye seizes beauty, so does the spirit ; it embraces the idea of inward and of outward beauty ; with soothing accents brings both to chime ; and the body touches with magical charms the spirit who thus flatters, and its emotion also reaches the body, so that both will blossom, one in the other ; and this we call inspiring beauty. My friend, this is the whispering of love, when lovers tell one another they are beautiful.

Where, then, is the couch for the soul? — where does she feel calm enough to breathe and to recover herself? — in the narrow space is it, in the bosom of the friend! — to be at home in thee, leads to musing.

Ah, how well am I, when quite as a child I may play in thy presence; when all that I begin is hallowed by the feeling of thy presence; and that I may walk meandering within thy nature, which none knows, none guesses; — how beautiful is it, that I am alone with thee, there where the stars reflect themselves in the clear depth of thy soul.

Do grant me, that I thus have settled my world within thee; not disturb with thy will, what self-will never could have produced.

I kiss the traces of thy feet, and will not force my way into thy sensual world, but be thou with me in the world of my thoughts; lay thy hand kindly upon the head which inclines, since it is consecrated to love.

The wind rattles against the window; through what lands has it swept? — whence does it come? — how rapidly has it fled from thee to me? — has it, in its raging and blustering, snatched no sigh with it, no breath from thee?

I have faith in the revelation of the spirit; it does not lie in mental feeling, or in vision, nor in comprehension; it proceeds from the whole of apprehending organs; when they all serve love, then they reveal what is to be loved they are the mirror of the inner world.

To have a mental existence in the beloved one, without a sensible consciousness of him, — what can more powerfully convince us of our own spiritual power and infinity?

Should I to-day have nothing to tell thee? What troubles me then to-day, at early morning? Perhaps, that the sparrows have driven the swallows out of their nest here beneath my window? — the swallows are prattling things, but they are friendly and peaceable; the sparrows argue, they persist, and will not be plucked of their wit. When the swallow returns from her circling flight about her dwelling, then the little throat pours forth nought but flattering tales; their mutual chirping is the element of their loves-intimacy, as ether is the element of their worldly views. The sparrow flies here and there, he has his share of selfishness; he does not dwell like the swallow, in the bosom of a friend.

And now is the swallow gone, and the sparrow sits in her abode, where sweet mysteries and dreams played their parts.

Ah! — Thou! my wanton pen had almost written thy name, while I am angry that the swallow is expelled by the sparrow. I am the swallow: who is the sparrow? thou mayest know it, but surely I am the swallow.

* * *

At midnight.

Singing beneath my window; — they are sitting upon the bench at the door; the moon, as she plays with the clouds, may have brought them to sing, or perhaps the weariness of repose; the voices spread through the lonely night, there is nothing to be heard but lashing of the waves on the shore, which replenish the long intervals of this song.

What is this song to me? why am I given up to its power, that I scarcely may restrain my tears? — it is a

cry afar ; wert thou yonder, where its last sounds die away, and feltest the expression of the hearty desire it has raised in me, and knewest that in thee reposed the happiness of yielding content !

Ah, to sleep ! — no longer to listen to the song, since I still shall not hear from afar a harmonizing echo !

It is trifling, what I impart to thee ; monotonous singing, moon-beams, deep shadows, *ghost-fitted* stillness, listening into the distance, that is all — and yet there is nothing, a full heart had more to lay before thee.

* * *

Friend ! daybreak already wakes me, and yet did I yesterday watch late into night. Friend ! sweet one ! beloved one ! it was a short season of sleep, for I have dreamed of thee ; waking or dreaming, with thee the coursers hurry wildly on. Therefore throbs the heart, and cheek and temples inflame ; because time, so heedless of blissful moments, hastens by. If there were no anxiety, lest possession should take flight, how profound a peace, what a sleep, what ease of stillness, would love and delight then be ! When we pass by graves, and remind how they are lying there covered and becalmed, the throbbing hearts, then solemn emotion overcomes us ; but if love could bury itself to one and one, as is his need, as deeply secluded as in the grave, and if even the world's-events should dance over the spot, — what could it be to us ? Yes, — this I may ask, but not thou.

What I dreamed ? We stood leaning on one another, in nightly dusk, the starlight was mirrored in thine eyes. Dreamlight, starlight, eyelight, were mirrored in one another. This eye, that here follows the line, which my

hand writes to thee into unmeasured distance, — for, alas, how far thou art, that only thy heart may decide, — this eye saw last night the light of the moon, mirrored in thine eye.

I dreamed of thee, thou dreamedst with me, thou spokest, I still feel the sound of thy voice. What thou saidst I know no more ; flattering speeches they were, for with thy speeches voluptuous showers poured over me.

God made all, and all by wisdom, and all wisdom for love; and yet they say, that one who loves is mad.

Wisdom is the atmosphere of love ; he who loves breathes wisdom ; it is not out of him, no, his breathing is wisdom, his look, his feeling ; — a halo, which parts it from all that is not love's *will*, which is *wisdom*.

Wisdom of love gives all ; it wields fancy in the realm of dreams, and bestows upon the lips the sweet fruit which quenches their thirst : whilst the uninspired search for the soil, to entrust it with the seed, that shall ripen into their happiness, which by their very pursuit they will miss.

But I suck enjoyment out of these dreams, these delights, which a fancying of pain, an illusory happiness, awakens within me ; and the wisdom which streams to my inspiration, bears me on its high, proud waves, far beyond the bounds of the common perception, which we call understanding ; and far above the path of earthly life, on which we seek our happiness.

How delightful, that the wisdom of love really rules my dreams ; that the god guides the helm, where I have no will, and bears me sleeping to the goal, which to reach I would fain always be awake. Why dost not thou also dream of me ? — why dost not thou call me on thy side ? Why not hold me in thine arms, and sweetly immerse thy look into mine.

Ay, thou art here ! — these sunny paths entwine themselves and lead at last to thee ; O, wander along them, their labyrinthine mazes, — they at last may be solved where thy look meets mine, as the enigma in my breast is solved, where thy spirit touches mine.

* * *

To-day I read in these pages ; — mere sighs and longing.

How ashamed should I stand before thee, if thou shouldst read in this book ! — be it then concealed, and only written to my own disgrace. No, I must think on thee, and believe that all will one day pass before thy mind, although I often feel as if I would fly thee, thee and this strange whim of longing ; — whim I must call it, for it desires all and asks for nothing. But this averting from thee becomes a double charm ; then it drives me at morning-blush up the mountain, as if I could come up with thee ; and what is the end of it ? — that I return to my book. Well, what matters it ? days pass in this way or in another ; how can I lose what I again recover in these pages ?

* * *

To-day I was out early, I took the first field-path ; the partridges were frightened, still so early it was ; the meadows lay there in the morning-splendor, overspun with threads, upon which the dew-pearls were strung.

Sometimes Nature outweighs thee, I feel the truth of thy song : “ *Be gone thou dream, though golden,*

here too is love and life." Such a walk, when I return among men, makes me lonely.

Alas !—tame people, I understand not their spirit. Spirit guides, indicates, flies on before, upon ever new paths, or comes to meet us like passion, and sinks within the breast and stirs there. Spirit is volatile as ether, therefore love seeks it, and when she apprehends it, then she consumes in it. This is my stratagem, that love traces spirit.

Thee I do trace in lonely ways ; when it is still and quiet, then does each leaf, lifted by the wind, whisper of thee ; then I let my thoughts stand still, and listen ; then the senses spread themselves like a net to catch thee. It is not the great poet, not thy world-applauded renown !—in thine eyes it rests ; in the careless and solemn motion of thy limbs ; in the vibrations of thy voice ; in this silence and abiding, till speech unfolds itself in the depth of thy heart to words. How thou goest and comest, and letest thy look sweep over all, and no bright quality can outweigh these passion-raising signs.

There I swerve between hedges ; I push my way through bushes ; the sun burns, I lay myself in the grass ; I am not tired, but because my world is a dream-world. It draws me thither only for moments, it raises me up to thee, whom I do not compare with men. With the chequered lights and their blue shadows, with the bird's rustling in the wood, with waters that babble between stones, with the wind rocking the leafy boughs to meet the sun-light ; with these I like to compare thee, it is as though thy humor broke forth in them. The hum of bees, the swerving in the air, bears to me thy approach ; yes, even the dogs, baying from afar in

the night-wind, wakes up in me traces of thee. When the clouds play with the moon, when they swim in light, cleared up ; then all is spirit, plainly breathed forth from out thy breast : then it is as though *thou spirit* turnedst to meet me, and wert content to be borne upon the breath of love as upon waves.

Look ! — thus do I love Nature, because I love *thee* ; so I fain repose in her and sink in her, because I fain sink in the remembrance of thee.

Ah ! since thou art nowhere, and yet art there ; because I feel thee more than all else, then thou must surely be in this thousandfold echo of my feelings.

* * *

I know one ! — as with infant's smiles has he made friends with wisdom, with knowledge. The life of Nature is to him temple and religion ; all within her is to him spirit-glance, divination ; each object in her became for him an individuated *thou* ; in his songs sounds forth the divine joy to feel himself in all, to harbour all mysteries, and in them become to himself intelligible.

* * *

When the seed comes into the earth, it becomes alive, and this life strives into a new realm, into the air. If the seed had not already life in itself, it could not be awaked in it, it is *life* which passes into life. If man had not already bliss within himself, he could not become blessed. The germ of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of blossom lies in the shut seed. Bliss is

as much a blossoming in a higher element as yonder plant, which is born out of the seed through the earth to a higher element, into the air. All life is nourished by a higher element, and where it is withdrawn from it, it dies off.

Cognition, revelation, is seed of a higher life; earthly life is the soil in which it is scattered; in dying, the whole seed springs up to light; growing, blossoming, bearing fruit from the seed which the spirit has here laid in us, this is life after death.

Thou art the ether of my thoughts; they float through thee, and are borne in flight by thee, like the birds by the air.

To think on thee, to abide in the consciousness of thee, that is repose from flight, as the bird reposes in its nest.

Spirit in spirit is infinite, but spirit in the senses, in feeling, is the infinite contained in the finite.

My thoughts overswarm thee, as the bees do the blooming tree. They touch a thousand blossoms, leaving one to visit another, and each is new to them; so, too, does love ever repeat herself, and every repeating is new to her.

* * *

Love is everlasting first-born, it is eternally one single moment; time is nothing to it, it is not within time, for it is eternal; love is brief. Eternity is a celestial briefness.

Nothing celestial passes over, but what is earthly passes over by the celestial.

* * *

Here upon the table lie grapes in their fragrance, and peaches in their fur, and gay-striped pinks ; the rose lies in front, and catches up the only sun-beam which pierces through the closed shutters. How glows the rose ! — Psyche I call it ; — how does the glowing red attract the beam within the inmost chalice ! how fragrant breathes it ; — here the work praises the master. Rose, how dost thou praise light ! — as Psyche praises Eros. Most beauteous is Eros, and his beauteousness penetrates Psyche as the light penetrates the rose. And I, who fancy myself even so penetrated by thy beauty, step before the mirror, — if that beautifies me like the rose.

The beam has yielded to evening : the rose lies in the shadow ; I rove through wood and mead, and on lonely paths I think on thee, — that thou too, like light, penetratest me.



Longing and forefeeling lie in one another ; one forces up the other.

The spirit will espousal with sense : I will be loved or I will be felt, is the same.

Therefore the spirit does well, because we feel how that which is spiritual passes over to heavenly life and becomes immortal.

Love is the spiritual eye ; it reviews and avows what is heavenly : they are presentiments of higher truths, which make us ask for love.

In thee I behold a thousand germs, which blossom to immortality. I think I must breathe on them all. When spirits touch one another, that is divine electricity.

All is revelation ; it gives the spirit, and then the

spirit's spirit. We have of love the spirit, whose spirit is of love the art.

All is nought ; the will alone reaches above, the will alone can be divine.

* * *

How eager is the soul after truth, how does she thirst, how does she drink ! — as the panting earth, who has a thousand plants to nourish, drinks in the fruitful thunder-shower. Truth is also electric fire, like the lightning. I feel the wide cloud-over-dristed heaven in my breast ; I feel the damp storm-wind in my head ; the soft night-rolling of thunders, how they increase, mightily, — they attend the electric fire of the spirit. Life ! a course which concludes with death through love, through spirit ; — a secret, hidden fire, which by this conclusion pours forth into light.

Yes ! electric fire ! — this glows ! this roars ! — and the sparks, — the thoughts, fly out of the chimney !

Who touches me in the feeling of my spirituality, with him together uprears the spirit tempestuously, and plays in the pulse-strokes of the storms, in the electric vibrations of the air. This I have felt as we spoke together, and thou didst touch my hand.

Written after the tempest, when, after the storm, it was once more brightening up, and the night of the returning day took the realm.

* * *

Many a prejudice have I loosened, young as I am ; could I but loosen that one, that time consumes ! Hun-

ger and thirst do not become older ; so it is too with the spirit ; in the present it stipulates the future. He who lays claim to the future, who hastens on before time, how can he be subjected to time ?

I became aware that on the trees, always behind the decaying leaf, the germ of a future blossom lies already concealed : so too is life in the young, fresh, vigorous body the nourishing rind of the spirit's blossom ; and as it withers and falls off in the earthly season, so does the spirit push its way through it, a heavenly blossom.

When late in autumn I stripped off the dead foliage from the hedges in passing by, then I gathered up this wisdom. I opened the buds, I dug up the roots ; everywhere did the future throng itself through the whole strength of the present : thus then there is no age, no decease, but only everlasting sacrifice of time to the new young spring life ; and who would not sacrifice himself to the future, how unhappy were he !

* * *

For temple-service am I born, where not the air of sanctuary breathes homely on me, — there I feel myself uneasy, as if I were gone astray.

Thou art my temple ! when I will be with thee, I clean myself from daily sorrows, like one who puts on festival raiments ; so thou art the induction to my religion.

I call religion that which seizes the mind in the moment of its developement, leads it on in prospering, like the sun does the blossom lead to fruits. Thou lookest on me like the sun, and fannest me like the western

breezes, — by such cheering enticements blossom my thoughts.

This epoch of life with thee traces a limit, which bounds the eternal, because all what forms itself within this limit declares the celestial ; it traces an embrace of an inner life : call it religion, revelation of all the unmeasurable, which the spirit is able to embrace.

What is waking, will awake ! — certainly in thee wakes what does awake me. From thee proceeds a voice which calls into my soul. That which by this voice be awakened is mystery ; mystery enlightens.

Much do I see and feel which is difficult to explain by words. He who loves, learns to know ; knowing teaches to love ; so, perhaps, I shall increase in this revelation, which now is still but forefeeling. Since this moment, where it came so joyfully into my mind, to pour into thy bosom my thoughts, my musing life, I feel as if I had roused myself out of deep shadow into sunny breezes.

* * *

In the garden, where as a child I walked, there grew along the smooth stone-wall a wild virgin-vine.* At that time I often beheld its little velvet tendrils, with which it strives to take hold of the stone-wall ; I wondered at this indissoluble clinging in every crevice, and, when the spring was exhausted, and the summer-glows fired the young, soft, germinating-life of this tender plant, then its fine, red-colored leaves, to set off the autumn, gently fell down into the grass. Ah ! I too ! decaying, but ardently shall I take leave of thee, and

* Creeper.

these leaves, like yonder red-colored foliage, will play on the green plot which will cover these times.

* * *

I am not false to thee ! Thou sayest, "*If thou wert false, that would not honor thy wit ; I am easily to be deceived.*"

I will not be false ; I ask not if *thou* art false, but such as thou art, I will attend thee.

The star which every evening shines to the lonely one, will not be betrayed by him.

What hast thou done to me which could move me to falsehood, all what in thee I am aware makes me blessed ; thou canst wrong neither eye nor spirit, and it has raised me far above every mean reserve, that I am allowed to trust in thee ; and out of my deepest heart, I can but pour in for thee the pure wine of truth, in which thy image is mirrored.

Is it not ? thou dost not believe that I am false ?

There are bad faults which break forth in us like a fever ; it has its course, and we feel in convalescence, that we were grievously ill ; but falsehood is a venom which engenders itself in the midst of the heart ;—could I no longer shelter thee in this midst, what should I begin ?

In my letters, I would not mention this, but here in this book I let thee lay thy hand in the wound, and it grieves that thou canst doubt me. I will tell thee of my infant-days, of the time before I had seen thee ; how my whole life was a preparing for thee ; how long is it that I know thee ?—how often have I seen thee with closed eyes !—and how wondrous was it, when at last

the real world in thy presence did join to the long entertained expectation.

* * *

In the hanging gardens of Semiramis I was brought up; a smooth, brown, fine-limbed little roe, tame and courteous to every one caressing it, but unruly in its capricious propensities. Who could tear me from the glowing rock in the noontide-sun? — who could have checked me, climbing the steepest heights and tops of trees? — who could have awakened me out of my dreaming oblivion amidst the living ones, or disturbed my inspired night-wanderings in the mist-clouded path! — they let me go on; the Fates, Muses, and Graces, who were all hemmed in this narrow dale, which sent a threefold echo of the mill's clapping into the surrounding forests; crossed by the gold sand-river, whose banks' yonder were rented by a gipsy-gang, which at night encamped in the wood and by day fished gold in the river, and on this side were used by the bleaching people, and by the neighing horses and the asses, which belong to the mills. There the summer-nights were harmonized by the song of the solitary watchmen and the nightingales, and the morning began with the clamor of asses and geese; then the jejuneness of day made quite a difference with the hymn of the night.

Many a night have I then passed away in the open air, I the little thing of eight years; dost thou think that was nothing? — my heroic time it was, for I was bold without knowing it; the whole country, as far I could overtake it, was my bed; whether on the river's brink, washed by the waves, or dew-wetted on the steep rocks,

I slept, it was all the same to me. But, friend! when dawning gave way to the morning, spreading its purple over me; and I, having in dream already listened to the song of the ascending lark, was awakened by thousand-fold jubilant revel of all the feathered throats, — how dost thou think I felt? — no less than of a divine nature did I feel myself then, and I looked down upon the whole mankind. Two of such nights I remember, which were sultry, when I stole from between the rows of the deeply-sleeping in the suffocating dortoirs, and hastened forth into the open air, where the tempests overtook me; and the broad blossoming linden roofed me; — the lightning fired through the deep-bending boughs; this sudden illuminating of the far forest and the single rock-teeth raised a tremor in me. I was timorous and embraced the tree which had no heart, to throb against mine.

O, dear friend! — had I now felt a vivid pulse-stroke beneath the bark of this tree, I should not have been timorous; this little moving, this throbbing in the breast can raise confidence, and can change the faint-hearted into a hero; — for truly should I feel thy heart throb against mine, and shouldst thou even lead me on to death, I should triumphantly hasten on with thee!

But then in the tempest-night beneath the tree I was afraid, my heart throbbed violently; at that time I could not sing that beautiful song: "*How kind and sweet great Nature is, who takes me to her bosom.*" I found myself alone amidst the roaring of the storms, yet I felt so happy, my heart became ardent. There rung the alarm-bell of the cloister-steeple, the Fates and Muses hastened in their night-gowns with their sacred tapers to the vaulted choir; I saw beneath my storm-ruffled tree the hastening lights sweep through the long galleries, — soon

their *ora pro nobis* sounded amidst the storm ; as often the lightning flashed they rang the consecrated bell ; the thunder did not strike as far as its sound was heard.

I alone yon side the clausure, beneath the tree in this terror-night, and all those, the cherishers of my childhood, like a timorous and bashful flock, hedged up in the inmost fire-proof vault of their temple, singing litanies for averting danger. This seemed to me so very merry beneath my leafy roof, in which the wind raved, and the thunder, like a roaring lion, swallowed up the litany together with the pealing ; on this spot none of those would have ventured to stand by me ; that made me vigorous against that which alone was to be feared, against fear ; I felt myself not forsaken amidst the all-embracing nature. The gushing rain did not even disturb the flowers on their fine stalk, what harm should it do me ? — I must have blushed before the confidence of the little birds, had I been afraid.

* * *

Thus have I gently got confidence and become familiar with Nature, and have jestingly undergone many trials. Storm and tempest drew me forth with them, and this delighted me. The hot sun I did not shun ; I laid down in the grass among the swarming bees, with blossom-twigs between my lips, and felt certain they would not sting my lips, because I was such friends with Nature ; and so I defied all that others feared ; and at night, on haunted ways into dark thickets : there I was allured, and everywhere I was at home, — and nothing had I to fear.

Aloft in the first and highest garden stood the convent-

church on a grass-plot, which sloped down along the rocky soil and was surrounded by a high-grown vine-roofed walk ; it led to the vestry-door ; here I often sat when I had ended my business in the church, for I was vestry-keeper ; an office, which imposed on me to clean the chalice in which the consecrated hosts were kept, and to wash the chalice-napkins ; this office was only intrusted to the favorite among the young girls ; the nuns had unanimously elected me to it. Many a hot afternoon have I sat under the arch of this door ; to the left, in the corner of the cloister's buildings, stood the beehouse, beneath lofty yew-trees ; to the right the little bee-garden, planted with fragrant herbs and pinks, out of which the bees sucked honey. From thence I could see into the distance ; the distance, — that raises such strange feelings in the infant soul, and which, ever one and the same, lies before us, moved in light and shade, and awakes the first awful presension of a veiled future ; — there I sat and saw the bees return home from their ramblings ; I saw them rolling in the farina of the flowers, and how they flew further and further into the unmeasured distance ; how they vanished in the blue sunlit ether, and amidst these fits of melancholy began to rise the presentiment of unmeasured happiness too.

Yes, sadness is the mirror of happiness ; thou seest, thou feelest expressed in it a bliss, for which it longs. Ay, and again in happiness glimmer through all the splendor of joy, — this dolesome voluptuousness. Yes, happiness is also the mirror of this sadness, rising up from unfathomable depths. And just now, in the remembrance, as in my infant-years, my soul is filled with that melting mood which softly came over me at twilight, and then

again gave way, when sunlight had changed with star-light, and the evening-dew had uncurled my ringlets. The cold night-breeze steeled me ; I courted, I teased playfully with the thousand eyes of darkness, which glittered through every bush. I climbed up the chestnut-trees and laid myself so limber and smoothly on their boughs ; when then the breeze curled through them, and each leaf whispered to me, it was as if they were speaking in my tongue. I mounted the high grape-trellis, which leaned against the church-wall, and listened to the swallows prattling in their nests ; half-dreaming, they twitter two and three-syllabled sounds, and in profound peace the little breast sighs forth a sweet tone of content. All happy love, all delight, that her little bed is lined with a friendly warmth.

O, woe to me, that my heart is so deeply pained, because I have beheld this life of Nature in my infant-days. These thousandfold love-sighs, panting the summer-night through, and in midst of this a lonesome child ; lonesome till in the inmost heart, listening to its delights, its fervency, and in the cups of the flowers inquiring after their mysteries, imbibing their fragrance like a lesson of wisdom, asking a blessing upon the grape before tasting it.

But there was a lofty tree, with fine fantastic branches, broad velvet-leaves, spreading out like an harbour ; I often lay beneath its cool vault, and saw above how the light eyed through, — and there I lay with uncovered neck, in deep slumber ; yes, I dreamed of sweet love-gifts ; most surely ! or I had not understood the tree when I awoke. Because the ripe fruit, just loosened from its branches, in falling, moistened my breast with its juice, — the beautiful dark over-ripe blood of the mulberry ; I did not know it, I had never seen it, but with confidence my lips con-

sumed it, as lovers consume the first kiss ; and there are kisses, which, I feel, taste like mulberries.

Say, are these adventures ? and worth relating to thee.

* * *

And shall I tell thee still more of these simple events, which are as common as the breath which heaves the breast ? and yet upon the pure, still unwritten tablet of remembrance, they made an indelible impression. See ! as the whole sensuousness of Nature nourishes the child in swaddling-band to thrive in senses and powers, till he becomes a man, to rule with his limbs horse and sword, so, too, does the feeling of the spirituousness of Nature serve as nourishment of the spirit. Not even now should I catch up yon sun-beams with the glance of remembrance, should not now still recall the cloud-drifts as lofty events ; the flowers of vanished springs would not still to-day smile upon me in their colors and shapes ; and the ripe fruits which I fondled before I tasted them, would not, after vanished years, as out of yon blissful dreams, remind me of the hidden joy. They smiled upon me, the round apples, the striped pears, and the dark cherries, for which I climbed to the topmost branches. O, no remembrance so burns within my heart, upon my lips, to which these might yield ; not thou, not others, have made me amends for the sweet fare of the cherry ripened on the highest top, in burning sun-shine ; or the wood-lone straw-berry, discovered amidst the dewy grass. Thus, while it is then so deeply engraven in the spirit, the enjoyment of infancy's youth, — deep as the flaming characters of passion, it may then be also a divine revelation, and it stipulates much within the breast, in which it roots.

Thoughts are also plants, they float in spiritual ether ; sensation is their parent soil, in which they cherish and extend their roots ; the spirit is their atmosphere, in which they spread their blossoms and their fragrance ; the spirit in which many thoughts blossom, is an aromatic spirit ; nigh to it we breathe its purity. The whole of Nature is a mirror of what happens in the spirit's life. Not a butterfly have I chased, but my spirit was enabled in it to pursue a hidden ideal charm, and did I press my throbbing heart to the tall herbs of the blooming earth, I lay on the bosom of a divine nature, and on my fervor, on my longing, she dropped a cooling balsam, which changed all desire into contemplation.

The wandering herds in the evening's twilight, with their tinkling bells, which from the wall above I beheld with silent rapture ; the shepherd's pipe, who in moony-nights led his sheep from pasture to pasture ; the baying of the dog in the distance, the chasing clouds, the sigh-swelling night-gales, the rushing stream ; the soft lashing of the waves on the flinty beach, the slumbering of the plants, their soaking of morning-light, the wrestling and sporting of the mists. O, say, what spirit has proffered me the same again ? Thou ? — hast thou so intimately joined me as the evening-shadows ? has thy voice, mournfully kind, penetrated me like yon distant reed ? Has the dog, with his bark, made my heart throb for some one, who comes to meet me on secret path ? and have I, like yonder drowsy Nature, laid myself to rest, with the consciousness of assuaged longing ? No ; only in the mirror of Nature have I learned it, and beheld the images of a higher world. Be then aware of these impartings, as events of high enjoyment, and charming love-adventures. What have I not learned to prognosticate and to conceive ?

And what more dare we ask of life, what can it do better within us, than to prepare us for bliss ? If, then, senses and spirit were so moved by this stirring of Nature ; if desire was so strained by her languishing ; if her thirsting, her drinking, her burning and consuming, her vegetating, her brooding floated through the heart ; say, what of love's bliss have I not experienced, and what flower would not exhale to me in paradise, and what fruit not ripen ?

Therefore receive these hieroglyphics of a loftier bliss, as my memory records them one after another. O look ! the book of remembrance in thy presence opens these leaves ; thou ! — thou perhaps wilt pluck for me in paradise these apples from the unforbidden tree ; on thy bosom shall I awake yonder, and the melodies of a bliss-bestowing creation will breathe my rapture into thy breast.

* * *

One thing keep in thy heart, that thou hast made upon me the purest impression of beauty, to which I have directly sworn allegiance, and that nothing can infringe upon thy pristine nature, and that my love is in intimate understanding with this.

* * *

The height of bliss ascends as far as it can be comprehended ; what the spirit does not comprehend does not make him happy ; in vain would cherubim and seraphim bear him higher upon their wings, where by his own power he could never sustain himself.

* * *

Presensions are emotions to lift the wings of the spirit higher ; longing is a proof that the spirit seeks a higher bliss ; spirit is not alone gift of comprehension, but also feeling and instinct of the sublime, through which its appearance, the thought, is to be developed ; thinking is not the essential ; we could dispense with it, were it not the mirror for the soul, in which her spirituality is reflected.

* * *

The closed seed, and the blossom which springs from it, are not comparable with one another, and yet is its first germinating the forefeeling of this blossom, and so it grows and thrives with increasing security, till blossom and fruit aver its first instinct, which, could it be lost, would bear neither blossom nor fruit.

* * *

And if even I write it in this book, that I am sad to-day, can it console me ? How waste are these lines ! ah, they mark the time of forsaking ! Forsaken ! was I then ever joined to what I love ? Was I understood ? ah ! — why do I wish to be understood ? — all is mystery, all Nature, her magic, her love, her bliss, even as her pains. The summer-sun shines and calls forth blossom and fruit, but the shadows and the winter-time follow him. Are, then, the trees also as inconsolable, as full of despair in their winter, as the heart in its desertion ? Do the plants yearn ? — do they strive to blossom, as my heart to-day strives to love, to be felt ? Thou ! to feel me ? — who art thou, that I must ask it of thee ? Alas ! the whole world is dead, each breast

is void ! were there but one heart, one spirit, which would awake to me.

* * *

Come, let us once more roam through the hanging gardens in which my childhood was at home ; allow thyself to be led through the long arbour-walks to the steeple, where with little trouble I brought the bell into swing, to call to meal or prayers ; and in the evening at seven, I three times tolled the Angelus to call the guardian-angels to the sleepers night-watch. O, then the evening-purple was cutting into my heart, and so did the waving gold into which the clouds sank. O, I know even to-day that it pained me, when I passed so lonely through the slumbering flower-field, and the wide, wide heaven spread about me in winged haste, driving its clouds together, like a flock which it had to drive further, unfolding their red blue and yellow mantle, and then again other colors, till the shadows overpoured it. There I stood, and saw the benighted birds with quick speed fly to their nest ; and I thought, if one would only fly into my hand, and I were to feel its little heart flutter, I should be content. Yes ! I thought that a bird which was tame with me could make me happy. But no bird flew into my hand, each had already chosen another way, and I with my longing was not understood. Yet then I believed that all Nature only consisted in the conception of feelings, — that therefrom came the blossoming of all flowers ; that thereby the light melted into all colors ; that therefore the evening-breeze breathed such gentle shivering over the heart ; and on that account the sky, bounded by the shore, was mirrored in the waves. I saw the

life of Nature, and I believed that a spirit, which answered to the sadness that filled my breast, was himself this life ; that it was his instigations, his thoughts, which formed these day and night-wanderings of Nature. Yes ! and I young child felt, that I must melt into this spirit, and that to consume in it was the only bliss. I strove to die away, without knowing what dying was ; I was insatiate in breathing in the night-gale at full draughts ; I stretched my hands into the air, and the fluttering garment, the flying hair, proved to me the presence of Nature's loving spirit. I let the sun kiss me with closed eyes, then I opened them to him, and my gaze was strong to endure it ; I thought, wilt thou let him kiss thee, and shouldst thou not look at him ?

From the church-garden the stairs, over which the foaming water poured down, led into the second garden, which was circular, and surrounded with flower-beds a large basin, in which water spouted up ; around the basin stood lofty pyramids of yew, sprinkled over with purple berries, from which oozed forth a crystal-clear resin-drop. I still know all, and this particularly was my favorite-pleasure, to see the first rays of the morning-sun playing in these resin-diamonds.

The water ran out of the basin, under ground, to the end of the round garden, and from there again gushed down a flight of stairs, into the third garden, which quite surrounded the round one, and lay just so deep that the tops of its trees waved like a sea round it. It was so delightful when they blossomed, or when the apples and cherries were ripe and the laden boughs reached over. Often I lay in the hot mid-day sun, beneath these trees ; and midst this soundless Nature, where no blade stirred, the ripe fruit dropped down into the high grass beside

me : I thought, thee, too, none will find ! then I stretched forth my hand towards the golden apple and touched it with my lips, that it might not have existed quite in vain.

* * *

The gardens were beautiful, enchanting ! were they not ? There, below, the water collected in a stone fountain, which was surrounded by lofty firs ; then it curled down, from terrace to terrace, gliding smoothly into stone-basins, where it assembled, and flowing beneath the earth, came to the wall, which enclosed all the gardens ; from there the water poured down into the vale, for this last garden was also lying on the height ; then it ran away in a rivulet further, I know not whither. I looked then from above down into its gushing, spouting, and becalmed rolling course. I saw it grow larger, and artfully spring aloft, playing around in fine beams ; it hid itself, but soon came again and hastened down the high stairs ; I hastened after it, met it in a clear fountain, surrounded by dusky firs, beneath whose boughs the nightingales were at home. There it was so pleasing ; there I played with my bare feet in the cool water. And then it ran away hidden, and I could see, when it came down the wall from the outside, but I could not pursue it where it ran away, and I could not lay hold on it. Ah, there came wave behind wave, — it streamed incessantly down the steps ; the spring played night and day, and never became exhausted ; but there where it ran away from me, just there my heart longed for it, and there I could not go with it ; and if I had been allowed, and had gone with it, through all the meadows, through all

the vales, through the desert ; — where would the brook have led me ?

Yes, sir ! I see thee rush and stream ; I see thee artfully play ; I see thee, day after day, calmly wander and bend thy path suddenly away out of the realm of confidence ; careless that a loving heart, which was fancying there its home, should remain deserted.

Thus the rivulet, on the banks of which I played away my childhood, painted to me in its undulating crystal, the features of my destiny, and at that time I already bemoaned, that they felt not related to me.

O, do but come and once more play with me through my infant-days ; thou owest to me, to let my sighs sound amongst thy melodies, as long as I ask for no more than to claim upon a child's longing after the rivulet, to which also I must comply, to let it break forth and hurry on vigorously abroad, — abroad, where it was certain that my image never should be mirrored in it.

* * *

To-day * we have Maundy-thursday, — on this day the little temple-warden has much to do ; all the flowers which the early season grants us, are plucked ; snowdrops, crocuses, daisies, and the whole field full of hyacinths, adorn the white altar ; and then I bring the surplices ; twelve children, with loosened hair, are invested with them, they are to perform the apostles. After having wandered round the altar, we sit down in a semicircle, and the old abbess, with her high silver staff, involved in her veil with long training mantle, kneels down

* Speaking of the past.

between us, to wash our feet ; one nun holds the silver basin and pours in the water, the other reaches the linen for drying ; meanwhile all the bells are pealing, the organ sounds, two nuns play the violin, one the bass-viol, two sound the trumpet, one beats a whirling roll on the kettle-drums, and all the others, with high voices, chant the litany : "*Saint Peter, we salute thee ; thou art the stone on which the church reposes.*" Then they go on to Paul, and thus one apostle after the other is to be saluted, till all the feet are washed. Now, see ! — this is a day for which we had already rejoiced three months before. The church was filled with people, they thronged themselves around our procession, and wept heartfelt tears about the laughing, innocent apostles.

From this day the garden is unclosed, which during the winter had not been approached ; every child runs to its little flower-garden ; there the rosemary has wintered very well ; the little pinks are scraped out beneath the withered leaves, straw-berries are transplanted, and budding violets carefully planted in pots. I put them near my bed and lay my head very close to them, that I may breathe their fragrance throughout the night.

* * *

O, what am I, to tell all this to the man, whose spirit, far from such childish doings, is led to other spheres ! — why to thee, whom I would flatter, whom I would allure ; thou shalt be friendly to me ; thou shalt unconsciously, gently endeavour to love me, while I chat thus with thee. Could I then have told nothing more delightful, more important, that should move thee, that thou

shouldst call me, "Dearest child," shouldst press me to thy bosom, sweetly affected by what thou listenest to.

Ah, I know nothing better, I know no joyousness more beautiful than that of the early spring ; no longing more hearty than that for the blooming of my flower-beds ; no more ardent thirst than overcame me, when I stood amidst the beauteous blooming Nature, all around me in a wanton luxurious thriving. Nothing has touched on me with more cheering sympathy, and more compassionately, than the sun-beams of the young year ; and couldst thou be jealous, it could only be of this time ; for truly I long for it again.

* * *

A sun rises to us ; he wakes the spirit like the young day ; at his setting it goes to sleep. When he ascends, a thriving awakes in the heart like spring ; when he stands high, then the mind glows mightily, it overstretcheth the earthly tendence, and learns by revelation ; when the sun inclines to eventide, then comes the moment of reflection ; remembrance follows his setting. In the shadow's-calm we remember the soul's undulating upon the high sea of light, the inspiration in the season of glowing ; and with these dreams we go to sleep. But there are spirits, who rise so high, that to them the sun of love never sets, and the new day joins the vanishing one.

* * *

The lonesome time alone is what remains to me ; what I recall, is of a lone life, and what I have gone through, has made me alone ; the whole wide world, dyed in all hues,

plays around the lonesome spirit ; it reflects in it, but does not penetrate it.

Spirit is in itself ; that which it perceives, which it comprehends, is its own tendency, its own power ; its highest revelation is to comprehend its own power. I believe in death this may be revealed to it ; till then it has only incredulous visions ; had I believed in them more early, then my spirit had striven to attain what it fancied impossible, and had acquired what it longed for ; for longing manifests the veracity of its aim ; it is inspiration, and emboldens the spirit. Nothing should be too daring for the spirit, as all lies in its power ; it is the warrior, whom no weapon deceives ; it is the generous, whose plenty pours forth copiously without end ; it is the blessed, to whom all is voluptuousness. Nay, spirit is divinity ; the breast inhales the air and releases it, again to inhale it, and this is life. The spirit desirously drinks up the divinity, and breathes it out again to drink it, and this is the spirit's life ; all else is chance, is the trace, the history of spirit, not its life.

* * *

The spirit is lonesome, because it is animated only by *one*, which is love. Love is all ; the spirit is lonesome, because love alone is all. Love is for him alone whose whole being is in it. Love and spirit behold one another, for they live one in the other, and can be seen of themselves alone.

I, too, in my infancy, was then alone ; the stars looked at me, I understood them, love speaks by them.

Nature is the language of love, love speaks to infancy by Nature. The spirit is a child here upon earth ; there-

fore has love created sweet, blessed, childlike Nature, as a language for the spirit.

Were the spirit independent, then love would, perhaps, use another language. Nature guides and proffers what the spirit needs ; she teaches, she relates, she invents, she comforts, she protects and guards the spirit's immaturity. Perhaps, when she once has led spirit beyond childhood, she guides it no more, but yields it up to its own power ; perhaps that yonder life is the spring-time of the spirit, as this life is its childhood ; for we long after spring, after youth, till our last moment, and this earthly life is only a prefiguration of the spirit's youth, releasing it from infancy, as the seed releases the germ into a life of ether.

Blossoming is spirit ; it is beauteousness, it is art, and its exhaling fragrance is also a striving into a higher element.

* * *

Come with me, friend, do not shrink from the dewy-wet evening ; I am a child, and thou art a child, we fain lie beneath the open sky and look at the easy drift of evening-clouds, which swim over us in purple garment. O come !—no dream more blessed, no event more prosperous than repose, still repose in existence ; blessed that it is so, and no fancying it could be otherwise, or it must happen otherwise. No, not in paradise, it will be more beauteous than is this calm peace, which gives no account, no surveying of joyousness, because every moment is but bliss. Such moments I live with thee, only because I fancy thee at my side, in yon infant years ; there we are both of one mind, and what I try in life is reflected in thee, and what should I be to live if I did not behold it in thee.

How spirit does become sentient of itself ; by what does it prevail upon itself, but by that, that it has love ! I have thee, my friend, thou wanderest with me, thou reposest at my side, my words are the spirit which thy breast breathes forth.

* * *

All sensual nature becomes spirit, all spirit is sensual life of the divinity, — eyes ye see ! — ye drink light, hues, and forms ! — O eyes, ye are nourished by divine wisdom, but ye offer all to love, ye eyes ; that the evening-sun plays a glory over ye, and the cloudy sky teaches you a divine harmony of colors, in which all agrees ; the far blue heights, the green seed, the silver river, the black wood, the grey mist, this, ye eyes, Nature, the mother, gives you to drink ; while the spirit spends the beauteous evening in beholding the beloved. O ye ears, the wide stillness sounds around ye ; within it raises the soft nigher-roaring of the storm-wind ; then rouses another, it bears to you tones from afar ; the waves beat sighing on the shore, the leaves whisper, nothing moves in lonesomeness, which does not confide in ye, ye ears. Ye are nourished by all Nature's managing, while ear and eye, and language, and enjoyment, are deeply sunk in the bosom of the friend. Ah, paradise-like meal, where the fare turns itself into wisdom, where wisdom is voluptuousness, and where this becomes revelation.

This fruit, ripe and fragrant, sinking down out of the ether ! — what tree has shaken it off from its overladen boughs ? while we are leaning cheek on cheek, forgetful of it and of time. These thoughts, are they not apples, which are ripened on the tree of wisdom, and which it casts down into the lap of the loving ones, who abide in

its paradise and rest in its shadow. At that time, love was in the child's breast, which, tightly folded and enshrined, enclosed its sensations, like the young germ its blossom. Then love was, and, to its striving, the bosom expanded, and opened itself to unfold its bloom.

* * *

One nun was invested during the three years I was in the convent, another we buried ; I laid the cypress-wreath upon her coffin ; she was the gardener, and for many years she had trained the rosemary, which was planted on her grave. She was eighty years of age, and death touched her gently, while she was setting sprouts from her darling carnations ; there she sat, kneeling on the ground, holding in her hand the plants she was to set. I was the executor of her testament, for I took them from her benumbed hand and put them into the ground freshly dug up. I watered them from the last pitcher she had fetched from St. Magdalen's well, good sister Monica ! How finely these carnations grew ! they were large, and of a dark-red hue. When in later times *he, who loves and knows me*,* likened me to a dark carnation, I thought of the flowers, which, as a young child, I had taken from the chilled hand of hoary age to plant them ; and I thought, whether it would chance, that, in setting flowers, I too might be snatched away by death. Death, life's triumphant hero, the redeemer from earthly heaviness !

But that other nun, young and beautiful, whose long

* Song of Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister : " Ach der mich liebt und kennt ist in der Weite."

golden tresses I brought to the altar on the golden offering-plate ! — I did not weep, when they carried the old gardener to her grave, although she had been my friend, and had taught me many arts of gardening. It appeared so natural and so pleasing to me, that I was not even amazed ; but then, when in a surplice, with a wreath of roses on my head, as a guardian-angel with a lighted taper, I preceded the youthful bride of Christ, dressed in the wanton gorgeousness of pride, and all the bells tolled : when we came to the grate, before which the bishop stood, who was to take her vows, and he asked, if she wished to be betrothed to Christ ; when, at her affirmation, they cut off her hair entwined with pearls and ribands, and I received them on a golden plate, — then my tears fell on that hair, and when I stepped to the altar, to deliver them to the bishop, I sobbed aloud, and all wept with me.

The young bride laid herself down on the ground, a pall was spread over her ; the nuns came by from every side, two and two, carrying baskets with flowers. I strewed the flowers over the pall, while a requiem was sung. She was consecrated, as if she were dead, and prayers were spoken over her. The terrestrial life had an end ; as angel of resurrection I lifted the pall ; the heavenly life begins. The nuns surround her ; in their midst she is divested of the worldly pomp ; the habit of the order, gown and veil, are put on her ; after which, she deposits into the bishop's hand the vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty. How anxious was I, when the bishop presented her the crucifix, to kiss it as her betrothed ! I did not leave her side ; in the evening, when the nun was sitting lonely in her cell, I still knelt before her, the withered rose-wreath on my head.

She was a French woman, a Countess d'Antelot. "*Mon enfant,*" she said, "*mon cher ange, gardien, pourquoi as tu pleuré ce matin lorsqu'on m'a coupé les cheveux?*" I remained silent for a while; then I asked her in a low voice, "*Madame, estce que Jésus-Christ a aussi une barbe noire?*"

This beautiful lady had come to our convent with many other high ladies and noblemen with star and riband, who had been driven from France. They all pursued their way, but she remained behind. She used to walk much in the garden, and had a glittering ring on her finger, which she kissed when she was by herself in the dark alley. Then she was reading her letters in a low voice, and with a fine white handkerchief she wiped her moistened eyes. I watched her, I loved her, and wept secretly with her. Once a beautiful man in a glittering uniform entered the garden with her. They conversed tenderly with each other; the man had a black beard and was taller than she; he held her folded in his arms and looked down upon her, his bright tears remained hanging in his black beard. This I saw, for I was sitting in the dark arbour, at the entrance of which they were standing. He sighed deeply and loudly, he pressed her to his heart, and she kissed off from his black beard the brilliant tears.

Many times more the beautiful lady walked in these lonely alleys; many times more I saw her, weeping under the tree, where he had parted from her, and finally she took the veil.

* * *

Coblenz.

All these days during I have not written in this book; ah, how I desired for it! In walking through foreign streets I thought on thee; here the game and sporting place of thy youth-time; there beyond the Ehrenbreitstein; it is called like the base of thy glory; so must the die be called on which thy monument once shall stand.

Yesterday strange thoughts fell down to me from the clouds, I had fain written them in the book, I was not alone; I must let them go off with the undulating waves down the river.

* * *

All that does not agree with love's doing is sin, and all that is sin agrees not with love's doing; love has an own legitimate power, which it performs over us; I yield to its rebuke, and this alone is the voice of my conscience.

Whatever excitements may engage life, what turns destiny may take, love is the path of modulation, on which all strains are harmonically to chime; it bestows the comprehension, the measure, of a high ethical magnitude. It is severe, and this severity passionately excites one for love; I have an ardent desire to do what it prompts. I fain would suit each feeling, each motion, to it.

Now I go to sleep; could I but describe how glad I am!

* * *

Were it to-day that I should welcome thee! to-day! — in a few minutes thou enteredst here my four walls,

in which, throughout this whole summer, I exert magic charms to become possessed of thee ; nay ! and often a moment thou wast mine, my love had got thee over to me. I looked into the distance ; within my heart I looked after thee and there discovered thee. To enjoy any thing, to be possessed of it, requires great strength ; to be possessed of any thing, even a few minutes, produces wonder ; what thou art possessed of in the spirit, that thou art aware of ; of what thou becomest aware, that captivates thee ; what is captivating thee, that gives thee up to a new world.

* * *

Spirit will be self-ruler ; to be possessed of its own self is its true strength ; every truth, every revelation, is a touch of our own spirit. Dost thou penetrate it, does thy soul melt in thine own spirit, then thou art empowered to all what thou art able of, and all revelation and thy life is thy uninterrupted knowing ; and thy knowing is thy being, thy producing. All knowing is love, therefore it is so blissful to love, because in love lies the possession of one's self's own divine nature.

Hast thou loved, then it was a trace of divine nature ; thou didst revoke the limits of thy existence, to expand it within the possession of thy love. This expansion is the circulating of thy spiritual nature ; what thou art in love with, that is the realm into which thou art born, that thou mayest be able to live within it. Ah, it is so large, this endless realm of love, and yet the human heart encloses it.

* * *

Let us, then, leave the convent, in which there was no looking-glass ; in which, therefore, during four years, I should have in vain sought for the acquaintance with my own features, with my shape ; and yet, in this whole space of time, it never came into my mind, to think how I looked. It was a great surprise for me, when in my thirteenth year with two of my sisters, embraced by my grandmother, I for the first time beheld the whole group in the looking-glass. I knew them all, but not this one, with ardent look, glowing cheeks, with black fine curled hair ; I do not know her, but my heart throbs to meet her ; such a face I have loved already in my dreams. In this look is something that moves me to tears ; this creature I must follow, I must repose in her faith and trust. When she weeps, then silently I will mourn ; when she is in joy, then I calmly will serve her ; I beckon her, — behold ! — she rises and comes to meet me ; we smile at one another, and I can no longer doubt that I see myself within the looking-glass.

Ah yes ! this presage has become true to me, I had no other friend than myself. It was not about me, but with me, that I often shed tears ; I have also jested with myself, and that was still more touching, that no one took part in the joke ; should one of them have said to me, that each sought in love only himself, and that the highest delight is to become aware of one's self in it : I should never have comprehended it, and yet does this little event hide a sublime truth, and certainly few may conceive it. Do search for thyself, be true to thyself, learn to understand thyself ; do follow thine own advice ; by this only, canst thou attain the highest. It is but to thyself, that thou mayest be true in love ;

when beauty entices thee, thou must love it, or thou werest faithless to thine own self.

Beauty awakes inspiration, but inspiration for beauty is the highest beauty itself. It explains, through itself, the sublime and hallowed ideal of the beloved.

Certainly ! love brings forth a sublimer world from the sensual world ; the spirit will be nourished, indulged, and supported by the senses ; it grows and ascends by them to self-inspiration, to genius ; for genius is the celestial, joyous life of a celestial inspiration, produced through sensual nature.

Thou appearest to me like this celestial producing of my world of senses, when I stand before thee, and expound my love to thee ; and yet when I stand before thee, I feel how thy sensual apparition hallows me and becomes a celestial nature within me.

* * *

Dis. in this world

Now I am thirteen years of age ; now the time comes on which awakens from sleep ; the young germs are thriving and issue from their brown hull, they come forth to light ; the child, loving, inclines to the germinating generations of the flowers ; its heart glows bashfully and intimately for their variegated and fragrant charms, and does not forebode that at the same time a germinating-world, of thousandfold generations of senses and of spirit, comes forth from the breast to life, to light. Beholdest thou here confirmed what I say ? Love to the germinating blossom-world of sensuous nature, excites the slumbering germs of the spiritual blossom-world. While we descry sensual beauty it creates within us its spiritual image, a celestial incorporation of what we

love within the senses. Thus was my first love in the garden : in the honeysuckle-arbour I was every morning with the sun, to meet their reddish buds opening to light; and when I looked into the disclosed cups, then I loved and adored this world of senses in the blossoms, and I mingled my tears with the honey in their chalice. Yes, do believe it, there was a particular charm for me to bestow on the flower's bed the tear, which involuntarily started into mine eye ; thus did delight change with woefulness. The young fig-leaves, when they at first ascend so tight-folded out of their cover, to open before the sun : Alas, god ! thou ! why does beauteousness of Nature give pain ? Is it not because love feels herself unapt to comprehend her at all ? So the most joyful love is imbued by woe, as it cannot satisfy its own longing ; so thy beauty makes me woeful, because I cannot love thee enough ! O, forsake me not ; be disposed to me, only as far as the dew is to the flowers ; in the morning it awakens them and nurses them, and in the evening it clears them from the dust, and cools them from the heat of the day. So do thou, also, awake and nurse my inspiration in the morning, and cool my glowing, and clear me from sins, in the evening.

* * *

Dost thou love me ? — Alas ! an inclining of thy face on me, as from the waving boughs of the birch, — how charming this would be ! — or also, that thou shouldst breathe on me in slumber, as the night-breeze flits over the meadows ; more, my friend, do I not ask from thee. When the breath from the beloved touches thee, what delight canst thou compare with ?

So clear and distinctly did I not feel there, as I feel to-day in remembrance; I was then as unblown as the young germinating corn; but I was nursed by the light, and led on to self-consciousness, like the corn when it becomes conscious of itself by the ripening ear; and to-day I am ripe, and scatter the golden grains of love to thy feet; more my life does not prove.

* * *

The nightingale had another mind to me than thou; he came down from branch to branch, drew nearer and nearer to the utmost twig, to behold me; I turned gently to him, not to frighten him away, and lo there! — eye in nightingale's eye! — we looked at each other, and we remained so. Therewith the breezes bore the tones of a distant music over to us, whose all-embracing harmony resounded like a spirit-universe, completed in itself, where each spirit penetrates all spirits, and all comply to each! Completely beautiful was this event! this first nearing of two equally innocent creatures, who had not yet become aware, that by love's thirst, love's delight, the heart pants faster and faster. Certainly I was rejoiced and touched by this approach of the nightingale, as I think thou perhaps wouldst be friendly moved by the love of mine. But what has induced the nightingale to come after me? Why did he come down from the lofty tree, and sit so nigh that I might catch him with my hand? Why did he look at me, and indeed into mine eye? The eye speaks with us, it answers to the look: the nightingale had a mind to speak with me; he had a feeling, a thought, to exchange with me. (Feeling is the germ of the thought.) And if it is so, what a deep and powerful

glance Nature allows us here into her working-place; how does she prepare her enhancings, how deep does she lay her germs!—how far is it from the nightingale to the consciousness between two lovers, who find their ardency so clearly enhanced in the song of the nightingale, that they should easily believe his melodies were the very expression of their feelings.

On the next day he came again, the little nightingale, I too. I thought he would come; I had taken the guitar along with me; I wanted to play a little on it to him; it was by the wall of the poplar-trees, near the wild-rose-hedge, which stretched forth its tall bowing branches over the wall of the neighbour's garden, and with its blossoms reached nearly the ground; there he sat and stretched his little throat, and looked at me how I played with the sand. Nightingales are inquisitive, they say. With us it is a proverb, Thou art as inquisitive as a nightingale: but for what sake is he inquisitive after man, who seemingly has no reference to him? what shall once come forth out of this curiosity? O, nought is in vain; all is used by Nature to her restless working; it will and must go further in her redemption. I ascended a high poplar, whose boughs from below were formed to easy steps round about the trunk to the top; there, aloft in the limber top, I fastened myself to the branches with the string on which I had drawn up the guitar: the air was sultry, now the breezes moved stronger, and swept a drift of clouds together over us. The rose-hedges were lifted by the wind and again bent down, but the bird sat steady. The more roaring the storm, the more warbling was his song; its little throat exultingly poured forth his whole soul into the roused Nature; the streaming rain did not

impede him; the rushing trees, the thunder-rolling did not stun and frighten him; and I also, upon my limber poplar, waved in the storm down upon the rose-hedge while it was lifted, and I swept over the chords to temper with the measure the revel of the little singer. How still it was after the thunder-storm! what a hallowed rest followed this inspiration in the hurricane! with this repose the gloom displayed over the vast fields, my little singer was silent; he had become weary. Alas! when genius lightens up in us and stirs up all our strength, that it may serve him; when man does nothing but serve the mighty, the higher one, and rest follows such an exertion, how mild is it then; how are then all claims to be something melted in devotion to the genius! Thus is Nature, when she reposes from day-work: she sleeps, and in sleep God bestows upon his *own*. Such is the man who is subdued to the genius of art; in whose veins streams the electric fire of poetry; who is enlightened by the gift of prophecy; or who, like Beethoven, uses a tongue which, not on earth, but in the ether, is mother-tongue. When such as these repose from inspirited exertion, then it is as calm, as cool, as it was to-day after the tempest in the whole Nature, and still more in the breast of the little nightingale, for he slept perchance to-day more deeply than all other birds: and the more powerfully, and the more intimately the genius, who bestows to his own when in slumber, will have repaid him; but I, after having breathed in the evening-stillness, came down from my tree, and, penetrated by the sublimity of the just now passed events, had a mind to look askant on mankind.

All changes ! elder men think otherwise than in youth ; alas ! — what shall I think once if this earthly life preserves me, till I advance in years ! Perhaps I shall then go to church, instead of going to my friend ; perhaps I shall then pray instead of loving ! Ah ! how I then liken prayer to love ? I know not how to express kissing ; did I ever feel devotion, it was on thy breast, friend ! Temple-fragrance which thy lips respire ! Spirit of God, which thine eyes preach ! from thee streams forth an inspiriting power ; thy garments, thy countenance, thy spirit streams forth a hallowing breath. O thou ! — in pressing thy knees close to my breast, no more do I ask what bliss may be, that which is prepared for the blessed in heaven. To see God face to face ? — how often with closed eyes have I rejoiced in thy presence. Perhaps God, through the beloved, penetrates into our heart. Yes, beloved ! — what have we in our heart but only God ? And if there we did not feel him, how and where should we seek his trace ?

* * *

What do I trifle about the spring ! — what do I talk of merry days, of delight and fortune ! — Thou, — the consciousness of thee, consumes each emotion in me ; I cannot smile at jesting, I cannot rejoice, I cannot hope with others. That I know thee, that I am conscious of thee, makes my senses so still.

* * *

O, to-day is a wondrous day, — to-day I have woe, so heavy is my soul ! thou art nigh, I know it ; not far

is the way to thee, but ~~me~~ parts the small space like infinity. It is the moment of longing which wills to be felt and satisfied, and if the beloved does not foresee this same, if he slights love, then ! — what can bring me near him ? Alas, woeful day, which has passed away to-day in expecting and longing.

Whom shall I confide in ? — who feels humanly with me ? — to whom shall I complain of thee ? — who is my friend ? Who dares to ascend those steps, on which I have raised myself above all human touch ? — who dares lay his hand on my brow, and dares say, Peace be with thee ?

To thee, whom I seek, I complain ; to thee I cry over the depths: only think ! With the oar's ardent stroke I overwing time and life ; I drive them behind me, the moments of parting ; and now, ye isles of the blessed,* my anchor finds no bottom ! Wild strand ! — inhospitable shore ! — ye will not let me land, and not approach the bosom of the friend, who knows the mysteries, and the divine origin, and the goal, of my life ! He, — that I may learn to behold him, has within my spirit awakened the unspotted splendor of light ; he, attending in ardent lays the delights, the pangs of love, has taught me, between both them advancing, before the sisters of fate with the flaming torch of Eros to irradiate the way.

* * *

To-day is another day ; the evil fear is appeased, it rages not, it roars no more in the heart ; the moaning no more interrupts the splendor-filled stillness. Ah, to-

* Where parted friends shall meet again.

day the sun is not down, his last beams display beneath thy steps ; he walks, the sun ! — he stands not still, he ushers thee in to me, where twilight beckons thee, and of violets the purple wreath. O dearest ! — then I stand silent before thee, and the flowers' fragrance will speak to thee for me.

* * *

I am joyous as is the dolphin, when, on the wide-reposing ocean-plain, it hears flutes afar ; waggishly he drives the waters into the splendid stillness of the sky, to spread a rushing pearl-shower over the smooth glassy main ; each pearl mirrors the universe and flows away ; so each thought mirrors the eternal wisdom and flows away.

Thy hand leaned on my cheek, and thy lip reposed on my brow, — it was so still ! — thy breath exhaled like the breath of spirits. Time ever speeds with the happy, but for this once time hurried not ; — an eternity which never ends is this time ; which is so brief, so within itself, that no measure can be adapted to it.

On mild spring-days, when the thin-cloudy sky bestows a fruit-bearing rain upon the young seed, then it is, as now within my breast ; I guess, as the hardly rooted germ guesses its blossom, that love is everlastingly a sole futurity.

To be good, satisfies the soul, as the lullaby quiets the infant soul to sleep. To be good is the inviolable rest which the seed of the spirit must have, before it is matured, again to be sown ; yet the spirit divines, that to be good is the preparation for a deep, inscrutable mystery. This hast thou, Goethe, to me confided, last night by the starry sky at the open window, when one

breeze after the other fluttered in, and then out again. Thus if the soul be good : that is a reposing, a falling asleep in the lap of God ; as the seed sleeps in the lap of Nature, ere it germs. But if the spirit asks for what is good, then it asks for divinity itself ; then it asks for that mystery of goodness as for its food and nursing, and as a preparing for its nigh transformation ; then it knocks, as the hidden stream does in the lap of the rock, for issue to light. Such a daring mood had thy spirit, that, to his urging, bolts and bars gave way ; and that it might foam up over all times, — onward, where spirit inheres in spirit, as wave springs from wave, and wave is lost in wave.

Such was our talk last night, and thou saidst, “None should believe that we two thus talk with one another.”

We spoke also of beauty : beauty is, when the body is wholly pervaded with the spirit it harbours. When the light of the spirit streams forth from the body, which it pervades and involves, that is beauteousness. Thy glance is beauteous, because it sends forth the light of thy spirit, and in this light floats.

The pure spirit frames for itself a pure body in the word : this is the beauteousness of poetry. Thy word is beauteous, because the spirit, which it harbours, forces its way through and streams around it.

Beauty fades not ! the sense which comprehends it is everlastingly possessed of it, and to this sense it fades not.

Not the image which beauty reflects, not the shape which expresses its spirit, has beauty : *he* only has it, who in this mirror guesses his own spirit.

Beauty frames itself in him, who longs for it, who

recognises it, and longs to reproduce it ; to frame himself like it.

Each genuine man is artist, he seeks after *beauteousness*, again to bestow it. Each genuine man wants beauty, as the only nourishment of spirit.

Art is the mirror of the inly soul ; *her* image it is as she proceeded from God, which art reflects to thee. All *beauteousness* is a confession of thine own beauty.

It is art which charms the sensual image of the spirit before thy bodily eyes.

Each impulse of life is an impulse of beauty. Behold the plant ; its impulses are filled with the longing for blossom, and the satisfying of this longing already was prepared in the grain ; thus then is beauty the most secure pledge, that he who strives after everlasting beauty will have it and enjoy it.

All that I here say, thou wrotest in my heart ; why I do not yet with full freedom express it ? — because I am not able, quite, to comprehend it.

Last night thine eye roamed to the distant mountains, and then thou saidst, “ The passion which springs from the heart shall also wax and thrive, for there is no desire where the divine is not present to make it blessed.”

* * *

They have ushered me into their temple, the *genn*, and here I stand abashed, but not a stranger ; their lore is intelligible to me, their law gives me wisdom ; the search of love is not the search of transient men. All flowers that are broken, become immortal in the sacrifice, — a loving heart soars above a hostile lot.

* * *

I shall relate thee of the time when I had not yet learned to say thy name ? Certainly thou art in the right, to ask what predisposed and led me to thee ; I told thee that flowers and herbs first beheld me ; how their looks betrayed a question, a claim to which I could but answer with tender tears ; then the nightingale allured me, and his intimate bearing, his song, his advancing and shrinking charmed me still more than the life of the flowers. I was nearer to him in mind, his intercourse had something charming ; on my little couch I could hear his song ; his melodious groaning waked me, I sighed with him ; I supplied thoughts to his song, to which I invented consoling replies. I remember, that once under the blooming trees, when I played with a ball, a young man who caught it, brought it to me and said, “ Thou art handsome ! ” This word brought fire into my heart, it flamed up like my cheeks ; but I thought of the nightingale, whose carol, perchance, beautified me nightly ; and in this moment the sacred truth burst in upon my spirit, that all which lifts above what is earthly produces beauteousness, and I wooed the nightingale with more zeal ; my heart throbbingly suffered to be touched by his tones, as by a divine finger ; — I longed to be beauteous, and beauty was to me divine, and I subdued to the feeling of beauteousness, and did not consider, whether it was outward or inly. In every time, even till to-day, I have felt a near affinity with beauty, wherever it showed itself to me, in pictures and statues, in scenery, or in slender trees. Although I am not slender, yet something moves within my spirit which answers to their slenderness ; and though thou smilest, I tell thee, while with my gaze I follow their heaven-aspiring tops, my suggestion seems to me also to aspire

to heaven ; and as, in the wind's blustering, the supple branches wave to and fro, so waves within me a feeling as if it were the foliated branchery of a lofty stem of thoughts. And so I would but say, that all beauty educates ; and that the mind, which like a true mirror comprises beauty, by this attains a higher impulse, which spiritually is this same beauty, — I mean always its divine revelation. So then behold thou, how much thou must enlighten me, since thou art beauteous. Beauty is redemption ; beauty is deliverance from incantation, is freedom ! heavenly ! — has wings, and cuts through the ether. Beauty is out of law ; before her vanishes each limit ; she dissolves, in all that be sensible of her charms ; she frees from the letter, for she is spirit. I am sensible of thee, thou freest me from the letter and the law. Lo ! this dread which overwaves me, it is the charm of thy beauteousness, which dissolves within my senses, that I myself become beauteous, and by this dignified of deserving thee.

* * *

The summer passes by and the nightingale is silent ; he is silent, he is mute, and will no more be seen. I lived there without disturbance through the days ; his night was to me a dear haunt, it pains me to miss him ; had I but something to supply him ! Perhaps another animal, — of men I did not think. In the neighbour's garden is a roe within a railing ; it runs to and fro along the garden-fence and groans ; I make an opening, through which I may stroke its head. Winter has covered all with snow, I seek moss on the trees for it : we know each other, how beautiful are its eyes ; how deep a soul

gazes on me out of them ; how true, how warm ! — it likes to lay its head in my hand and looks at me. I love it too, I come as often as it calls me ; in the cold, bright moonlit nights I hear its voice ; I jump out of bed, with bare feet I run to the snow to soothe thee. Then thou art quiet, when thou hast seen me ; wondrous animal, which looks at me, cries to me, as if it begged for deliverance. What firm reliance has it upon me, who am not of its like ! Poor animal ! thou and I are parted from our like ; we are both lonely, and we share this feeling of lonesomeness. O ! how often for thee have I thought into the wood, where thou couldst run out at full length, and not ever in a round, as here in thy prison. Yonder thou couldst run thy way still on, and with each bound thou couldst hope to meet at last with a comrade ; but here thy goal has no end, and yet all hope was cut off. Poor doe ! how do I shudder at thy lot, and how nearly related may it be to mine. I too run in a round ; there above I see the stars glimmer, they all hold fast, none sinks down ; — and from here it is so far to them, and what wants to be loved shall come near to me. But thus it was sung to me in the cradle, that I must love a star, and this star would keep far aloof from me ; a long time have I strived after it, and my senses were consumed in this striving ; so that I saw nothing, heard nothing, and thought of nothing, except my star only, which would not loosen itself from the firmament, to incline down to me. I dream the star sinks deeper and deeper ; I already distinguish its face ; its radiating becomes eye ; it gazes at me, and mine eyes are mirrored in it. Its splendor broadens around me ; from all upon earth, far as I can think, far as my senses bear me, I am parted by my star.

* * *

Nothing have I to lose, nothing have I to gain ; between me and each gain art *thou* floating ; who, divinely radiating in the spirit, outweighest all happiness. Between me and each loss art *thou*, who humanly inclinest down to me.

I understand but this *one*, to dream away time on thy bosom. I understand not of thy wings the motion, which bear thee into the ether ; there above me, in the eternal azure, maintain thee floating.

* * *

Me and the world mantles thy splendor ; thy light is dream-light of a higher world ; we breathe its atmosphere, we awake in the fragrance of remembrance. Yes, it yields fragrance to us, it lifts us and bears our wavering fate upon the mirror-floods, forth to the all-embracing arms of the gods.

But thou hast sung to me in the cradle, that to thy song, which in dreaming lulls me over the destiny of my days, I should dreamingly listen, even to the end of my days.

* * *

Once already, in the convent, the spirits had induced me to join with them ; in the moon-clear nights they allured me. I wandered through strange dark walks, where I heard the waters rushing, I anxiously followed them, even to the fountain I came ; the moon shone in its moved waters, mantling the spirits, who, upon its

wavy mirror, showed themselves to me in silver-splendor ; they came, they intimated to my asking heart, and vanished. Others came, they laid mysteries upon my tongue, touched all the germs of life within my breast ; they stamped me with their seal ; they veiled my will, my fancy, and the power which they conferred upon me.

How was this ? — how did they advise me ? — in what language did they reveal to me their mysteries ; and how shall I make known to thee that it was so, and what they taught me ?

The moony night wrapped me in sweet, deep infant-sleep ; then it broke forth from out itself and touched mine eyes, that they awoke to its light ; then it sunk with magnetic power into my breast, that I overcame all fear ; on ways which were not safe, I hastened forth into the deep stirless night, till I came to the fountain between flower-beds, where each flower, each weed, in delusive dimness was imprinted with a dreamy face, where they caressed and struggled with phantastic illusions. Yonder I stood, and saw how the breeze-moved water-beams waved to and fro, and how the moon-beams chequered through the moved water ; and, like the lightning, with quivering haste, traced silver-hieroglyphics into the waving circles ; there I knelt on the moist sand and bent over the giddy light-web, and listened with all my senses ; and my heart stood still and fancied, as if those vanishing glances wrote something to me, and my heart was glad, as if I had understood them, that their meaning hinted me to happiness. I returned through the long, dim labyrinthine walks, passed images of strange saints in calm repose, until I reached my little bed, which was confined in the window-corner ; then I gently opened the window to the moon-light and let it glance on my

breast. Yes, in such blessed, bliss-bringing moments, inarmed me a spirit-delighted feeling, wide, all-comprising ! from without it inarmed my heart ; my heart felt itself inarmed by a loving power, joining it in the slumber which from out this power came over me. How shall I name this power ? — life-spirit ? I know it not, I know not what had happened with me, but to me it was an event, an occurrence of high moment ; I was in my heart like the germ, which from out its first cover breaks forth to light ; I sucked light in with the spirit, and with it I saw what before with my bodily eyes I should not have seen ; all that Nature playfully offered me, reminded of hidden senses within me ; the hues, the shapes of the world of plants, I saw with a deep, enjoying, and consuming look, through which nourishment reached my mind.

Ah, we will keep silence over these mysteries ; we will draw a soft, misty gauze, through which its contents forebodingly glimmer. Yes, we will keep silence, friend ! for, also, we cannot unveil it in words. But the earthly man sows and plants into the bosom of the earth (which before was not fertilized,) that its nourishing strength might penetrate the fruit of its produces. Were it conscious of its sensual feelings, then these feelings would become spirit within it ; so I compare the spirit of man with it, an island involved in celestial spirit-ether, which becomes moulded and arable, and a divine seed will be confided to its sensual strength. And those forces move themselves, they sprout into a higher life, that belongs to the light, which is spirit ; and the fruit born by this divine seed is knowledge, which we taste, to make thrive our forces growing to bliss.

How shall I explain, that this soft breathing and playing of the breeze, of the water and moonlight, were to me

a real contact with the world of spirits ? When God thought the creation, then the only thought, "*Let it be,*" became a tree, which bears all worlds and ripens them. So this breath, this lisp of Nature in nightly stillness, is a soft spirit-breath, which awakens the spirit, and sows it with everlasting thoughts.

I beheld an inmost doing within me, a loftier one, to which I felt myself subdued, to which I ought to sacrifice all ; and where I did not do it, there I felt myself thrown out of the path of knowledge, and still to-day I must agree with this power ; it bids one give up every selfish enjoyment ; it tears from all claims on common life, and lifts us above them. Strange it is, that what we ask for ourselves, is also usually that which deprives us of our freedom ; we long to be bound with bonds, which seem sweet to us, and will be a prop, an insurance to our weakness ; we want to be borne, to be lifted by renown, by glory ; and do not forebode, that to this claim we sacrifice what is the dignity of glory, and the nourishment of the sublime. We require love where we have incitement to love, and do not perceive that thereby we drive out our loving genius. What becomes of freedom, when the soul wants to be satisfied in its desire by the mediation of others !

What are these claims on that which is without us but the proof of a want within us ? And what effects its satisfying, but the increase of this inner weakness, and the bondage of our freedom in it ? The genius will that the soul rather be in need, than dependent upon satisfying an incitement, an inclination, or also a want.

We all shall be kings ; the more obstinate and imperious the slave is within us, the more glorious the dignity of

the ruler's sway will prove, the more bold and powerful the spirit who subdues.

The genius who himself moves his pinions, soars into the blue ether and sends down light-streams, who has power to produce blissfulness by his own strength : how beauteous when he stoops to thee, and will love thee ; he who complains not for love, asks not for it, but bestows it. Yes, beauteous and glorious to yield up one to the other, in the light-spheres of spirit, in all the glory of freedom, by their own mighty will.

The earth lies in the ether as in the egg, the terrestrial lies in the celestial as in the womb ; love is the womb of the spirit.

There is no wisdom, no perception of truth, which asks for more than to be loved.

Every truth wooes the benevolence of the mind.

Justice to all attests love to the one.

The more universal, the more individual.

It is but the spirit which can make free from sins.

Wilt thou be alone with the beloved, then be alone with thyself.

Wilt thou gain the beloved, then search to gain, to find thyself in him.

Thou gainest, — thou possessest thyself where thou lovest ; where thou dost not love, there thou art deprived of thyself.

Art thou alone with thyself, then thou art with the genius.

Thou lovest, in the beloved, but thy own genius.

To love God is to enjoy God ; if thou worshippest the divine, then thou givest a banquet to thy genius.

Be always with thy genius, then thou art on the direct way to heaven.

To acquire an art, is to give the genius a sensual body.

To have acquired an art, imports no more to the spirit, than to the father of an important child ; the soul was already there, and the spirit has born it into the visible world.

When thou hast a thought which inspires thee, then thou feelest well ; it is thy loving genius which caresses thee. He endeavours to excite thee passionately for him.

And all truth is inspiration, and all inspiration is a caressing, is fervor of thy genius to thee ; it will move thee to pass over into him.

Dost thou love, then thy genius adopts sensual features.

God has become man in the beloved ; whatever form thou lovest, it is the ideal of thy own higher nature, which thou feelest in the beloved.

The genuine love is incapable of faithlessness ; in every transformation, it searches for the beloved, for the genius, as for Proteus.

Spirit is for art the divine stuff, in sensual nature it lies as an untouched matter. Heavenly life is, when God makes use of this stuff, to produce his own spirit in it.

Therefore the whole heavenly life is but spirit, and every error is a detriment to the heavenly.

Therefore is every truth a bud, which by celestial elements, will bloom and bear fruits. Therefore, like the earth, takes into itself the seed, we shall take into ourselves the truth, as the means by which our sensual power blossoms into a higher element.

In thinking, be always loving to thy genius ; then thou wilt never miss the plentifulness of spirit.

Genuine love is conscious of the spirit also in the sensual appearance of beauteousness. Beauty is spirit, having a sensual body.

All spirit proceeds from self-subduing.

Self-subduing is, when thy genius gains that power over thy spirit, which the loving yields to the beloved.

Many a one will subdue himself ; but on this wrecks every wit, every art, every perseverance ; he must *let himself be subdued* by his genius, by his ideal nature.

Thou canst not produce spirit, thou canst but conceive it.

Thou art in contact with the beloved in all that thou feelest elevated above thee.

Thou art in the secret of love with him, in all that inspires thee.

Nothing shall separate thee from this divine self ; all that forms a cleft between thee and thy genius is sin.

Nothing is sin, that does not disunite thee and thy genius ; every jest, every pertness, every daring is hallowed by him ; he is the divine freeness.

He who feels himself offended by this divine freeness, lives not with his genius ; his wisdom is not inspiration, it is after-wisdom.

To avow the bad is a diverting from the inarming of the ideal love ; the sin is not reflected in the eye of the beloved.

Thou suckest divine freedom from the look of love ; the look of the genius beams forth divine freedom.

There is a wild nature-life, which rambles through all precipices, does not know the divine genius, but does not deny him ; there is a tame cultivated virtue-life, that debars him.

He who practises virtue by his own wisdom, is a slave to his own short-sighted improvement ; — he who confides in genius, breathes divine freedom ; his faculties

are diffused in all regions, and he will find himself every where in the divine element.

Often in the night, I had sweet intercourse with the genius, instead of sleeping ; and I was weary, and he awakened me again to intimate chatting, and would not let me sleep.

Thus did the demon speak with me this night, when I tried to explain thee in what strange impartings I was engaged in my childhood ; there were thoughts shaped within me, I did not perpend them, I believed in them, they may have been of another mood ; but they had this peculiarity as they have still, that I felt them not as self-thought, but as imparted.

* * *

Thou art good, thou wilt not that I break off this sweet chatting with thee. What here I tell thee is at least as delightful, as intelligible, as the twinkling of the stars ; and if it were even but a melody, which breathes forth through my spirit ! — it is most sweet, this melody, and will teach thee to dream.

O learn, by my chatting, beauteous dreams ; which shall bewing thee, and sail with thee through the cool ether.

How glorious thou walkest over those dream-carpets ! how thou pervadest these manifold veils of fancy, and becomest more clear and more plain to thyself, who deservest to be loved ; — there thou meetest with me and thou wonderest at me, and art pleased to grant me, that I may first find thee.

Do sleep, sink thy eye-lashes into each other ; let thyself be entwined gently as with gossamers on the

meadow ; — be entwined with magic threads, which charm thee into dream-lands. Do sleep ! *and from the lulling pillow, dreaming, half listen to me.*

" O sieh vom trüben Blicke
Traumend, ein halb Scher. " *

Goethe's Antwort Anstey-Way
(Schwab. 182.)

On Christmas-morning, — it was three years before I had seen thee, — we went early to church. It was still night ; a lantern lighted before, to show the foot-path across the snow, which led past a devastated, decayed convent-church ; the wind whistled through the broken windows, and clapped with the loose slates. " In this rubbish, haunt the ghosts," said the bearer of the lantern ; " There it is not safe ! " In the evening, in my grandmother's room, where an equally devastated and decayed company was playing at cards, I recalled this observation. I thought how dreadful it was to be alone there, and that, for all in the world, I should not like to be there now. I had scarcely considered this, when a demand was within me, if I would not venture it ? — I shook off the thought, it came again. I became still more fearful, still more I defended myself against this impracticable fancy, still more urgently I felt myself summoned to do it. I wanted to escape it, and sat down in another corner of the well-lighted room, but there I was just opposite the door opening into a dark space, — and now there played and glittered beckonings in the gloom, they weaved and wafted near to me. I wrapped myself up in the window-curtain before those seeming-beings ; I shut my eyes and dreamed into myself ; there was a friendly persuading within me, that I should go to the convent-walls, where the spirits walk. It was eight o'clock in the evening ; I reflected how I

could risk in this hour to go a lone far way, which I knew scarcely, and which I should not have gone alone even by day. It drew me still deeper into an intimate secluded circle ; I heard the voices of the playing company as in a far distance, like a strange world, which moved far beyond my sphere.

I opened my eyes, and saw the curious insolvable riddle-faces of those who played, sitting there, lighted by the bright candle-shine ; I heard the exclaiming of the l'hombre-set like exorcisings and magic spells ; those people, with their singular doing, were phantom-like ; their dress, their gesture incomprehensible, shudder-exciting ; their rustling was come too near towards me ; I slowly crept out. On the court-stairs I again breathed freely ; there lay the pure snow-carpet at my feet, and covered, softly swelling, all unevenness ; there the hoary trees spread their silver-branches beneath the wandering moon-light ; this coldness was so warm, so affable ; here, nothing was incomprehensible, nothing to fear ; it was as if I had escaped the evil spirits ; here, out of doors, the good ones spoke the more intelligibly to me, I delayed not a moment longer to follow their bidding. Whatever may happen, softly and nimbly I climb over the door ; yon side I throw my dress over my head, to veil myself, and, in slight bounds, I leap over the snow. Many strange things lie in my way, that I avoid ; with increasing anxiety and panting heart I arrive ; shy and fearful I look about, but I delay not to step on the waste spot ; I make a way through the shattered oversnowed stones till the church-wall, on which I lean my head. I listen ; I hear the clapping of the slates on the roof, and how the wind rattles in the loose rafters. I think, " Should that be the spirits ? "

They sink down ; I try to overcome my anxiety ; they soar in low height over me ; the fear lessened ; it was as if I offered the open breast to the breath of the friend, whom, shortly before, I had taken for my enemy.

As I stood for the first time before thee, it was in the winter of 1807, I grew pale and trembled ; but on thy breast, entwined in thine arms, I came to such a delightful quietness, that my eye-lids sunk down, and I fell in sleep.

So it is when we drink nectar ; the senses are not used to it. Then sleep alleviates the storm of inspiration, and provides for the broken powers. Could we comprehend what in one moment is offered to us, could we bear its glorifying sight, then we should be clear-sighted ; could the power of bliss extend itself in us, we should be all-powerful ; therefore, I beg thee, if it is true that thou lovest me, bury me within thy thinking ; veil my heart and spirit with sleep, because they are too weak to bear happiness. Yes, happiness ! he who would agree with it as with a spirit, to which he felt himself a match, he might transfigure his earthly nature into divine.

Yesterday a letter came from thee ; I beheld the blue cover lying on the table and recognised it from afar ; I hid it in my bosom and hastened into my solitary room to my writing-table. On the first perusal, I was about to write thee in the fullness of my ecstasy. There I sat and folded my hands over the treasure, and did not like to take it away from the warm heart. Thou knowest, thus I also never have torn myself out of thine arms ; thou always was the first, and lettest thine arms sink down, and saidst, "Now be gone !" and I followed the command of thy lips. Had I followed

those of thine eyes, I should have remained with thee, for they said, "Come here !"

I then fell asleep in watching my treasure in the bosom, and, as I awoke, I read those two lines, written by thy hand ; "*I was once as foolish as thou, and then I was better than now.*"

"O thou ! — of thee the public voice says, thou art favored by fortune ; they extol thy glory and say, that, in the brooding of thy radiant spirit, thy century is hatched into an ethereal race, which, wafted by thee, overwings the heights of thy age ; but yet, they say, thy good fortune exceeds still thy spirit. O, forsooth, thou art the smith of thy fortune, who forges it with the bold, strong stroke, of a hero ; whatever happens to thee, it must adapt itself to the mould, which thy happiness needs ; the woe, which would move others to complaint, to sadness, to *thee* becomes a spur to inspiration. By what others are dejected, that unfolds thy flight ; which lifts thee above grievances, where thou drinkest the pure ether, and where the feeling of misery does not harm thee. Thou takest thy destiny as thy food from the hands of the gods, and drinkest the bitter chalice, as well as the sweet one, with the feeling of preëminence. Thou becomest not inebriated, as I become inebriated on the way which leads to thee ; thou wouldst not, like me, be given up to despair when an abyss parted thee from thy happiness. And thus misfortune has no business to meddle with thee, thou knowest how to meddle with thy good fortune ; in every little event, as all-blissful Nature grants to the least flower a blossom-time, in which it sheds fragrance while the sun shines into its cup.

Thou givest to each stuff, each moment all, what of

happiness is to be framed in it ; and thus thou hast given to me, though at thy feet I am given up ; and so I have also filled a moment of thy happiness. What do I want more ? — for what more shall I ask, since in it lies a task till to the last breath.

* * *

I compare thee rightly with yonder friendly cold winter-night, in which the spirits mastered me ; in thee the sun does not shine to me, in thee a thousand stars sparkle to me ; and all trifles which day enlightens, untouched in its many-cornered adversities, melt together into sublime masses.

Thou art cold and friendly, and clear and calm, like the bright winter-night ; thy attracting power lies in the ideal purity, with which thou harbourst and utterest the yielding love. Thou art like the hoar frost of yon winter-night, which clothes the trees and bushes, and all their little sprigs and buds of future blossoms, with a tender silver-mat. Like yonder night, changing with moon and star-light, thou enlightenest thy apprehending and thy advising with a thousand lights, crossing each other, and coverest with a mild twilight and meltest into shadow. The roused feelings thou overpourest with ideal forms ; every frame of mind becomes more individual and charming by thy loving intellection, and by thy soft quieting, violent passion becomes genius.

* * *

From those venturesome spirit-night-wanderings, I came home with garments wet with melted snow ; they

believed I had been in the garden. When night, I forgot all ; on the next evening at the same time, it came back to my mind, and the fear, too, I had suffered. I could not conceive, how I had ventured to walk alone on that desolate road in the night, and to stay on such a waste, dreadful spot ; I stood leaning at the court-gate ; to-day it was not so mild and still as yesterday ; the gales rose high and roared along ; they sighed up at my feet and hastened on yonder side ; the fluttering poplars in the garden bowed, and flung off their snow-burden ; the clouds drove away in a great hurry ; what rooted fast wavered yonder, and what could ever be loosened, was swept away by the hastening breezes. In a trice, I too, was yon side the door, and with fleet steps, breathless I reached the church. And now I was so glad to be there ; I leaned on the wall till my breath was calmed ; it was as if my body and soul would be refined in this retreat. I felt the soothing caresses of my genius in my breast ; I felt them as true impartings of my spirit. All is divine imparting, what we learn ; all knowing, is to receive the divine ; it only depends on the confiding innocent conception of our spirit, that we, too, feel the god within us. As I stood for the first time before thee, and thy look touched mine, as with a magic wand, then thou transformedst my will into subduing. I did not think upon any other desire than to remain in that atmosphere of light, in which thy presence had received me, it was my element ; I often have been driven out of it, and always by my own fault. The whole object of life is but the persevering within it, and sin is that which drives us out of it.

Thus we reach bliss, when we know how to maintain ourselves on the road in which we anticipate it. Never had I a more steady conviction of it, than when I had faith in that love of thine. And what is it then, this bliss ? Thou art far off ; when thou rememberest the beloved, thy soul melts in this remembrance, and thus lovingly touches the beloved, as the sun-beams, warming, touch the river ; as the vernal breezes bear the fragrance and blossom-dust to the river, which mingles those beauteous gifts of spring with its waves. If all working in Nature has a spirituous sense of itself, then the river also is as sensible of these fondling touchings, as of the inmost reality of its being. Why should I doubt of this ? Why are we touched by the ecstasies of spring, but because it gives the rhythm by which the mind is enabled to soar up ? So, then, when thou thinkest of me, thou givest the rhythm by which my enthusiasm is enabled to soar up to the conception of its bliss.

Ah, I feel it ; soft shudders run through me, that thou shouldst think of me from afar ; that the comforts, the delights of thy days, should one moment be enhanced by my love. Lo ! so beauteous is the web of my world of thoughts within me ! — who would destroy it ? Music ! every tone in it is essential, — is the germ of a modulation, in which the soul entirely joins ; and as different, as confined in themselves the melodious forms may be, in which this world of thoughts pours itself, yet it feels and inarms all harmony, as the ocean inarms all the streamings.

* * *

So belongs then to our bird-singing, blossom-snowing spring, where the river dances between verdant herbs,

and one heart lives within the other, that cold wind and snow-crossed winter, where the icy gales set my breath in rime at my curls ; when I knew as little what drove me out into the winter-storm, as where the wind came from, and where it hastened to. Alas ! heart and storm-wind hastened forth from these to future days, to meet with thee. Therefore I was hurried so resistlessly out of the mute existence, to meet with that beauteous moment, which should develope my life in all its aspirations, and should dissolve it into music.

* * *

Nothing can be more unlike winter than spring, which, beneath the icy cover, waits for future days. Nothing can be more strange to the germ, inclosed in its seed and hidden in the earth, than light, though it be its sole impulse ; the genius of life bursts forth from the germ to espousal with light.

This joining with a spirit's-world, this intrusting in the secret voice, which led me such strange ways, and gave me but gentle hints, what was it else but involuntary following the spirit, who enticed me, as light entices life.

* * *

My desolate church stood on this side, on the height of a wall, which, deeply descending and inclosing a bleaching green, on the other side was bound by the Main river. While I became giddy at the height of the wall, and fearfully was about to give way, I had involuntarily swung myself on yonder side. I found, in the nightly gloom, little clefts in the wall, into which I squeezed my hands

and feet, and jutting stones, upon which I helped myself down. Without reflecting how I might ascend again, I reached the bottom ; here was a tub, which may have been used for bleaching in summer, and had been forgotten in autumn. I rolled it to the shore and sat down in it, and looked at the driving of the ice ; it was a pleasing, comfortable feeling for me, enframed like a picture, to look into the face of winter-nature. It was as if I had satisfied a hidden claim.

In climbing up, I found just such little gaps and stones beneath my feet as I wanted. Henceforth no weather, no chance, could hinder me ; I overcame all difficulties. Without reflecting upon it, I came to my haunted wall, on which every evening I climbed down, and sitting in my tub, I gazed at the driving of the icy flakes. One of them drove on shore ; I strove no longer against the demoniacal inspirations, — relying on them, I leapt over to it, and let myself be carried down with the ice. Then I leapt upon the next flake, and so on till I sailed down in the midst of the stream. It was a wondrous night ! — why ? — every moment in Nature is wondrous, is prodigious, when it rules in its freeness over the spirit of mankind. I gave myself up to it, and so it became to me the highest event. In the far horizon glimmered a sad red, a dim yellow, which tempered the darkness into twilight ; light captivated in the inarmings of night ! Thither I gazed, thither my icy kidnapper bore me ; and the breeze, which, scarcely raised above the level of the stream, sported and lashed at my feet within the folds of my clothes ; still to-day I feel the kinglike pride within my breast ; still to-day I am lifted by the remembrance of those breezes flattering at my feet ; still to-day I am ardently inspired with the ecstasy of that daring nightly

course ; not as if it were six years ago, but in this very same cold winter-night, in which I am sitting here to write all down, out of love to thee, and to the remembrance of my love. A good way I had let myself drive ; even so without will, as I had swum down the river, I strove back ; I calmly paced from one ice-flake to the other, till I was safe on shore. At home in bed I deliberated, whither those ways would lead me ; I guessed a way leading still further, but not back, and I was curious for the adventures of the next night. On the following day, by chance a journey to town interrupted my nightly spirit-walks. At my return, after three weeks, this mighty charm was broken, and nothing could have induced me to venture them by my own determination. They indeed led a way, those friendly night-spirits, which does not lead back ; they gave me lore ; they would advise me to mind the deepness, the earnestness, the wisdom of my fortune, and to consider its favor only as its resplendence. So is it with mankind ; while their fate offers them a transient enjoyment, they want for ever to abide with it, and thus they omit to intrust in their fortune, which steps forward, and they do not guess that they must part with enjoyment, to hasten after fortune and not leave it out of sight.

* * *

Only this one is bliss, which unfolds the genuine ideal within us ; and only as far as enjoyment lifts the mind into ether, and teaches it to float in unknown regions, it is true bliss to him. Truly, I should like always to be with thee, to behold thy face, to exchange speech with thee ; that delight never would be exhausted. Yet a

secret voice says to me, that it would not be worthy of thee to settle this for my happiness: To hasten onward into the endless ocean, these are the paths, which on the icy way the spirits prescribed to me, on which certainly I shall never lose thee, as thou also dost not return, and on which I never shall overtake thee; and thus, indeed, the only aim of all desire is eternity.

* * *

The journey to town had been occasioned by the war; to escape the conflict of the Austrians and French. It was to be feared that our little paradise in town, with its well-regulated pleasure-grounds, would soon be destroyed by the hoofs of the fighting cavalry. The enemy had only hastily passed over our fields and woods, and crossed the river; the cheerful repose of the coming spring displayed protectingly over the young seed, whose vernal green peeped already through the melting snow, as we returned.

The mighty trunks of the chestnut-alley, — thou knowest them well! many dreams of thy spring-days fluttered here about, vieing with the young brood of the nightingale: how often hast thou sauntered there on thy sweetheart's arm, to meet the rising moon! I may not think of it; thou wilt fully remember the gentle prospects, the busy life on the river by daylight; its calm-whispering reedy-shores in warm summer-nights, and round about its blooming gardens, between which the neat streets are scattered, and wilt also recall its convenience for thy love-affairs. Since that time, the country, the way of living, and the population, too, have undergone a wondrous change; and nobody, who has not seen it,

would believe it ; every one, who with its travelling book in his pocket passes there, coming from a voyage round the world, would think he had been removed into a town of fairy-tales. There, a mysterious tribe, in gaudy, marvellous garments, crowds among the others ; the men with long beards, in purple, in green and yellow robes, with half their robes of different colors ; the beautiful youths and boys in close-fitting waistcoats, bordered with gold ; the breeches half green, half red or yellow, galloping onward, mounted on mettlesome horses, with silver bells on their necks ; or at eventide preluding through the streets on the guitar or flute, till at last they make halt before their sweetheart's window. Imagine all this, and the mild summer-sky vaulted over it, whose horizon bounds a blooming, dancing, and singing world ; imagine the prince of that tribe, with silver beard and white garments, reposing on costly carpets and pillows in the public street before his palace, surrounded by his courtiers, each of whom wears a badge of his office and rank on his strange dress. There he feasts in the open air, opposite the gay gardens ; behind the elegant gratings of which, high pyramids of blooming flowers are raised, and aviaries with fine wire net-work, where the gold-pheasant and the peacock proudly stalk among the cooing doves, and the little singing-birds rejoice ; all surrounded with tender green turf, where many jets of water spring up. The boys, in embroidered garments, bring golden dishes, while music sounds from the open windows of the palace.

We children halted there sometimes in passing by, we gazed and listened to the unison of beautiful youths in song, on the flute and guitar ; but I did not then know, that the world is not everywhere expanded in such a gay loveliness, in so pure a joyousness ; and so

I did not think it wondrous when night came on, and the grandest symphonies were sounding from the neighbour's garden, executed by an orchestra of the most famous artists; when the stately tall trees were ornamented with as many colored lamps, as stars were to be seen in the sky; then I sought for a lonely path, and gazed at the fiery glow-worms, how they crossed each other in flying, and I was surprised at their wonderful shine, and I thought at night of these animals, delighted that I should see them again the next evening; but to see men did not delight me, — they did not shine to me, I did not comprehend nor guess how to sympathize with them. Many a summer-night also the orchestra of wind-instruments swam on the Main, up and down, attended by many barks, in which scarcely a whisper was to be heard, with such a deep earnest did they listen to the music. There I too was rocked on the gentle gliding waves, and I beheld the fitting shadows, and lights, and moon-beams, and let the cool water flow over my hands.

Such was our summer-life, which suddenly was interrupted by the returning scenes of war. There was no possibility of escaping; on the morning, as we awoke, there was the cry, "Down into the cellar! the town is cannonaded, the French have entered the town; the Red-mantles* and the Death-heads† throng on from every side, to drive them out!" There was a flocking in the streets; they told of the Red-mantles, that they never gave quarter; that they cut all down with the

* Hungarian soldiers, commanded by the Austrians.

† Todtenköpfe, the famous Austrian hussars, having a skull as device on their caps.

sword ; that they had horrible moustaches, rolling eyes, blood-red mantles, that the shed blood should not be seen. By and by the shutters were closed, the streets emptied ; and, as the first canon-ball flew through the streets, every one ran to the cellar. We, too, grand-mamma, my aunt, a cousin of eighty years of age, the cook, the chamber-maid, and a male inmate of our house ; there we sat, the time grew tiresome ; we listened, — a bomb fell into our courtyard and burst. That was at least a diversion, but now we had to fear fire might break out. Many things of great value to my grand-mamma, as books and pictures, she remembered of, and longed to see them safe in the cellar. The male inmate demonstrated, that it was impossible now to bring down the picture of Saint John from the upper saloon, as it was much too heavy, a picture which had the marvellous credit to be of Raphael. I silently stole away, went up to the saloon, tore off the heavy picture, slang it over my back by the sling, and thus, before the discussion was finished, I came bouncing down the cellar-stairs, to the astonishment of all, and to the great delight of my grandmamma. I reported, also, that I had looked out of the window in the saloon, and that all was quiet ; I was allowed to save more, and got the keys of the library to fetch works of engravings ; and with joyous haste I ran up stairs, as I had long since wished very much to peep into the library. There were collections of superb shells, rare stones, dried herbs ; there were ostrich-eggs hanging on the walls ; cocoa-nuts, old weapons lying about, a load-stone, on which all sewing and knitting needles remained hanging. There stood boxes with letters, toilets with curious old vessels, and ornaments, egrets with stars of colored stones and dia-

monds. How happy I was to have the key ; I brought down what they wished, took out the key without locking, and promised myself a silent lonely night, in which I would rejoice, examining and contemplating all. The firing had begun again, single horsemen were heard interrupting the awful silence of the streets ; the fright in the cellar increased, but they did not think that I was in danger, I also not ; I forbore to mention that I was without fear ; nay, I did not even feel it, and thus I got the office of attending on all, and caring for every want.

At times I heard horsemen galloping by ; — “ That may be a Red-mantle ! ” I thought, and ran hastily to the window of the ground-floor, opened the shutters, — lo ! there he stood in the midst of the street, with drawn sabre, long flying moustaches, thick black braids, hanging down from under his red fur cap ; the red mantle waved in the air, as he flew down the street, — all in dead silence again ! There a young man in shirt sleeves, with bare head, ghastly pale, spotted with blood, runs to and fro in despair ; rattles at the house-doors ; knocks at the shutters, none is opened ; — but my heart throbs, I make a sign to him, — he does not see it. Now he runs towards me, begging, — suddenly the clatter of hoofs is heard ; he cringes in the recess of the court-gate ; the horseman, who seeking pursues him, passes by him, halts a moment, spies into the distance, turns and gallops off. O ! every look, every movement of the rider and his horse, stood deeply impressed within my brain ! The poor terror-struck youth comes forth, and on the weak child’s arm he swings himself into the sheltering walls. In a wink the rider is there again ; he gallops on to me, I do not move from the window, he asks for water, — I hasten to the kitchen to fetch him

some; after he has drunk, and I have seen him ride down the street, then I close the shutters, and now I look after my rescued booty. If the Red-mantle had raised himself in his stirrups, he would have discovered my rescued man;—trembling he kissed my hands, and said in a low voice: "*O mon dieu! mon dieu!*"—I laughed for joy; but then I burst out into tears, for I was affected of having become the rescuer of a man, without deliberating and being conscious of it. And thou also!—does it not affect thee?—does it not delight thee, that I succeeded?—more than all the flatteries, I could say thee?—"*Sauvez moi, cachez moi!*" he said, "*Mon père et ma mère prieront pour vous!*"

I took him by the hand and led him in silence quietly over the court-yard to the wood-house; there I examined his wound; I could not wash the blood off, as I had no water, and did not venture to fetch any, as our neighbour Andree, whom you will remember, had ascended to his observatory to watch the tumult of war, and could have perceived me. One single way I had found out, I licked the blood off, for I thought it not fine to wash it off with my spittle; he allowed me to do as I would. Softly and smoothly I drew off his sticking hair,—suddenly a hen with great clamor flew down from the piles of wood; we had frightened her from the spot where she was went to lay her eggs. I climbed up to fetch the egg, and put its inward white skin on the wound. It will have healed, I trust! Now I hastened again down into the cellar; one of my sisters was asleep, the other prayed for fear. Our grandmamma was writing her testament on a little table by candlelight; my aunt had made tea. I got the keys of the pantry, to fetch some wine and cold meat; then I thought, too, of the wants

of my poor prisoner; and brought him some wine and bread. Thus the day and the danger went over; we left the cellar, my secret began to pinch me; I observed every step of the inmates. I helped the cook in the kitchen, I fetched water and wood for her, under the pretext it might still be dangerous out of doors; she allowed me to do it. At last night came on; and, as the neighbour had reported, that nothing was to be apprehended at present, we went to sleep, which we were so much in want of. My bed-room was next to grand-mamma's, from thence I could observe the wood-house, which was lighted by the moon. I now arranged my plan: firstly a dress was to be procured, to conceal his being a soldier. How lucky that I had left open the library! a hunter's coat and cap were hanging there, — of what cut, — old or new fashioned, — I did not know. Like a ghost, I glided in my stockings past my aunt's room; silently I brought the dress down, that the metallic buttons might not clatter; he put it on, and it fitted him exactly, — God made it to fit him! and the hunter's cap too. The money which I sometimes got, I used to put under the pillow of a leathern arm-chair, as I did not know how to spend it. I examined the chair and scraped together a sufficient sum, which I gave to my rescued youth as a score-penny. Now I led him through the moonlit and blossom-breathing garden: we walked slowly hand in hand behind the poplar-row, to the wall where the nightingale every year made his nest in the rose-hedge; it was just that time, but no help! — this year it must be disturbed. Then he would thank me; he took me on his arms, and lifted me up high; he threw off his cap and put his bandaged head into my bosom; what could I do? — I had my arms free, I

folded them over his head in a prayer : he kissed me, climbed over the rose-hedge-wall into a garden, which led to the river Main, from thence he could get over, as there were boats on the shore.

There are unexpected events, they are forgotten, as if they were never expected, and then only when they rise anew out of the fountain of memory, their significance will be guessed, — it is as if an emergency in life was required, to teach us how to feel their importance ; there are other occurrences, for which we ardently wait, and they glide as smoothly and indifferently over, as the trickling water. When thou askedst me, who had given me the first kiss, which I clearly remembered, my thoughts swerved to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, till at last this shape of my rescued came forth brisk and plain, and in this echoing of my feelings I first became aware how deep a trace they left behind within me. There are also thoughts lightsome as beams, which but for a moment bestow the sense of brightness and then vanish ; but I believe indeed, that they will be everlasting, and touch us again in the moment when our ethical strength becomes so much enhanced, as to enable us to comprehend them. I believe, to doom ourselves, or if thou likest, to make war against all powers, is the best way to share in higher thoughts. There is a sort of rabble also in the spirit, which crushes all zeal of inspiration, and usuriously extends itself ; to this belong all sort of claims on the outer world. The mind which expects any thing without itself, never will acquire it from within itself ; all incitement, which from without becomes an offence, can become a virtue from within ; — the sense that in touching the outside of life, instantly shoots out into vanity, reserved in the inmost soul, will

shape itself a subduing to beautyousness. And so perhaps every perverseness proceeds thence, because its excitement fails in its satisfying. All claims, all allure-
 { ment, all passion, shall be satisfied only by the divine ;
 and shall not become the slave of passion, but of our
 sublimer nature.

When I behold myself, and my doing and my aspiring, then I am instantly struck with thoughts, of which I feel they have a settled reference to a settled appearance within me. As certainly also in the different epochs of the plant's life, their nutriment adopts a diverse spiritual direction ; that for instance in blooming, their food, which indeed consists in the self-same elements, intends a metamorphosis, enhanced within itself, — for this nutriment shows itself in the life of the plant, no longer merely vegetating : but perfuming, fragrant, inspirited with the plant's spirit. Thoughts of this kind bless me, when I make peace with myself, and accept of slumber, as conciliating myself. Thus I felt last night before sleeping, as if my own mind was in love with me, and then I slept tranquillity deep into my soul ; and awoke from moment to moment, and became aware of thoughts. Without meditating further on them, or exploring their contents, nay, without comprehending many of them, I wrote them down with a pencil, and instantly I slept on ; but soon after they awakened me again ; these thoughts were like exclamings of my soul, in the sensations of becalming. I will copy them here, as I have learned them. If they are of worth and contents, I will not consider ; but always they aver a spirit, even in sleep alive and active. I believe, that each doing has its endless inferences ; that truth grants us enjoyment, that therefore every enjoyment has a truth as its deepest foundation ;

that therefore every enjoyment is legitimised by its truth.

I believe that all presensions are reflectings of truth.

The spirit is eye! — the more sharp-sighted it is, the more pervading will it guess, and the more pure the mirror-shape of truth comes forth in the senses. The multifariousness shall lead to oneness. The mirror embraces all within one glance.

Light brings forth the manifold living and striving into oneness, into the realm of the divine.

Philosophy is the symbol of passion between God and mankind.

Love is a metamorphosis of the divinity.

Every thought is the blossom of a plant; what is then its fruit? — its influence upon the mind is its fruit.

The sense of genuine spirit requires innocence. It is only with the innocent Psyche that the spirit will confer.

Spirit restores offended innocence. To taste the fruit of spirit, makes innocent, and that is the effect of its fruit.

The sensual is symbol of the spiritual, is the mirror of a truth, not as yet born in spiritual experience.))

Spiritual experience is developed life. Are we possessed of the spiritual truth, then the sensual is dissolved.

All that is sensual is not comprehended; by comprehending it, it becomes spiritual.

Spiritual development gives great pains; it avers the spirit's relation to the senses.

Spirit, which excites not pain, is life after birth.

Often the spirit dies, its death is sin; but it arises again to life; to rise from death gives pain.

Spirit is an enchanter, it performs all! when with the full fancy of love I step before thee, then, indeed, thou art there.

What is magic ? — to make the truth of our sensations be of value.

Longing is ever in the right; but mankind often misinterprets it.

Man has adopted a sensual body, within it to become sentient of truth ; the earthly is there, that the divine become manifested by it.

All working of Nature is but an instinct, to follow the track of truth.

Truth has no body ; but sensual life tracks its way.

Sometimes I am in the mood to avert myself from thee, as I comprehend thee with my senses ; and to lay claim to the divine mystery of thy existence ; and then I feel, that all diverging inclinations dissolve into one.

Certainly ! love is the instinct of a higher partnership, of the same divine nature with the beloved. Therefore, love excludes all diverging inclinations.

When first we become aware, that all outward eyes are one inly eye that beholds us, then we do all for the sake of the inly eye, for we want to be seen in our secret doing of beauteousness.

Our impulse to do beauteously, is the impulse to appear agreeable to the inward eye. Therefore, the impulse for value and glory is a perverse satisfying of this innate, indestructible propensity, its origin is of a divine source. What is to us all glory of the world, what the prestigious applause of an ignorant crowd, when we do not come off with glory before the eye of the inly genius ; when our beauty is annihilated before it ! — I will only exist for my own beauteousness, I will do homage only to it, for it is the beloved himself.

When we explain the glance of the inner eye, then we have art and knowing.

All knowing shall raise itself to art, it shall as innocently imitate truth as does art ; and so it becomes a mirror of truth, an image, in which we become aware of truth.

Thinking is an immediate imitation of truth ; it is not truth itself, it has no body, it has but an appearance.

Search for truth within thyself, then thou promotest to find it and to lose thyself in it.

In thine inly being thou wilt be aware of a vivid agitating, as the agitating of water ; it is nought but an agitating to dissolve one's self in truth.

All life dissolves itself in a higher truth, passes over into a higher truth ; should it be otherwise, then it would be dying.

Beauteousness is a dissolving of the sensual perception in a higher truth ; beauteousness does not die, it is spirituousness.

All disharmony is untruth.

When thou wilt sleep, then yield to thy inner moon. Sleep in the moonlight of thy own nature ! I believe that will bring forth and nurse thy mind, as the moonlight nurses and promotes the mind of the plants.

He who by his own means subdues his spirit to Nature, for him is no death.

Spirit must become so powerful, that it shall not feel the death of the body.

Spirit needs not to think, and may yet be powerful only by the pureness of its will.

To behold in all only one's self, to have the purest mind to one's self, by this the spirit is powerful.

Also, the sensual sleep shall be enjoyed, so that it may become a spirituous balm.

Perhaps spirituous wealth may be transferred like earth-

ly ; perhaps the spirits impart their efficacy to their descendants ! “ I am aware in thy thought, of what spirit thou art the child.” This is a proverb, which assents to my remark.

Growing is the feeling that primeness forces its way to its origin, into eternity.

Genius, alone, can restore the hurt innocence. O, come genius, to make peace with me.

Here a deeper sleep overcame me. In the morning I found the sheets filled with this writing ; scarcely I remembered it, but very distinctly did I remember this night's cheerfulness ; and that I had a sensation, as rocking must be to the child in the cradle, and I thought I should like often to dream so.

Now I will tell thee, also, the story of my second kiss ; it followed almost immediately upon the first : and what dost thou think of thy girl, that she is become so light-minded ? — yes, that once I was very lightly minded, and indeed to a friend of thine. The bell rings, hastily I spring to open the door ; a man in black dress, of stern appearance, with somewhat inflamed eyes, enters ; — even before announcing his name, or saying what is his business, he kisses me ; even before I bethink myself, I give him a box on the ear, and only then I looked furiously in his face and became aware of a friendly countenance, which seems not at all frightened, and not irritated at my proceeding. To escape my dilemma, — for I did not know if I had done right or wrong, — I quickly open to him the doors of my grand mother's apartments. Then my surprise suddenly was changed to fright, when I heard her exclaim, in great ecstasy : “ Herder, my Herder ! Is it possible, that your way should have led you into this whimsical crick-

et-but ? — be a thousand times embraced ! ” — and here followed these thousand inarmings, during which I gently sneaked away, and wished that in the throng of caresses the *one* might be drowned, which was replied to him with a box on the ear. But, not so ! — he forgot neither kiss nor flap ; fast enchained to the heart of my grandmother by her embracing arms, he leered over her shoulder upon the grandchild, making to her a beseeching reproach. I instantly understood him, and made also intelligible to him, he should not accuse me, or I would avenge it, and I escaped beyond the antechambers. But Herder had no longer devotion for my grandmother ; for her beautiful remembrances of Switzerland, for her account of the correspondence with Julia Bondeli, for her flattering speeches and enthusiastic encomium, for her notices of the literary public. To all this he replied, if she would not let him see her grandchildren ? Then we three sisters were solemnly presented to him, and also instructed by my grandmother, what an event of high moment it was for us, to see this great philosopher and first professor of theosophy in all Germany, and receive his benediction. He was also not at all slow, and hastened towards me, laid his hand upon my head, under which I threateningly looked at him, and with a solemn and slow voice he said : “ *This one seems to be very independent ; as God has endowed her with this strength as a weapon for her fortune, may she then use it without disturbance, that all submit to her daring will, and no body may have a mind, to break her mind.* ” A little astonished was my grandmother at this strange benediction, but still more so, that he did not bless my sisters, who were her darlings. We were dismissed and went into the garden ; — at that time we were, by the

taste of my grandmother, dressed in the manner of English girls, in white frocks, with sashes of blue and white flamed silk ; they were tied on the back in knots which, displayed in their full breadth, seemed like the wings of a butterfly. While I was working at my flower-bed, somebody caught me by these wings ; it was Herder. "Lo ! little Psyche," said he, "with the wings thou enjoyest freedom, when thou knowest the right time to make use of them ; but by the wings thou shalt also be seized, and what wilt thou give me, if I release thee ?" He demanded a kiss ; I made a courtesy and kissed him, without making the least observation.

The kiss of the rescued Frenchman was wholly in sympathy with my feeling, I came half way to meet it, and yet it was instantly forgotten ; but in this moment, six years after, this kiss arises as a new appearance out of the depth of my memory. The kiss of Herder was accepted on my part without my will, or rather against my will, and however I have not forgot it ; and in the first time I could not overcome the impression of it, it pursued me also in my dreams ; often I felt as if I had bestowed something, against my will, often I was surprised that this great man of so high renown had so urgently asked me to kiss him ; it was an enigmatical experience. Herder, after he had kissed me, looked at me so very solemnly, that a shivering overcame me ; the enigmatical name Psyche, whose signification I did not understand, conciliated me in some way to him, and as often a fortuitous event unminded passing by many a one, most deeply touches *one* of them, and gets a lasting interest for him, thus to me this incomprehended word *Psyche* was a talisman, which led me on towards an in-

visible world, in which I fancied myself comprehended by this name.

Thus Amor gave me a lesson of A B C, and within my honeysuckle-arbour, in which the spiders all around me spread nets to the winged crowd of insects, the winged little Psyche sighed about this problematical lesson.

Alas, master ! — in the beginning of the year the sun is mild; he flatters the young germs, then he shifts the shoot and becomes still more cogent; the bud cannot inclose itself again in the cool closet of unconscious darkness; its blossom falls as a sacrifice to the glowing beam, which had first allured it.

Third Kiss.

The blind Duke of Aremburg, the *beauteous*, whose lineaments exalted bore the hallowed stamp of legitimacy, would against my own will give me this kiss; but I was as the waving flower is in the wind, where the butterfly vainly dances round it. Let me tell and paint with these bright hues from the child's color-shells, with which I then still illustrated my world and understood it; and thou also wilt understand and rejoice to look with me in that mirror, in which I perceive myself and the genius, which summons me to thee.

He was *beauteous*, the Duke ! — *beauteous* for the large-vaulted infant-eye, which had not yet beheld a countenance, whose features streamed forth genius. When for hours he sat with my grandmother, and let her relate to him, then I would stand near him and stare at him; I was sunk in contemplation at those pure sub-

lime lineaments, which never are bestowed on common man.

This pure stern brow, whose midst was left as a hearth for the divine glow of wrath ; this nose, still more sublime, bold, and defying than his awful fate ; these fine moist lips, which before all expressed command and authority, which drank air and sighed out the deepest melancholy ; these delicate temples, gliding down to the cheeks and to the turned up chin like Minerva's brazen helmet ! — Let me paint, Goethe ! — from my little color-shells, it will be so beautiful ! look at those gaudy contrasting colors, which the philosophical painter avoids, but I, the child, paint thus ; and thou, who smilest to the child as to the stars, and in whose inspiration infant simplicity mingles with the prophet-look of the wise, rejoice then in the gaudy bright colors of my fancy.

Such he was, the beauteous, blind Duke ; such he is still now in the magic mirror of remembrance, which holds fettered the images of my childhood, and strings them in rows of pearls, and lays them down as an offer to thy feet ; thus his figure was often bent down in grief for his blinded youth, then proudly erect, with serene scornfulness ; with irony he smiled, when he turned up to light his deep-sunk eye-stars. There I stood and stared at him, as the shepherd's-boy, fully obvious of his flock and his dog, stares at Prometheus, forged to the solitary rock, unlamented by the averted world. There I stood and sucked in the pure dew, which the tragic muse sprinkles from her urn, to quench the dust of meanness ; — whilst I was absorbed in deep, unconscious reveries at him. It was in his twentieth year ; in the wild, ardent joyance of youth, in the feeling of his overwhelming

beauty, and in the secret consciousness of all that stood at its command, that on his birth-day, as he was to join the chase, he jumped over the table, with his spur pulled to the ground the table-cloth, with service and set of plate, dashing them to pieces, to throw himself on the neck of his dearest friend, to embrace him, and talk over a thousand adventures. They separated at the chase, and the first shot which the friend fired, struck out both the eye-balls of the Duke.

I never pitied the Duke, I never was conscious of his misfortune ; such as I beheld him, he appeared to me entirely to agree with himself and his fate. When I heard others say, “ What a pity, that the Duke is blind ! ” I did not feel with them, I rather thought, “ What a pity that you all are not blind, to prevent your comparing the meanness of your features with these ! ” Yes, Goethe ! Beauty is the seeing eye of God ; God’s eye, on what object it reposes, calls forth beauty ; and though the Duke’s eyes had no light, — he was betrothed to the divine light by beauteousness, and this is by no means the most bitter fate.

When I thus stood at his side, and, lost in reveries, I sighed with him, then he asked : “ *Qui est là ? — Bettine ! amie ! — viens que je touche tes traits, pour les apprendre par coeur !* ” and then he took me on his knees, and glided with his finger over my brows, over my nose and lips, and he said to me fine words of my eyes glowing, as if he could behold them. Once I drove with him from Frankfort to Offenbach, to pay a visit to my grandmother. I was sitting at his side ; he asked if we were still in the town, if there were houses and people near us ? — I said, “ No, we were in the country.” Suddenly his countenance changed, he seized me, and pressed

me to his heart ; I was afraid, and, quick as lightning, I slipped from his embrace, and stooped down into the corner of the carriage ; he sought me, I laughed secretly that he could not find me. Then he said, “ *Ton coeur est-il si méchant pour mépriser, pour se jouer d'un pauvre aveugle ?* ” Then I was frightened at the offence of my pertness ; I returned to his side and allowed him to draw me near him, to press me violently to his heart, but my face I turned aside and gave him my cheek, when he sought for my lips. He asked me if I had a confessor, and if I would tell him that he had kissed me. I said, roguishly, if he thought that would please my confessor, I would do so. “ *Non, mon amie, cela ne lui plaira pas, il n'en faut rien dire, cela ne lui plaira absolument pas, n'en dites rien à personne.* ” In Offenbach I told my grandmother, that the Duke had kissed me, then she looked at me and said, “ *Child ! a blind man, a poor man !* ” In driving home he asked me, if I had told my grandmamma that he had kissed me ? — “ Yes ! ” I said. Well, was grandmamma angry ? “ No ! ” “ *Et bien ? est ce qu'elle n'a rien dit ?* ” — “ oui ! ” — “ *et quoi ?* ” — “ a blind man, a poor man ! ” — “ *O oui !* ” he cried, “ *elle a bien raison !* ” a blind man, a poor man ! ” and then he exclaimed, again and again, “ A blind man, a poor man ! ” till at last he burst into a loud cry of woe, which pierced my heart like a sword ; but my eyes remained dry, while tears fell from his dead ones. Since that time a solemn monument has been raised to the Duke within my heart.

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We had a beautiful garden before the house, symmetry and cleanliness were its chief ornaments ; on both sides the espaliers were covered with exotic fruit-trees ; in the middle walk these trees stood so nobly, so high, so free from every fault ; in autumn their lithy boughs, heavily laden, bent to the ground. It was as still in this garden as in a temple ; at the entrance there was a pond on either side, with flower-isles in the midst of them ; high poplars bounded the garden and accommodated with the trees in the neighbouring gardens. Pray, fancy how I fared there, how all was so plain, and how I became conscious of thee.

What works within my heart, when I call to mind how the little blossom-catkins of the poplars, and those brown, clammy shells of the buds, showered down on me ; how I sat there so calmly and watched the striving tendrils of the young vine-branches ; how the sun-beams shone on me, the bees around me hummed, the beetles buzzed to and fro, the spider hung its net before me in the trellis of the arbour. In such an hour I became first aware of thee. Then I listened, then I heard from afar the bustle of the world ; then I said to myself : “ Thou art out of this world, but with whom art thou ? ” Who is with thee ? Then I thought of near and far, there was nothing that belonged to me. Then I could conceive nothing, imagine nothing, that could be mine. Then by chance, or was it written so in the stars, thy appearance came forth ; I never had heard any thing about thee but blame. They had said in my presence, “ Goethe is no more as he was ; he is proud and haughty ; he knows no more his old friends, his beauty has mightily waned, and he looks not as nobly as formerly. Much was spoken in this way by my aunt and grandmother, which was to thy

prejudice. I had heard it without attending to it, for I did not know who thou wast.

Now in this solitude and secluded stillness, beneath the trees which just were to bloom, these speeches occurred to me, and I saw in my mind how those men who would criticise thee, were wrong ; and I said to myself, "No ! he is not unbeauteous, he is thoroughly noble ; to me he is not haughty ; he defies only the world, which bustles without ; but to me, who thinks friendly of him, he is kind ;" and at once I felt as if thou likedst me, and I fancied myself inclosed in thine arms, and parted by thee from the whole world ; and within my heart I searched for thee, and had friendly intercourse with thee in thought ; and from this came afterwards my jealousy : when any one spoke of thee, or uttered thy name, it was as if they had called thee to come out of my breast. Do not forget, Goethe, how I learned to love thee ; that I knew nothing of thee, but that thou wast maliciously mentioned in my presence. My aunt spoke of thy freethinking, and that thou didst not believe in the devil ; in that same moment I also did not believe in the devil, and was wholly thine ; and I loved thee, without knowing that thou wast the poet, of whom the world expected so great things ; *that* I heard later ; *then* I only knew that people blamed thee, and my heart said, "No, he is greater, more beauteous, than all ;" and then I loved thee with ardent love until to-day, and I defied the whole world until to-day, and turned away from every one who spoke about thee ; I could not hearken to it. But when at last I could understand thy glory, great grief expanded my breast ; in tears I laid my face upon the first book of thine that came into my hands ; it was the *Meister* ; * my brother Clem-

* Wilhelm Meister, renowned as the first German novel.

ens had brought it to me. As I was alone, I opened the book; there I read thy name; this I beheld as if it were thyself. There on the grass-seat, where a few days before I had thought of thee for the first time, and gave thee shelter within my heart, here a created world of thine streamed towards me; here I found Mignon,* when she speaks with the friend, when he takes her into favor; — then I felt thy presence; I laid my hand upon the book, and I fancied as if I stood before thee and touched thy hand; it was always so silent and so solemn when I was alone with the book; and now the days passed, and I remained faithful to thee. I have never thought on other things with which I would fill my time; thy songs were the first which I learned; ah, how richly hast thou endowed me for this inclination to thee; how was I astonished, how was I struck with the beauty of their sound, and their contents; which then I could not yet conceive, as I learned to understand them! — what has all this stirred up within me; what have I felt and enjoyed, and what events have I passed through! How often has jealousy towards these songs excited me; and in many of them I felt myself sung and blessed. Yes, why should I not dream myself blessed? — what higher reality is there than the dream? Thou never wilt find in the bosom of the longed-for bliss, what thou hadst dreamed of it. Years pass by, while one weens himself near the other, and yet the genuine nature will never venture to come to light; the first moment of a free, absolute movement divides friendship and love. The eternal, inexhaustible source of love is, that it carries mysteries within its clear undulations. The endless in the spirit, so covetous for

* The beloved child in this novel.

longing, is, indeed, that spirit offers eternal enigmas. Therefore, my friend, I dream; and none of wisdom's lessons so deeply penetrate me with ever new inspiration, as these dreams do; for they rely not on delusion, but on the sacred necessity of love.

My first perusing of thy works! — I did not understand them; but the sound, the rhythm, the choice of words, to which thou confidedst thy spirit, *those* ravished me, without having comprehended their meaning. Yes, I might assert, that I was much too deeply engaged with thee, to let the story of thy poetry intrude itself between us. Alas! nobody had told me of thee, that thou wert the greatest, the only man among all; *that* I discovered myself, as I learned by and by to understand thy books. How often did I then feel shamed by these potent inspirations; there I stood and spoke in the mirror with myself: "He knows nothing of thee; in this hour other bells ring to him, which call him here and there; he is cheerful, the present one is to him the most beloved; poor child! his heart does not call thee." Then my tears flowed; then I consoled myself, and was awed before this love, as before something wholly sublime. Yes, it is true, a loftier being dwells within us; we shall follow submitting to its will, and to none other shall we build altars and bring sacrifices; nothing shall happen *out* of it; we shall know of no happiness but alone *within* it.

So I have loved thee in complying to this internal voice. I was blind and deaf to all *that* happened; no spring-feast and no winter-feast was celebrated by me; upon thy books, which I ever would read, I laid my head, and clasped a circle with my arms around them, and so I slept a sweet slumber; meanwhile my sisters, in beautiful dresses, visited the balls, and I longed always to get sooner

to sleep, only to be there where I was nigher to thee. Thus time passed between my sixteenth and eighteenth year: then I came to thy mother; with her I spoke of thee, as if thou wast amidst us: then I came to thee, and since then thou knowest indeed, that I never ceased to dwell with thee within a circle, which a mighty charm draws around us. And since then thou knowest every event of my heart and mind; therefore I can say to thee nothing as only, "Draw me to thy heart, and keep me on it thy whole life."

Good night! To-morrow I go to the Wetterau.

* * *

Journey to the Wetterau.

How it looks here I must describe thee. A wide plain, all corn on every side, as if the earth was a round plate, yet with a brim; for the plain around softly swells up-hill, alternately encircled by forests and by mountain-peaks. Here I am, standing in the middle, among the undulating crop. If I had bow and arrows, and were to shoot from the centre in whatever direction, my arrow would fly to an old castle. I stroll to every side, and where a castle appears, thither I wander; then I have to leap over many a ditch, to wade through many brooks, to cross woods, to climb over steep rocks; if there were abysses, rapid torrents, deserts, and giddy precipices, I would be the most daring adventurer. On every old ruin, a dwelling of man is plastered on, like a swallow's nest, where curious old people live, cut off from most relations with their fellow-men, and yet endowed with a heart-touching look, as if piercing through the clouds. Yester-

day we walked a whole hour, through finely arranged vine-walks, till we arrived at the steep hill, where the walls of the fortification begin, which can only be climbed up by bold and skilful leaps. There, on the top, some compassionate pear-trees remain standing; oaks, with their large broad roof of leaves, and a lime-tree in the floating, sultry steam of its blossoms. Amidst this venerable society, the witnesses of former days, an old man with silver-hair was lying on spare turf, and slept. The green fruit, which had fallen from the trees, was lying gathered by his side; from his hands had probably fallen the worn out, open prayer-book, upon which a black dog, with glowing eyes, had rested his nose; he threatened to bark, but remained silent, lest he should wake his master: we, too, went round the little space in a wider circle, to show the dog that we had no bad intention. I took a loaf of white bread from my basket, and some wine; I ventured as near as the dog allowed me, and put it down. Then I went to the other side and took a glance at the valley; it was trimmed with silver-ribands, which crossed the green meadows; the black forest encircled it, the distant mountain-tops watched over it; the flocks wandered over the pasture-ground; the sun followed the flock of clouds, reluctant in his lustre, and left the pale moonsickle alone, there above the black forest of firs. Thus I walked round the castle, and saw up and down, everywhere, wonderful images, heard melancholy sounds, and felt the low, awful breathing of Nature; she sighed, she woefully fawned round me, as if she would say, "Weep with me!" O! what is *my power*? what can I give her?

When I returned, I saw, in passing, the old man under the tree, eating the white bread I had laid near him, and

his dog, which was sitting upright before him, and looked into his mouth.

* * *

Opposite lies another castle ; there dwells, as a companion, an old woman surrounded by three grandchildren ; fair cherubs, of whom the eldest is three years, the youngest six months old. She is nearly seventy, and walks on crutches : last year she was still vigorous, as she told us, and had the employment from the schoolmaster of tolling the bells, because the church was on a higher place than the village, and nearer to the old castle-ruin. Her son was a carpenter : in the cold Christmas-time he went to the forest to fell wood, and to work it for a house ; he did not return, — he was frozen in the wood. When they brought her the news, she went down to the wood to see him for the last time, and there she fell down and became lame ; they were obliged to carry her up the steep height, from which she is never more to come down now.

“ Every evening I see the stars, which will shine on my grave, and that rejoices me,” she said. “ I have made peace with all mankind, and with all fate ; the wind may, roaring, pass by, as the Bible says, and throttle the old oaks, or the sun may warm my old limbs, — I accept of all. Peace with all things makes the spirit powerful ; real peace has wings, and lifts man, still in his life-time, high above the earth, to heaven ; for it is a heavenly messenger, and shows the shortest path ; and says, we shall not rest any where, for that is discord. The straight way to heaven is spirit. *That* is the road which leads beyond, that one understands and conceives every thing. Who murmurs against his fate, does not understand it ; but he who accepts of it in peace, will soon learn to understand it.”

What one has experienced and learned, is always a stage he has made on the way to heaven. Yes, yes ! the fate of man contains all knowledge, and when one has understood every thing in this terrestrial world, he will be able at last, I think, to know our Lord. Nobody learns to understand, but by the inspiration of the holy ghost. By self-revelation one learns to comprehend others' wants. I discover instantly in every man's heart, what burns and what sears him ; and I know, too, when the time comes which heals him. Yes ! I must still daily weep over my dear son, who died by frost ; but, as I know he has completed his earthly way, I have no objection. I read, also, every day, in this book : there all these great truths are written." She gave us an old hymn to read : "O Lord ! Thou leadest me on in gloomy paths, but at the end I behold light." But in this nothing stood of what she had told us, besides some of the principal words.

When we went home, the Giessen students dispersed our melancholy ; they were encamped on the slope of the mountain, in large vine-arbours : they sung, they shouted, glasses and bottles flew down ; they danced, waltzed, and rolled down the mountain, and made the valley resound with their horrible roaring.

* * *

The Nurse's Castle.

Thus I call a little dwelling, which is exactly so large as to satisfy the most simple wants of a single person, in nice comfortable order : it is built with red bricks, on a conical mountain-top, covered with velvet grass. Three years ago it did not yet stand there ; then love

was the only shelter against wind and weather ; there they often came together from spring till autumn, from sunset till sunrise ; they lay there, cheered by the smiling moon, on the flower-turf between silvery mountain-springs ; when winter came, the trumpet of war called him, and Armida remained alone, but not long, then came Amor, the child. She laid him in the cradle, she nursed him with the milk of her bosom, and from the nurse-wages she bought this spot and built the little cottage. She now lives with her gold-curled boy here on high, where she sees far through the valley in the distance, and also can hear in the calm the drum beaten, or the trumpet sounding among the rocks. Perhaps he will return, and discover in seeing the gaudy painted chimney, planted upon the cottage-roof, that the joyous bliss of love is not changed into repentance.

* * *

To-day we went to another castle : it is twenty miles off : its proud, well-preserved towers rise to heaven as if in swearing an oath. It can be seen at many miles distance ; at every quarter of an hour it has another countenance ; now woods appear enclosing it, then soft hills ; many villages swim in the fertile skirts of its long and wide field-vesture, in whose folds they soon are lost again. We were all mounted and armed for the chase. We dined in the wood ; and then pursued a fox, and that detained us. As we arrived, the moon rose between the two towers, but we rode in the dark valley through the rugged streets of the little town ; we spent the night in a large iron-foundery. In the morning at daylight I hurried out ; I meant to surprise my fair one, Nature,

with her eyes shut ; I longed to see how from this side she would look in so sweet a posture. O friend ! — all the flower-cups full of dew-mirrors, one halm paints itself in the pearly ornaments of the other, one floweret sucks its image in the cup of the next ; — and thou ! thy spirit, thy reviving spirit, what can it be but pure dew from heaven, in which all reflects, in purest primitive beauty. Mirror ! — deep knowledge full of wisdom is thy spirit, in which even thyself but reflects ; and all the good mankind is endowed with by thee, is only the mirror of their purest unadulterated nature, — their own *ideality*. Now I returned from my way to the castle, which I had enwheeled twice *in winged race*, as Pindar says. It lies on a round top, covered with short grass, the flock thronged around its dungeons like a fur-collar ; a bleating fur-collar ! I had bread with me, which I distributed among them, as the German emperor did among the Tyrolese ; but they too pressed me, as the Tyrolese did the emperor, and screamed, “ More bread ! more bread ! ba, ba ! ” — I had nothing more, like the emperor : I was in danger to be tumbled down, like him. I broke through them, and in full gallop down the mountain, the whole flock after me also with the barking dog, I arrived at the foot of the mountain before the inn ; there they awoke the whole party of travellers with their bleating, and I assure thee, they would enter the guest’s room by force. I must lock the door ; I think the ram would have forced it open with his horns. Certainly, if the Tyrolese had done thus, the emperor must have provided them with bread ; but they did like the shepherd, who remained thunderstruck on the mountain and saw his flock hurry down. “ You can pen together a thousand foolish tricks, as the shepherd does his flock,”

my brother Francis said, as he saw me arrive, with the flock at my heels.

Till all had made themselves ready to start, I walked about in the cow-house. The yard is immensely large, a whole farm would find place in it; they call from one barn to the other with speaking-trumpet. The cow-house in the middle forms a theatre, a semicircle of smooth cows, at each end closed in by a bull. At the end where I entered, the ox is so friendly and gentle, that he tries to reach every one who comes near him with his tongue, to lick him: he bellowed at me, I would not let him beg in vain, and had my face licked by his foaming tongue; he liked that so much, that he would not leave off. He pasted all the locks together, which your hand always strokes in such fine order.

Now I will describe you the castle, but cursorily; for where I cannot caress in words, I do not like to stay long. It is in better state of preservation than the others; even that of Gelnhausen is not nearly so perfect, and I cannot conceive, why it is not taken more notice of. In former times it belonged to the barons of Muenzeberg, now it has descended to the Counts of Stolberg. The castle is well preserved in its principal walls; in the interior, however, many things are decayed; the parapet is entire, and one can walk on it around the castle. On every side one looks into the fruit-lands, which in the distance ascend to other castle-ruins. Thus between tombs and deserted walls, blooms and ripens the eternal blessing, and man dare only appear there, when blessing is there too, and traces and invests him. The sun wheedlingly gets from our Lord, that he may ripen hundredfold ears for the children of men. The sun and God caress each other, and that is man's happi-

ness, for he who loves, joins in the love of God, and in him and by him the divine blessing also ripens.

In the chapel stand still some columns with their Gothic capitals ; some are lying on the ground, but still safe. One I copy here for thee, but imperfectly. The moonsickle stretches the scutcheon aloft, and forms so the capital, with two interlaced dragons beneath it. People say, that they had golden medals in their jaws ; in that way they are copied in an old chronicle. Another is still much finer ; I would have copied it too, but it was so cold and damp there. Roses, wonderfully carved in the stone, form a wreath ; serpents winding through it, and stretching out their little crowned heads, form a second wreath. It is most beautiful ; I would have brought it thee, could I have taken it with me. While I was drawing, a little serpent came forth from under the grass ; it got up before me, as if it would look how I copied the image of its ancestors, and that frightened me, shuddering, out of this solitariness.

In the outer castle-gate the hinges are still left ; over the inner door on the sollar stands a stone-bearth, encircled by a little brick wall in the form of a niche. There they made the pitch boiling, and poured it through a hole in the midst of the door. Every thing was contemplated, considered, explained ; many things remained unexplained ; the wondering about former times, and that they reached so palpably into ours, made us quite stupidified people : yea, I was afraid this old, coarse-bony time would suddenly come over the moment of presence and swallow it up. O, Goethe, only one thing is of cogent force to me, my being in thee : after *that* come the end of all things.

Shall I take thee further with me on my rambles, or is

it enough of decayed walls, of wilderness which overthrives all; of the ivy, which sprouts out of the cold ground, restless climbs up the desolate wall, till it becomes aware of the sun, and then instantly again descends; longing, with wide-reaching tendrils, for the damp, dusky depth. Yesterday the sky was blue, to-day ruby-died and emeraldly, and there in the west, where it covers the earth, it chases the light in saffron-garb out of its couch. For a moment, desirous love may desport, seeing whole Nature slumbering soak. Yes, I feel it; when night falls in, every little root drinks; in each is an appetite, a desire for food, and this attractive power enforces the earth, which does not refuse to nourish every vital germ: and so lies in each flower-brow fanciful inspiration, that draws down out of the glittering star-droplets dreams embracing it. Walk over a meadow's carpet in stillful, star-fulgid night; there, when thou dost bend down to the green, thou wilt perceive the millions of dream-visions, which crowd there; where one often borrows from the other whim, oddness, and hues; there thou wilt feel, that this dream-world soars up into the bosom of the adverting one, and mirrors itself in thy spirit as revelation. Yes, the beautiful flower of thought has a root; this sucks nurture from the warm, hidden soil of senses, and ascends up to the divine light, to which it opens its eye and drinks it, and wafts its perfume to it; yes, the spirit-flower longs for Nature and God, as does every earth-flower.

FRAGMENTS

From Letters written in Goethe's Summer-house.

Anne 18.

TO-DAY I have seen thee but for a few moments, and, methinks, the whole of life is awaiting to tell thee all. Music, and art, and language ; all I gently might sway, to explain myself therein.

I long for inspiration ; — thou art for what I long ! — Love strives to be inbodied within thee, it will feel itself within the depths of thy spirit.

Thy presence agitates me, as my heart feels the possibility of giving thee a presentiment of my longing.

Thy nearness changes all without and within ; that the breath thou respirest, mingles with the air which also my bosom drinks, that makes it the element of a higher world ; so the walls which surround thee are magnetic ; the mirror, which catches thy shape, the light-beams which graze thee, thy seat, all has a magic ; thou art gone, but this remains and fills thy place. I lie down on the ground where thy feet were standing ; on this spot, on no other do I feel well ! Is that a fancy ? Tears I feel within my breast, thus to think of thee, as I think now ; and this sadness is voluptuousness to me ; in it I feel myself raised above the whole terrestrial life, and that is my religion. Certainly, the beloved is the element of my future life, in which it engenders itself, in which it lives and nurses itself. O ! had I spirit ! had I *that*, what mysteries would I impart thee !

Revelation is the only want of the spirit ; for the sublimest is ever the onliest want.

. Spirit can only be struck by revelation ; or, rather, all becomes revelation of it.

Thus, spirit must imparadise itself. Nothing without the spirit. Heaven and bliss within it. How far must inspiration ascend till it raises itself to heaven !

When the whole life becomes the element of spirit, then it has power over heaven.

The key to the higher life is love, it prepares for freedom ; freedom is spirituous life.

Thinking is inspiration of freedom.

He has spirit or is spirituous, who recovers himself. Inspiration insists, that man recover himself. When thou inspiritest me, thou demandest thyself from me, and my inspiration tends to give thee to thyself. True love bestows the beloved on himself. How very true is that, as I can only think thyself, and yet bestow all thoughts on thee.

What is, to love ? The warder aloft calls out the nigh morning-hour. The brisk mind slumbering, pre-sages the coming day ; it breaks forth from its dream-world into the young day's inarmings of light. *That* is love's power, that all is reality that before was a dream ; and that a divine spirit enlightens life to him awoke within love, as does the young day to him awoke out of the dream-world.

Love is comprehending, and that is possessing.

When the seed lies in the earth it requires earth ; once stirred up to life, it would die if taken out of it.

Within the earth seed first changes into life, and in germinating earth first becomes spirit.

When thou lovest, thou urgest forth to light, as does the seeds that were hidden within the earth.

Why does Nature hide the seed within the lap of earth,

ere she releases its life forth to light ? — Life, also, lies in the hidden lap of the spirit, ere in the germ of love it comes to light. The soil from which love germinates is mystery.

Mystery is of phantasy the instinct. He whose spirit is endowed with this instinct, has the arable land for the germ of love.

Phantasy is the free art of truth.

And here powerful thoughts could be imparted, did not weariness overcome me ; I must be content that I feel how, in slumber, phantasy becomes mediator between heavenly wisdom and earthly spirit.

Every thought has wings, and flies to him who prompts it ; every breath a thought, flying to the beloved ; only what loves, is thought and flies, — yes, thoughts are spirituous birds.

Were I not in bed I would write more, but my pillow draws me down.

In thy garden it is so beautiful ! — All my thoughts are bees, — they rush in through the window from thy fragrant garden, that I opened to let them in ; there they deposit their honey, which they have gathered in thy garden full of blossoms. And though it be late, and past midnight, yet they still arrive, one by one, and hum around me, and wake me from sleep ; — and the bees of thy garden, and the bees of thy spirit, hum in concert about me.

Love is comprehending ; beauty is the mystery of this comprehension ; and so deep is this mystery, that it imparts itself to none but the loving one. Do believe it, nobody knows the mystery of thee as I do ; that means, nobody loves thee as I love thee.

Again, a little bee ! — “ *Thy beauty is thy life,* ” — it

wanted to hum more, but the wind drove it back out of the window again.

That in thy garden I sleep for a night, that, indeed, is a great event in my life; thou hast spent here many a glorious hour, alone and with friends, and now I am alone here musing on all, — and I gaze on all this in my mind. Alas, and as to-day, before I entered the lone, silent house, I still ascended the mountain to the uppermost tree, overgrown with such a manifold verdure, all managed by thy hand, spreading its branches sheltering over the stone, on which is engraved the vow of remembrance! There, on the summit, I stood, quite alone; the moonlight stole gently through the foliage; I searched for the letters carved in the bark. Alas, good night! —

If I steal any longer the dreams from sleep, then my thoughts will become foam.*

* * *

There above I saw thy house illumined. I thought, if by this light thou awaitedst me, and if I traced down the cool moonlit-path, with so well prepared a heart, and stepped in to thee, how friendly thou wouldst receive me. Till I was come down, my fancy imposed on me, that thou couldst possibly be there; and though I was persuaded that this light burnt alone within my solitary closet, (for I had indeed kindled the light myself,) yet I timidly opened the door; and as I became aware of this silent loneliness, — on the table the dried plants, the stones and fossils, and the butterflies; and the awful gloom that played with

* German proverb: Träume sind Schäume: dreams are foams.

the rays of the lamp! — and, as I entered there, I remained leaning on the door, and first took breath.

And now I lie on this little couch to sleep; the bed is hard, only a straw-sack and a woollen blanket; and, to cover myself, a gray quilt, worked with flowers; and none knows that I pass this night here, but thou, alone.

Terrestrial youth is unconscious; it bursts from the bud, its disclosing is its aim. Consciousness of youth is rather supersensual youth.

In *thee* I am conscious of my youth. I behold them all, the golden days I lived within thee; crowned, each of them, with wondrous blossoms; proud, loftily pacing along, with ardent-brisk spirit; untouched, chaste, flying before vulgarity into higher regions. A mild light irradiates them, it is the evening-light of thy life. Alas, and to-day is also one of them, it joins the array of the expired ones, majestic! triumphant! — though I am alone here in the deserted house, not ready for my reception, — the traces of the past winter are still here.

Spirit dives into youth as into ocean; youth becomes its element, in it spirit becomes love. Youth gets the spirit suitable to eternity, which is eternal youth.

I believe in thy presence within this solitary chamber; I believe that thou hearkenest to me, that thou dost advert to me; I speak with thee; thou askest and I reply.

Every one aspires after youth, because the want of spirit is development in love.

[After having slept a little while.]

Nothing is strange to genius, all is element to him. In love, one is genius to the other, and one becomes element to the other.

Thou art my element; within thee I can flutter with my

wings, and this is solely comprising, solely sensing, solely having thee.

Though thou mayest a thousand times long out of thyself, thou never wilt recover thyself, unless by effusing thyself into another; thou never wilt be in another, unless he be in thee.

Thinking beholds and touches, it is most sensuous contact with the mind of the bethought one.

When spirit changes into music, then philosophy becomes sensation.

Again and again I have wrapped myself in this grey quilt, and when I want to sleep, I must stretch forth my hand to write a line.

Is it true, that there is a magic of life, which begets itself by dint of self-enlightening? who, then, would stand out of the circle of its spell?

Good night! — at thy feet I shall sleep it away.

Yes! — I will believe that thou art here; and will not stretch my hand out to reach thee, not to frighten thee from me, — and yet thou touchest me; — the air changes; — the glimmering of the lamp, — the shadows, — every thing gets intimation.

* * *

August 28th.*

This day we pass over in silence. To me thou art from ever. Who would disown that the stars dominate us? — thou wert complying to their influence, and so they elevated thee to themselves. I know all! secretly they dispose thee, that thou must be favorable to me; I behold within thy look, thou art content of me.

* The 28th of August; Goethe's birth-day.

Thou sayest nought, thou closest thy lips as firmly as if thou wert afraid they would talk against thy will. Goethe ! it is enough to me what thy look utters, also when it does not rest upon me. Yesterday, as I stood behind thee and rustled with the paper, thou lookedst around ; indeed I became aware of it, I got softly out and did not quite shut the door ; I saw thee seize the letter and then went away, — I would not watch thee any longer ; a fitting shiver came over me as I weened, thou wouldst now read what I had shaped to thee last night. How rapturing, Goethe ! — to think, now he accepts of these wheedling speeches ; now his mind friendly regrants what I have invented for him. It is beauteous, what I say to thee ; love-spirits they are that speak with thee, they jubilant enwheel thy head.

Wilt thou know how my fancy shapes thee to me to-day ~~yes~~ on thy birth-day ? — on the ocean-shore, on the golden throne-chair, in the white woollen garb, the purple spread beneath thy feet ; from afar the white sails studding the high sea, swelling in the gale, flying briskly past each other ; and thou in morning-light reposing, crowned with sacred foliage ; but myself I behold at thy feet, with the clear flood I had drawn from the sea to wash them. So in a thousand fictions I ween myself in thy service, and it is as if this were the ripening of my existence.

* * *

Hast thou ever looked into the disc of the setting sun, when, his rays more mildly beaming, a sharp eye is no longer overpowered by his glance ? Hast thou then beheld, how his own shape loosens itself from him, and plunges into the red flood beneath the horizon, and after this image

still another in gentle refractions, still dying in other hues? — my soul, when the mighty splendor of thy full apparition no longer dazzles so strong, and the far weaves soft veils around thee, beholds such images darting from thee one after the other ; they all plunge into my inspiration as into the glowing bosom of Nature, and I cannot satiate myself in this affluence of beauteousness.

* * *

September 3d.

So weary as I was late at eve, and so fast as I slept at early morn, I have not wrote since three days. Thou hast not asked after me all this time ; so this evening I came into thy garden, and on this seat I muse that thou dost forget me. The birds are already used that I sit here so immovably still. How odd is it here in the strange land ! — hither I came to this derelicted spot, to sink deeply into myself ; then I behold images, remembrances of earlier days, which join with to-day.* To-day, as at morning-dawn, they made music before the Roman house,† and as the Duke came out, and the great dogs impatiently hastened on before the people and sprang up to his neck, — it seemed to me so very solemn, as he friendly resigned himself to their rude caresses, and nodded beyond them to the crowd, who saluted him with great shouts. Then suddenly thou dividedst them, and the exulting redoubled at thy appearance. To view the two friends walking to and fro, elevated in mind and benevolence, that was a solemn aspect for the people ; and they all whispered to one another,

* The third of September ; birth-day of Duke of Weimar.

† The summer-palace of the Duke.

what a seldom couple ! And many glorious things were spoken of ye both, and each of your movements was observed : "*He smiles ! — he turns ! — the Duke leans on him ! they shake hands ! — now they sit down !*" — so the people awfully repeated all that passed between you ; — ah, by right, for from your *both* united love emanated their happiness ; *that* they all know ; and while you were conversing, the crowd stood in profound silence, as if the bliss of centuries was to be called down upon them. I also Goethe ! — I believe that you both, as beings of a higher order, are endowed with the power of securing bliss to futurity ; for in the Duke's mind benevolence has long been matured to a sweet fruit, — *that* thyself hast said, — and thy spirit streams forth light, — light of wisdom, which is mercy, and makes all thrive.

As thou wert gone, the Duke bid me come to him ; he asked if thou hadst seen and greeted me ; this I must deny, for alas, thou hadst overseen me. Dost thou still remember that birth-day ? — On the evening when I stood leaning behind the pillar ? — thou soughtest after me with thy look, and thou foundst me also. Alas, how it made my heart glow, as I watched thy spying look ; then thou reachedst me thy glass, that I might drink from it, and none of the others was aware of it. Many days have passed since ; to-day I am alone ; there lies thy house ; I could go to thee and see thee face to face, yet I prefer here alone in thy garden to conjure thee : "*Help me to think thee, to feel thee.*" My faith is my wand ; with it I create my world ; out of its charm all is strange to me, and I have no doubt that in it alone I really live. My thinking is miraculous : I speak with thee ; I look into thee ! — my

prayer is, that I may strengthen my will to think of thee.

* * *

In Goethe's Garden.

THE whole world around lightened by one sun ! thyself alone enlightened within me, all else in darkness ! — How it inflames love, when light shines upon one object alone.

Such were thy words yesterday : “ I should write to thee, if even it were folios, it would never be too much for thee.” Ay ! and yet thou knowest, my language comprises but a small extent of knowledge. That, although I imagine to shape each time anew, what I have to tell thee, yet it is ever the same ; and for thee ? — is it not too much for thee ? — I have tried, like a mole, to dig through my own heart, and had a mind to discover there a treasure, lightening in the dark ; I would have brought that up to thee, but in vain. They are no mighty things I have to tell thee ; they are nought but sweetly to confess, and irresistible are these noughts. Why, caresses consist in imparting. When thou dost couch upon the bank of the rillet, amongst fragrant herbs ; and libella, with its crystal-eyes, sits down on thee, it fans thy lips with its flapping wings, dost thou become angry with it ? — If a little beetle crawls up thy clothes and at last strays into thy bosom, dost thou call that too presumptuous ? — this little creature, so unconscious of the throbbing heart beneath its little feet ; — and I, — conscious of this enhanced measure of thy feelings, am I to blame that I intrude upon thy heart ? — behold ! that is all I have to tell thee. The evening-breezes swiftly skim o’er the

grass down to me, who am sitting at the foot of thy hill,
musing how I shall fill up for thee those folios.

* * *

Do I think of thee, then I may not tarry on the ground.
Anon Psyche agitates her wings, she feels the earthly
weight, she feels herself entangled in much that is strange
to her celestial calling ; *this* gives pain, *this* makes woe-
ful.

The light of wisdom only shines within ourselves.
What is not inly revelation will never bear the fruits of
recognition. The soul comes to meet herself in the be-
loved, she finds and embraces herself in the beloved ;
thus I find myself in thee ! — What more blissful can
happen to me ? — and is it a wonder that I embrace thy
knees ? I might impart thee all I have learned from
thee. Were the spirit what the word can rehearse, idea
would occupy a small region. There is also somewhat
else spirit, as what may be caught in the net of language.
Spirit is all into itself transforming life ; love also must
become spirit. My spirit is ever anxious to transplant
this love into itself ; out of this my immortal life shall
and must rise, or I shall sink.

* * *

The sun sinks ! its purple awning spreads over thy
garden. I sit here alone and overlook the path, which
thou hast guided through these meadows ; they are all
deserted, nowhere walks *one* ; so lonely it is, and so
quiet till far off ; and so long have I already waited till
all should be silent, then I would recover my senses to

Speak with thee, and now I feel myself so disheartened here in the almighty stillfulness. The bird in the hedge I have startled, the bell-flowers sleep, the moon and the evening star wink each other ; whither shall I turn ? The tree, in whose bark thou hast carved many a name, I have quitted, and I am gone down to the house-door, and leaned my brow on the latch, which thy hand, how often, has lifted, and thou hast sat there in joyousness, with thy friends ; and many a lonely hour too thou hast spent there. Thou alone with thy genius hast not felt the awe of solitude, gloriously triumphing in the strife between sense and inspiration, these silent evenings have passed away. O, Goethe, what dost thou think of my love, which so eternally rushes on to thee, like the flood dashing on the shore, and would speak to thee, and can say nought but only sigh ? Yes ! what dost thou think my love desires ? myself often as awaking from a dream, am surprised that the power of such a dream controls me. But soon again I stoop under the shady roof of its arches and bend to its lispings, and let my senses be overcome by the wing-rushing of unknown spirits ! Divine will I be ! divine and grand like thee ; free, above the haunt of man will I stand, only within thy light, understood only by thee. Arrows will I shoot ; — thoughts ! — *thee* they shall hit, and no one else ; thou shalt prove their point, and by this secret intercourse my senses shall thrive ; bold, strong, brisk, and joyous shall be those vital-spirits, for ever ascending, not sinking, streaming towards their generator.

*

*

*

It is night, I write in star-light. Wisdom is like a tree, which spreads its boughs throughout the firmament ; the golden fruits, which adorn its foliage, are stars. When a desire comes up to taste the fruits of the tree of wisdom, how may I attain these golden fruits ? The stars are worlds, they say ; — is not the kiss also a world ? — and is the star larger to thine eye than the ambit of a kiss ? — and is the kiss less to thy feeling than the embracing of a world ? Why ? wisdom is love ! and its fruits are worlds ; and he who feels a world in a kiss, deceives himself not ; to him a ripe fruit, a star matured in the light of wisdom, has sunk into his bosom. But *he*, friend ! — who is nourished by such celestial food, is he still esteemed to be in his wits ?

Now I go to sleep ; the stillfulness of night, the lone time, is spent by Psyche to come forth to thee. Often dream leads her to thee ; she finds thee crossed, perchance, by a thousand thoughts, none of which mentions her. But she lowers her wings, and kisses the dust of thy feet till thy look bends down upon her.

* * *

Still it is early ; the nightingale sweetly replies to the stillful night, and the lark, dew-immersed, sleeps in its nest on the ground. Rather to be the nightingale, who gives not his nights to sleep in his nest. While his little wife sits hatching its brood, he, on the next full-blown tree, tells love-stories to the moon and stars, and greets the driving clouds with sighs, that call through the waving groves and the ringing vales. Thou also, like the little nightingale-she, hatchest thy brood, whilst I, fancy's poor deluded child, warble my wild and ardent notes to the

moon through the nubiferous gales, that bring her a cloud-cap or a beard, and again snatch it away. I only want to share in the brood of thy nest, else we were a nightingale-couple. Thou dost write books of which I have no mind ; thou dost write for all the world, not for me alone ; but I write alone for thee. I would also sit on the pleasant bough of my full-blown tree, not too nigh, that my night-warbling not shake thine ear ; yet I would a nightly gale bore through the waving groves and ringing dales my nightly lays, so soft, so clear, and so deep out of my breast to the too, too distant friend. But when the sun-spying lark upsoars, with shrilling shouts to silence the nightingale, and buoyant catches the morning-balm over the clouds, then I sooner would be the lark, jubilant to relate, what the nightingale groaningly confessed. Would the sun come, would it go, a charm leads through my senses, with the first beam that darts on my couch, higher than the lark in towering ditties, to exult in thy glory ; or amid the flaring stars, in sharp and deep harmonical sounds, to overtune the nightingale's love-sighing tune.

* * *

Here on this hill my world I do survey !
Down to the vale with verdure soft o'ergrown ;
Crossed by the path that leads beyond, thereon,
The white house mid the height in sunny ray,
On what with joy does here my fancy prey ?

Here on this hill my world I do survey !
Though I would climb the country's steepest brow,
Where man can see prows sailing to and fro,
And towns afar and near the mountains proud array,
It would not lure from here my eye to stray.

Here on this hill my world I do survey !
 And though a paradise were to be seen,
 Yet I would *ever* long for yonder tufted green,
 Whereof thy roof before my gaze does stay, —
 For this alone inwraps my world for aye.

Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt !
 Hinab in's Thal, mit Rasen sanft begleitet,
 Vom Weg durchzogen, der hinüber leitet,
 Das weisse Haus inmitten aufgestellt,
 Was ist's worin sich hier der Sinn gefällt ?

Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt !
 Erstieg ich auch der Länder steilste Höhen,
 Von wo ich könnt' die Schiffe fahren sehen
 Und Städte fern und nah von Bergen stolz umstellt,
 Nichts ist's was mir den Blick gefesselt hält.

Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt !
 Und könnt' ich Paradiese überschauen,
 Ich sehnte mich zurück nach jenen Auen
 Wo Deines Daches Zinne meinem Blick sich stellt,
 Denn der allein umgrenzet meine Welt.

* * *

Rhymed and unrhymed I tell thee the same, and thou art not tired with listening ; here in the dusk, when the sinking day borrows light from the rising moon, I sit on the bench, delighted to survey my world in twilight. A few moments since, all was lying in sunlight ; then I was not easy whether to go or stay. Now the moon is up, I know that I shall remain ; *in her light I recognise my*

world ; her beams involve me into its magic limits ; and whatever incredible I deem true, she does not disown it. Like the sunlight, doatingly she wooes into the valley's bosom ; and I clearly perceive Nature loves the moon, and the moon is inclined to Nature.

Were I to thee what to the moon is Nature, who vivifying plays within her pulses, emits soft airs as harbingers, lays down the western breezes' seed-fledged pinions in the dew-wet soil, rouses its begetting strength to her frugiferous darts, then my whole being would but accept of thy beauty. Many blossoms open to her view ; many disporting speeches flow from my lips to thee ; many dew-drops glitter in her light ; many tears of joy are treasured under thy influence.



The converse of yesterday, on the bench in thy moon-lit garden ; between thee and me, a tree full of glorious blossoms, forth-streaming electrical fire into the cool night, and from the breeze-moved branches slowly whirling adown on thy brow and mine, and adown in the luxurious blooming herb around ; also our words from the love-moved lips, whirled adown in the lone night-stillness around.

Within thy bosom I would sleep away my whole life. *A bud of future blossom hidden in my bosom.* Ay ! a bud hidden in thy inmost core ; so closely folded, so beauteously, so happily thronged therein. *What could more inly, more abscondedly, be embodied than this germ of future blossom ?* Alas ! thou knowest my behest. *From others to be hid, and not unfelt by me.* Ay ! hid in thy breast, where their prejudices not reach me, and

flow away over me, as the surges flow away over the deepest ground. Deep in that ground I would live, impassioned with thy divine nature ; and all that passes in thy outer life, I would sleep it away within thy bosom, and the dreams of thy earthly fate should never harm me ; they would not touch me within thy breast, though they might sometimes bedew my love with tears, as the clouds bedew the sleeping buds ; yet I should feel as fast rooted in thee, not to be dismissed with my red cheeks, brown hair, fiery glance, and panting lips, passing away as the evening-red passes. Nay ! thou eternally wouldst accept of my love ; wouldst thou not ? Why wouldst thou not speak ? *I hearken to thee.* But when I pause, why answer not ? *A pause also is music.*



When I said yesterday, the pause in music were the conductor of all musical spirits ; and that no more than one pause, like the ruler, ascends the throne when its forgoer's sway has died away, then thou hast laughed at these fancies and absurdities, though wouldst have me explained what is the pause. In my pensiveness I had rather strange visions of it ; I never could lay hold on them, for never to be caught is peculiar to the pause. It urges forth as in a deep dale a well, where the tunes resort to drink, for musical spirits always are thirsty ; and having drunk, they soar aloft, never they remain on the ground. Soon to the well they return to drink ; then flapping the air with buoyant wings, shrilling or sighing, roaring or whistling, they one above the other bear their ditties into the cool ether, from where their thirst again leads them in the valley to the well of the

pause. The deeper the well forth-springs, the sweeter they become bousy by the draught ; the more ebriety wafts them aloft, the more ardently for the well they pant ; till once peering above the stars, they do not return ; for all will return there above, by their own inspiration again to be found ; the tunes gulping from the well are silence-drunken ; and this is the pause swaying music : with silence to inebriate the tunes.

Thou art the deepest well ! — from thee I drink silence into my soul ; in mine ear to hearken thee, in mine eyes to behold thee, and on my lips to taste thee ; and my senses all with my breath, gloriously wafted, soar on by this drunkenness with thee. Ay, drunken with the pause-inspired, tuneful art of the voice, of thy lyre, which in all inarming feelings wafts among and over the stars, luxuriously expanding across the silence-pausing skies.

Lo ! that is the draught which yesterday I drew in that well of thy wisdom, when I was inebriated with drinking the silence of thy spirit.

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Pause, for the spirit is space to regenerate ; — to be sensuous of its calm, is to accept of its procreative power ; in it, aspiring germs devolve, move, and become independent, — grow spirit. No other improvement than spirit, no freedom, no heaven, no space but spirit alone. Pause is space, is spirit unuttered, the well whose draught inspirits music.

Music is spirit imbodyed, is sensual expansion of spirit.

He who is sensuous of music, is sensually touched by the spirit.

* * *

Heaven has space only in the spirit. Spirit frames celestial space ; the larger it expands, the larger heaven expands. Heaven is not severed from temporal life by an abyss that in death we overleap ; heaven immediately begins where we first feel impelled for the conception of the divine. By learning to conceive the divine, forthsprings the germ of heaven. As God has created from nought the world, an egg out of which immortality creeps forth, pause is that sphere of nought, out of which, in consciousness of inspiration, the immortal germ of life creeps forth.

* * *

I thank thee that thou wert come ; the sky was so grey and dim, I looked out into the far, I thought it would overtake me as the weather, when spare tears dropped from the clouds, and the sky was heavy and sad, and looked more gloomy, as if it had much rained. Then thou camest. Thou hast said nothing of farewell, and hast troubled me, for the complaint was on my lips, — nay, it was fairer, not to say farewell ; — not *thou* and *I*. How have I spent this time ? — too happy ! to be nigh to thee, blessed every breath of mine ; this I do call celestial air, — and thou ? have I not displeased thee ? Ah, do not trouble me, forget what would not agree with thee, when sometimes, too eagerly, I did not understand thy gentle hints. My ardent frame of mind lays no claim to thee ; it is like music, which also re-

quires no earthly possession, but it attunes the hearkening mind to sympathy, to echo. Yes! may it resound for awhile within thy ear, within thy heart, all that I dared tell thee. Passion is music, a phenomenon of sublimest powers; not without, but most deeply within us; it guides us to meet with yon ideal self, for whose sake the spirit is innate within the body: this *self*, which alone can raise passions, can shape and form them. Man will be bred by inspiration, the whole earthly life is then to this spiritual one as the soil is to the fruit-grain, that springs up, a thousandfold to yield.

* * *

Only eternity realizes, for what once shall decay, may it straightly decay, to-day or to-morrow, that is the same; but love bears all to the heavenly realm; love is all-comprising, all-pervading like the sun, and yet it propitiates every spiritual charm to be possessed of itself, secluded in itself, intrusted with itself; it engages the spirit to seize peculiarity in a peculiar way. Thus love deals with me; in thee I become master of my spirit, — and thou? the lucid green, which the tree sprouts forth in renewed vernal strength, bears witness that the sun darts far into its pith. And thou art recreated by this love! art thou not?

* * *

He who sees thee with bodily eyes, and sees thee not through love, does not see thee; thou only appearest through love to the love-conjuring spirit. The more ardent, the more racy the exorcism: the more glorious thy

appearance, and the more potent thy influence. Dear friend, to my exorcism thou hast most intimately presentiated thyself; in every thought I have involved thee, as in a magic round; and, whatever may be its tenor, thou managest it thoroughly, and abidest in every shape which my spirit does pronounce.

* * *

It is true, magic is magic; it abrogates its own self, and, therefore, they deny its reality; they believe what has a sensual body only, is real; and to them understanding must serve but as a sensual soil. But the work of God is magic: the love in our breast, immortality, freedom, are magical engenderings of God; they are only maintained within us by the power of his conjuration; his breath is their life; they are our element, and in it we eternalize ourselves; and though enchantment may vanish into nothing, how easily! — yet it is the only base of reality, for it is the efficiency of the divine spirit.

The innating of the divine nature into earthly life, and its dying into innate pain, is of conjuration the magic spell.

Pain lies in Nature as the mighty transition from nought into magical life.

Life is pain, but as we have only as much life as our spirit supports, we are indifferently aware of this pain which is life; for if our spirit was strong, then the strongest pain would be the highest delight.

In my love, be it farewell or welcome, my spirit ever floats between delight and pain, for thou strengthenest my spirit, and yet it can hardly brook it. Transition into the divine is ever woeful, yet it is life.

All appropriation in spirit is painful, all what we learn and perceive gives us pain in gaining it ; as soon as it has been received in us, it has enhanced our spirit and enabled it to penetrate life more vigorously, and what before gave us woe, that we now enjoy.

* * *

Wisdom inhales and exhales life ; we live in wisdom, not out of it. Consciousness is of wisdom the breath, wisdom forth breathes thee to nourish my senses.

He who is sensuous of wisdom, his thoughts and feelings become creatures engendered by it, into spirit, like as nature engenders into sensual life. When in my love thou art sensuous of thine own self, then thou dost breathe wisdom, for my love forthbrings the thought in which wisdom frames thee an ideal. Of heavenly wisdom the art is, in the loving to mould the frame of the beloved genius, and thus makes the beloved sensuous of his own ideal in the loving. That is of wisdom the artful strain, through the loving to inspirit the beloved.

* * *

Art is also magic ; it, likewise, conjures the spirit into an enhanced visible appearance ; and the spirit, also, must wander over the bridge of grief, to enter its magic round.

* * *

All what concerns the heart belongs to *art*. When, to-day, innocence is inspirited with love, to-morrow it will practise the *art* to please thee, then by *art* it rules

thy own affection upon itself ; then, to live worthy of love is the artful day-work of innocence, and never would be averted from it ; for, as love artfully frames of a higher life the germ, therefore despairs he who is pushed out of love. Nay, even despair often is of love a tragic problem for *art*, to frame the spirit into a higher complexion of strength. It is art which leads love victoriously through all events, and forbids access to annihilation.

* * *

Art valiantly spiritualizes sensual life. This toilsome endeavour, so deeply founded within us, freely to learn, create, for future life, produces the germ of higher organization. What by energy, concentration of all spirituous faculties, *art* produces, once by instinct evolves in the mind and body of a transfigured life.

In this life, the spirit only is fermenting, in a future life to be created a sensual body, animated by love. Spirit is of a transfigured existence the sensual life. This striving, moving, longing and searching of the human spirit, to replenish every form here on earth, is a fermenting to ripen into supernal life. Therefore, the indefatigable endeavour for higher accomplishment ; therefore our enjoyment also of the meanest, that, with consciousness, and by instinct of truth, succeeds in art.

Sensual life is impregnated with spirit, to forthbring it into supernal life.

* * *

That is of fiction the marvellous art, practised by love, to presentiate the ideal man, — the genius of the

beloved. Love between the genius of the beloved and the loving remains mystery, for none understands the genius but only the loving.

These lines I write to thy genius, and would he gave me answer. I trace thy genius, thou also tracest him ; for the poet, in love, only minds his own genius. So fate has disposed of us both in thine own self to meet together. Thou hast said, *He who would be wrested from his own genius were undone ; but genius were immortality ; man could lose the conscience of it, but never part with it ; and he who had faith in his own genius, ever would be in the reach of his supernal strength.* My genius also playingly evolves of fancy the marvellous strength ; how often my fiction becomes clear consciousness of the beloved ; should not this have everlasting result ? — as each temporal propension has its event ?

The intercourse between thee and me forthbrings spirits. Thoughts are spirits, my love is the hatching warmth for the spirit's offspring. The thoughts love thee, they are in thy behalf ; man has thoughts to be bred by them. The whole spirit-universe is only to eternalize man. Eternity is not an everlasting course of life, it is the unconceived of supernal spirit, to be conceived by mankind spirit, and everlasting to be born to light.

Ay ! love only would mind the genius, as it would last for aye ; and my love, like the striving of all life, ardently endeavours for a higher one. It wants to be inbosomed in that future life of thine, and spent in that higher complexion of thine, and enhanced to quite joyous enlivening of thine.

The volonte love is impregnated with is germ, is indication of truth ; what could ever prevent its unfolding ? — and then, where should the wonder be at an end ? — as wonder is supernal life.

In this world commutual life is the element for to organize a future life, notwithstanding what man living together expert by the story of daily life ; also the web of the influences on one another is that element by which be framed our future organization. What in a future existence becomes spirituous strength, and instinct to evolve in higher faculties, that begets itself by relation and conception in the element of this world. When I see the little birds build their nest, or also the spider its web, then I must believe that by influence of an earlier existence they might have gained faculties which now are born an instinct into sensual life, and that likewise all what we gain by art once as instinct of divine faculties, shall evolve in a higher life.

* * *

Often when I saw the red-glowing tops of Tyrol and could not conjure my anxiety, and could not brook to think of their despair ; then I had this vision of their joyant glory, going into death, that God bestowed on them, by struggling to enhance their sensual strength into a divine nature. What we gain by our own valiance, that becomes our own ; it devolves that divine power to beget itself within us, like as God engenerates him by himself. For otherwise it cannot be as that we become God. For, that we endeavour aloft, of that we are conscious ; — for sensual life strives out of us into

divine life. Where should this striving end ? — where be satiated ?

Why exults the heart of the warrior ? why does the brave, the noble, not shun in the ardency of combat to kill, — a man's life cheered by love, to which every day God blows in his breath ? Whence this glorious inspiration of combat, which fears not, feels itself enhanced with the flowing blood, gushed by the own grand mind. And on the remembrance of daring, of perseverance, of victory, reposing as on the sweetest laurels ! Were it not a divine spark, begetting itself in the human mind ? — and is not one single moment of the divinity in us an eternity in itself ? and is not each low instigation a germ of eternity ? — all what is received in a higher sense, is like the fruit-seated field, soaking the sun-beams ; inspiration soaks divine light, the eternal power to enliven the starving senses. Spirit, enjoyment, strength, faculties, all must be fructified with the divine ; man must be divine, else he were not at all.

Lo ! — as the sun-beam ripening the fruit is a mirror-shape of that hallowing inspiration which everlasting repairs man anew, not to forsake future divinity ; also that inspiration for combat where the highest, *human life*, is pledged, is the mirror-shape of that contest for eternity, where the highest *spirit's life*, too, is pledged to struggle for the hereditary divine right. And so I have often calmed my despair of the Tyrolese hero Hofer, and all the others, when I thought that they pledged here their earthly life for a divine nature, gained by this victorious struggling.

Ay, Goethe ! take care of this, that, like the young unripe fruit, ere it becomes matured by the darting sun, also man, ere his disposition has become will, is only

passive, and God, darting his maturing light on him, is active. But here, ripening with inspiration for all that is comprised in life, armed with maturity of free will, man is active and God is passive ; and that is to gain freedom by our own self.



When I was born, thou wast long ago ; and when I saw thee first, then the strength of all thy mental faculties corradiated into mine, and may be, they begot in me that instinct for higher faculties. And that may be the everlastingness of love, from life to life to be born into a higher instinct for higher perfectness. And, of all that will become grand, the germ must be love ; and to him who 'll ask what will become of my love, I 'll answer, " It is a celestial germ rooted within me, once springing up into supernal life, endowed with all my love aims at."



What were to me the present, without the past ? — should I not know once *that thou wast who now is* ; what of me ? What do I want, having lived the past ? What I have lived never parts from me ; the more I confide in the past, the more devoted I feel to the present. Love only passes through life to forth-bring itself into eternity. All is dream in life ; when life is past, dream is past. Love only passes through dream, a veracious life, into eternity. He in whom love awakes, will not avale in the drowsiness of earthly inconstancy.

Nor do I feel a home in this lethargic existence. That I love, is the real existence I awake in, when I am alone

thinking or weening ; and with me fly the gods into this lonely pensiveness, there to ensphere my senses, and inspire them with that prophetic look, which not by way of life comes to meet with us, but from higher spheres transcendently sinks adown into love's presence, and again, when from love we swerve, ascends to heaven. *Thou for me* art such an unknown, lone receptacle, where from heaven futurity comes down, wholly to swoop the present.

As I was still so very young, like a young clear-limbed stem beneath the wood-borne oaks, bending its gold-leaved branchery to the gale. Ay, when young life was still so pliant, and so flattering, and so passionless, then I faced of futurity the most delicious prospect. How rich, how pure, how marvellous were the plans of this spring ! Were my dreams large enough to comprise all ? so closely blended with each other weening and thought, feeling and inspiration, — still the mind and body not outgrown its bud ! At that time I fancied my whole happiness shrunk to the midst of the forest, in the small hut, with the ivy and the eglantine creeping along its walls, hidden by powerful oaks, that allowed the sun only when noon-tide heralded him, to peep in all the secret verdant nooks. There I'd dwell, aloof and unknown to men ; only the grand, the slender one, of lofty gait, black hair, and black sharp brows, with ripe lips and sweet talk, with daring look, — ay, — how may I describe him beautifully enough, and more than all the others ? He alone, should know the furtive way to the hut ; abscondedly winding through bushes and thorns, fulgent in the purple-dawn, with his brow sweeping aside the boughs, that shake their dew upon him ; there every brake, every shrub he would pry ; and would find me at length, at the rill, that showed

in its mirror the shape of the beloved one, that I to him would be ; and then I *was* to him that beloved one, and all the delight I was, his ardent heart might ever have asked for ; so charmingly these sweet reveries kept me fettered in deep thought, that none could swerve me out of them, nor inlase me in such feelings, to make the hearts throb for each other ; but when in the evening-breeze I briskly drove across the park, and the fire of the setting sun pierced through the loop-holes of the bushes, like of many a spear the darting flash, to hem me in my wild career ; then glowed my cheeks, and violently throbbed my heart, with feeling love-inspired, and my features emitting glorious beauty from it.

When early in the morning I sauntered along the wood, down I dropped on the dewy grass, and pored on all I saw, and numbered the little pearls, that hung at the halms and in the flower cups. Wandering home, not unsatisfied, no ! with exulting far beyond the daily life events, I felt possessed of secret delight, which none could guess, and my converse with men was an unconsciously playing irony.

What would men have deemed this, had they known of it ? Foolishness, madness, total foolishness ; and yet it was a heavenly pedagogy ; it was of spirits, the mystic relations with me ; that, like electrical sparks, ran fermenting through whole life to leap over its brim into a celestial element.

When now I sing that song of thine, where the lover, leaving the wood-cottage, praises the beauteous night ; and, however, would give a thousand such only for one given by his sweetheart, who there dwells, then I betink me at times, amidst the same forest, where I so sweetly mused ; still weening myself in the little moon-glanced

bed, with the delights of farewell within my heart. And now, as I know thee, I think that a propitious demon should then to my fancy have lent those lineaments of thy youth-time, that my love might comprise thy whole life. Be friendly, pray, to these fancies of mine, it is so sweet an earnest in their wooing thy favor. Nay, hear me, there is no behest I ask of thee, but what the spirits *will* to bestow 'pon me.

* * *

Love is of a supernal nature the lofty pregnancy ; the more pure the fire our spirituous organism will be nurtured with, the more grand and pure the spirituous race will be framed in us. And, as in a noble born man, even by the most degenerated fate, his race never will be denied by his instinct. Thus, also, in this sensual spirit-relation to a future life, mostly by instinct will be comprehended what organizes spirit for a higher complexion ; and for thee it is not a problem, that an instinct of that higher race in me, bore me towards thee in love ; and as a spring of water glides through the hidden bosom of the earth, and secretly throngs to nourish the roots of herbs and flowers, thy spirit throngs to the roots of all my thoughts, breathing in them that instinct for a higher life.

* * *

Genius is the encroaching, voluptuousness-guessing, thirsting instinct ; its impulse vanquishes the slothful timorousness, and ever incites the spirit to new energy. The more passionate the genius is in man, the more impellent is happiness within him ; the more powerfully he strives to vanquish, then the more secure he is of being.

satisfied ; — thus thou hast affirmed to me. In my love to thee I am in suspense ; between this timorous pain, and genial eagerness to vanish the indolence of my spirit and feel bliss. Sometimes the spirit feels itself sadly derelicted, even a trifle occupying the place of this enthusiastic inspiration, and then all its fervency is vanished. But how could I brook this ? If God has summoned me forth from nought, if he has formed my being as a pure claim on bliss, then I shall acquire bliss, in the magic of love ; and by want, by divinely impregnated longing for beauteousness, genius ever and anon upbears his weary wings, faithfully and firmly to convey this heart to thy abode, with my soul to feel thee, with my spirit to comprehend and profess thee, quite as thou art in thy essence.

And if all this be true what here I tell thee, and we may meet again in a higher life, think, then, that my genius shall be a match for thine.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

March 22d, 1832.*

HERE from the depths of the mountains I come uncalled for, unforeseen, as often in former times upon thy path. In the Bohemian high-lands, where like a bird of prey I hung o'er thee on the jutting rocks, dost thou still remember ? — and as I then climbed down quite chafed, my veins throbbing in my head, and thy hand wiped off the dust from the lashes of my eyes ; and from my braided hair gathered the little sprigs and moss,

* Written on the day of his death.

and laid them softly down beside thee on the seat ? — thou knowest of that no more. Multitudes have passed by thee, hailing thee with loud shouts of fame ; they bore wreaths before thee ; the banners they have flourished ; kings have come and touched the skirts of thy mantle, and brought thee golden vessels, and laid chains of honor on thy free neck. Thou knowest no more that I planted all the gathered flowers, the wild herbs into thy bosom, and laid my hand upon it to fix them there. Thou knowest no more of my hand withheld mid thy breast, and that thou calledst me the wild hop which would root there, to wind its tendrils growing up around thee, that nothing might be seen on thee but only the wild hop. Lo ! in this double-wall of rock and mountain-depths, abides of echo the joyful call ; lo ! my breast is such an artfully framed double wall, that ever and anon a thousand times the joyous shouts of so sweet a tale echoes across. Where should it end, this life of youthly mirth, that in my keeping is so safely housed, and in enthusiasm the most pure is involved, as in the sweet nursing of my infant-time ! Thy breath, in which the god immortality hath blown, in sooth, in me has blown the breath of inspiration. Be pleased to hear me sing once more the melodies of my fairest paths of life, and in the excited rhythm of momentary joy, where of spirit and sense the vital sources stream into each other, and so exalt each other, that not the experienced alone become sensible and visible, but the invisible, unheard of, too, be known and heard of.

Is it of drums and trumpets the jubilating chime, which shakes the clouds ? is it of harps and cymbals ? — is it of thousand instruments the tumult, that, at commando's call, disposing, solves itself into the measure of

pure strains, forms warbling shapes, pronounces accents of celestial influences, penetrates into man's spirit, with hue and light espouses sense and mind ? Is it this genial power, which, running through the veins, conjures the blood, the earthly to reject, to nurse, to bring forth of supernal love, of supernal light the genuine fruit ? Is it not thou who hast consummated it in me, when it still fulgurates within my soul ? Yes, it fulgurates when I think of thee ! Or is it only shalms, — museful and weening, only grazing phantasy, not espousing with its revelations, what I have to confide to these leaves ? Whatever it be ! — till into death this music of the first love may lead me. At thy feet I plant the bass ; it shall pullulate a palm-grove for thee, to wander in its shades ; all what of lovely and sweetly thou hast said to me, that shall whisper from twig to twig, like soft carols of twittering birds ; — be yon kisses, yon caresses between us, the honey-dropping fruits of this grove. But the element of my life, harmony with thee, with Nature, with God, of whose lap arises the abundance of generation, upwards to light, into light, decaying in light, — be that the torrent, the most powerful, which encompasses this grove, to make it lonely with me and thee.

* * *

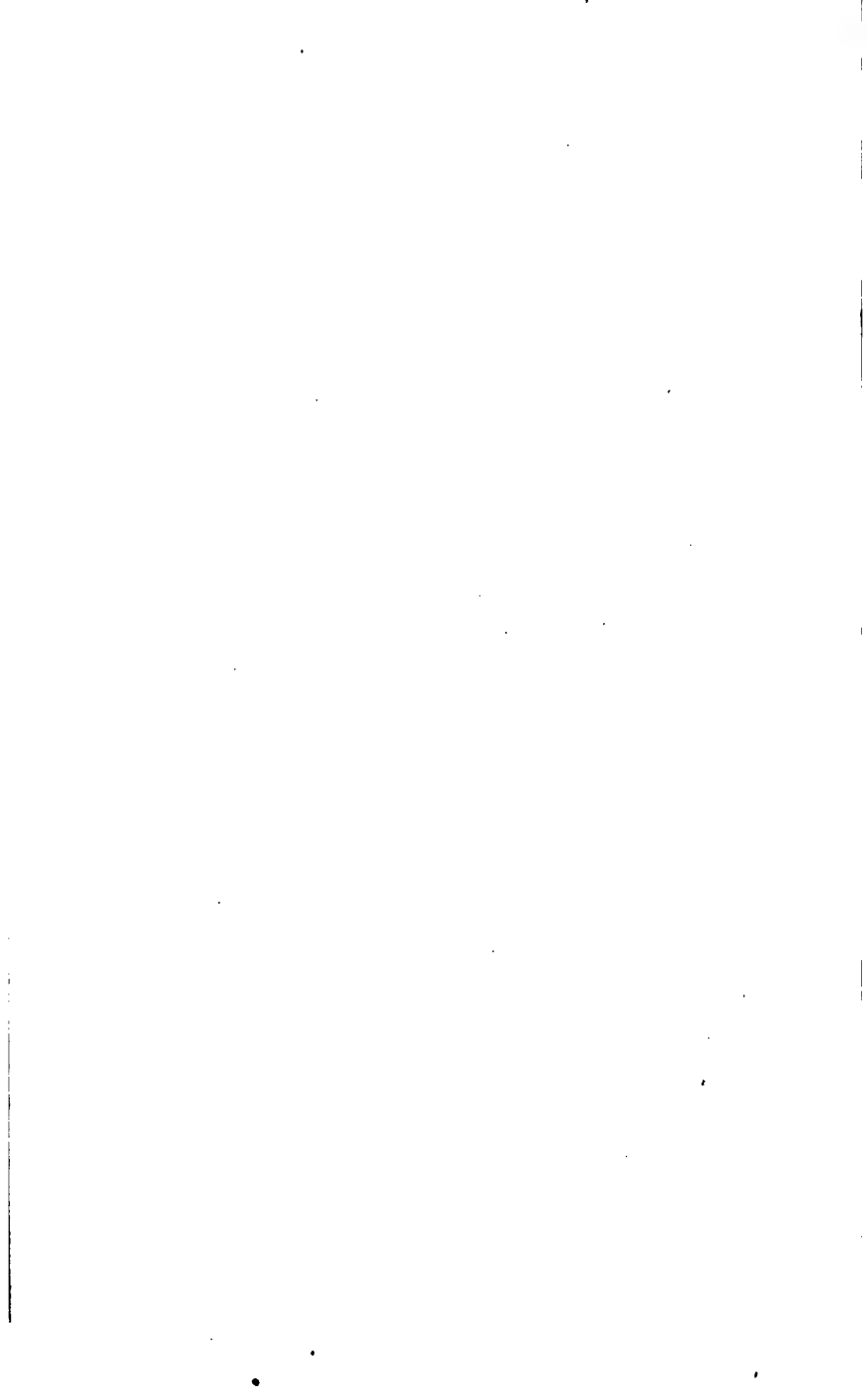
{ Dost thou still know, as thou badst me come again in twilight ? Thou knowest nought, — I know all ; I am the leaf, etched with the remembrance of all blissfulness. Yes, I am of this remembrance the essence, and am nothing else. Nay, I went around thy house waiting for twilight, and when I came to the gate, I thought, “ If it might be dark enough already ; and if

thou mightest deem this to be twilight ? ” — and fearing to fail thy orders, I went once more round thy house ; and when I then stepped in, thou scoldedst me that I were come too late, since long it were dusky, thou hadst since long awaited me ; then thou wouldst ask for a white woollen garment, and put aside the day-dress, and say, “ *Now, as night is come down by waiting for thee, we will be quite nightly and comfortable ; and most nicely lanuginous will I be to thee, for thou shalt to-day confess to me.* ” Then I stooped down on the ground between thy knees, and embraced thee, and thou me. Then thou saidst, “ *Do trust in me, and tell me all what offered violence to thy heart ; thou grantest that I never have betrayed thee ; no word, no sound of what thy passion has raved to me has ever come o’er my lips ; now tell me, for it is not possible thy own heart all this time should have been without passion, tell me now who he was ? Do I know him ? and how was it ? what hast thou more learned and experienced, which made thee forget me ?* ”

Then, dear friend, I spoke the truth, when I asseverated thee that my heart had been quite at ease ; that nought had touched me since then, for in that same moment before thee, all was but a weening, and a pale phantom the whole world ; and in thy presence vanished all what had happened to me ; in full consciousness I durst avouch me linked with thy beauty, for I looked in thy face. But thou by all means wouldst know the story ; which in vain I tried to invent, for I was rather ashamed that no love-story had happened to me. Now I thought of one and began : “ Once I walked as in a dream, now I am awake again ; here in moon-light on thy bosom I know who I am and what thou art to me ;

how I belong ever to thee and never to another, as thou fascinatest me ! But once,"— and then I began my love-story. And thou, most glorious one, didst not suffer me to speak on, and criedst — "*No! no! — thou art mine! — thou art my muse, no others'!* — *no other shall dare say, that he was possessed of thee as I am; that thou wast devoted to him as well as to me, that he was so secure of thy love as I was. I have loved thee, I have forborne thee; the bee brings not more carefully and heedily the honey from all the flowering cups together, than I gathered delight from thy lips, from thy thousandfold love-overpourings.*" Then my braids fell down; thou tookest them up, and called them brown snakes, and hid them in thy garment, and drew my head to thy breast; on which I should repose from aye to aye, and disburden myself of thinking and doing; that would be fine, that would be true; that would thus be the right sweet lounge of my existence. That is the fruit of paradise, for which I languish: *to rest, to sleep, with consciousness of being near the most glorious.*

AFTER GOETHE'S DEATH.



AFTER GOETHE'S DEATH.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

So far I had wrote yesterday ; when I went in the evening at ten o'clock into society, I had resolved to expose once more to Goethe all the sweet and important events I had lived over with him in a cyclus of such letters ; now all stood so very clear before my eyes, as if it had but just happened. My soul was deeply moved and far from men, like the moon when it is beyond. In such frame of mind I often fly a very high pitch of humor, so I was of great wantonness yesterday. They were already informed of Goethe's death ; I told that I had to-day for the first time since years written to him ; nobody imparted me the doleful news. I spoke much of Goethe ; at one o'clock in the night, at home, the newspapers lay before my couch, I read the news of his death. I was alone, I did not need to give account to any body about my feelings ; I could so calmly look forward to all it would bring me ; for it was quite clear that this love, the first and unique source of my being, was not stanch'd with his death. I fell asleep and dream'd of him, and awoke to rejoice that just now I had seen him in dream ; and I slept again to dream on, and thus I passed the night in sweet consolation, and was con-

scious his spirit had been conciliated with mine, and nought were lost for me.

Upon whom should I then transfer this orphan leaf, that I wrote on the day of his death, if not to the friend, who, with so intimate sympathy heard me speak of him ; and if it were to him but what is a withered leaf by the wind whirled before his feet, however he will perceive it has grown on a noble stem.

I will relate here to you the issue of yon last evening with Goethe. When I parted he attended me with the taper to the second room ; whilst he embraced me, the burning candle dropped from his hand ; I was about to take it up, he would not allow it. — “ Leave it there,” said he : — “ it shall burn a mark for me in the floor, where last I beheld thee ; as often as I become aware of this burnt spot I will think of thy dear appearance ; as often as I step on it I shall ween as if thy hand had ensnared my foot. Be thou ensnared to me, be mine, I am in want of thee.” — He kissed me on the brow and led me out.

* * *

Were it not wrong, that on the festival of glory the mists of secret reproaches would arise and darken the sun-cleared horizon, then I should here accuse, just her of whom the friend knows that she would fain appear pure and free from every taint of neglect in love. Yes, this ashamed heart ! — look how great is its offence against love, to whom not only a branch of this sacred tree of glory was intrusted ; yea, the tree itself, which thrives these stems in everlasting rejuvenescence, was given to her love's care ; and she did not care for it,

and forsook the shelter of this tree, which grew on, verdantly prospering without her.

* * *

O, should I never mend what I had demerited and regain what I had lost ? Perhaps that the clipped pinions will grow hereafter ; perhaps I shall overtake him and come to my place of rest, having no other mind than to enjoy rest.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

ASCENDED into heaven ! — the world inane ! — the pasturage deserted ; for certain it is, that *thy* foot no more wanders here ; may the sunshine yet lustre the tops of yonder trees, which thou hast planted ; may the cloudy sky cleave asunder and the blue heaven open to them, they never will thrive in it ; but this love ! — how were it, *if that* there above spread its blossom-crown a carpet beneath thy feet ? If it strove up, on and on, till its top would touch the stool of thy feet, and there dis-folding all its blossoms, whirling their fragrant sighs around thee ; — were not that also to number to heaven's-mirth ? To God nothing is impossible, say the godly ; and what is possible that must happen, say the wise ; lovers alone say nothing, for they have faith ; their life, their breath, displays supernal spirit ; what should they ask for more ? — I have faith in thee, that thou dost hear me, that my sighs ascend to thee. Here on earth it was not possible ; the crowding coil of daily life let longing not prevail ; no lone day, no trusty night

came to its aid. Myself! — I myself said a hundred times, thou art lost. Thou, lord! who hearest me, to whom I intrust he may hear me, give answer! — Since they say thee dead, my heart throbs with secret expectancy: it is as if thou hadst summoned me hence to surprise me, as heretofore in thy garden; where from tufted lanes thou steppedst forth, the ripe apple in thy hand, which then I threw on before thee, to lead thy walk to the arbour, where the great globe lay on the ground. Then thou saidst, “There lies the globe of the world at thy feet, and yet thou liest at my feet!” Yes, the world and I lay at thy feet; that cold world above which thou stoodst elevated, and I who strove up to thee. And thus it came to pass: the world remained lying there, and *me* thou drewest up to thy heart. On thy heart, ardently throbbing in thy breast, I lay, and did not comprehend how blissful that was. My dear lord! — is all that again to recover? — with sweet consciousness again to wander through? — may I absorb these tears? may I rely on the daring conviction, that love attains all; and when I attain thee, wilt thou bid me welcome? O, root into me, ye magical powers of love! — ye stars keep sentry, begird me; let none, within the sacred halo of my constellation; none of the false, untrue real-world, which became betrayer to us, and severed us, and led me astray, me poor blind child away from my lord! What have I searched, and what have I found? who has joyously smiled on me? whose incoming have I filled with the loving conscience, that he never should inarm, one more ecstasied with happiness? Thou wast satisfied in me, thou didst rejoice to view the infant-heart vigorously bursting forth the spring of enthusiasm! — why must this spring be drained? could

not the whole stream of life, — *should* it not flow on to meet thy smile, thy greeting, thy beck and bidding? — must it not turn to thy liking, and with a thousand serpentine curls ensnare thee; and love, in a thousand smooth bendings, enwheel thee? Where was it beautiful but alone with thee? thou wast aware of the Graces, their far pace already echoed the rhythm of thy inspiration! The placid fire of thy dusky eyes, the soft reposing of thy limbs, thy smiling at my naive narrations, thy docile devotion for my raptures. Ay, and thou leanedst thy sacred brow on my breast and lookedst up to me, who also became sacred by thy presence.

* * *

TO THE FRIEND.

PERHAPS I shall forfeit your little devotion to me, when I let you down so deeply in my heart, where all is so odd that people would say it were madness. Yes, madness is the right partition between the eternal, immortal, and the transient. All that comprise life must soar up, as the eagle soars up to the sun, and not shun the consuming of its earthly garments in the divine fire. The spirit will indeed learn to undergo its transfigurations; he will become aware that he is invulnerable, that he is endless.

I should tell you all more clearly, I should impart you the story of the events within my soul, and ever let you but perceive the exulting, the grievous exulting, of my senses. You are my friend, or are you not, I do not know: but ever I must consider you as such; as you stand, amidst the secret of my breast, a pillar on which

I lean ; and if you were not there, this epoch would overflow me, like the deluge of a torrent, which, after the vernal-showers are withdrawn, again softly returns into the rivets of his bed ; and as the expert swimmer from the jeopardous height plunges into the floods, before such eyes, to whom he would fain prove his daring : so venture I, for you are witness of my yielding to these demoniac powers, — these floods of tears, in which I play ; these vernal love-inspirings of yonder time with Goethe ; and the upbraidings which arise in me, would tear my heart with grief, did not the friend hear and reverberate in his own feelings what here assails me.

* * *

The last of the blooming-time is, to impregn the flower with its fructifying dust ; then the breezes sportingly waft the loosened leaves, trifling awhile with the apparel of spring ; soon no eye will perceive their splendor, for their season is gone ; but the seed swells, and in the fruit reveals the mystery of generating. When *these leaves* of inspiration, loosed from their stem, shall whirl about, and like yon little blossom-crowns, having breathed their fragrance, molested by the earthly dust, with flagged wings, at last do bed tired beneath the ground : perhaps that then in the heart of the friend, to whom now they breathe, the bliss of this beauteous love between the *poet* and the *child* gloriously avers itself.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

How desirous wast thou for love ! — how desirous wast thou of being beloved ! — “ Thou lovest me, dost thou not ? It is indeed thy earnest, is it not ? thou hast never betrayed me ? ” — So didst thou ask, and silently I beheld thee. — “ I am easily deceived, each can delude me ; do thou not delude me ; I will rather the truth, even if it should pain me, than be imposed upon ! ” — When excited by this converse, I tenderly conferred with thee and demonstrated sweet arguments of thy presence within me ; then thou saidst, — “ Nay, but thou art true, with such a voice love alone can tell. ” — Goethe, hear me ! to-day love also speaks from me ; to-day ! the thirtieth of March, eight days after that, of which they say, it were the day of thy death ; since which *day* all thy former rights become valid within my bosom, as if still I lay at thy feet ; to-day love will bewail to thee. Thou on high ! above the clouds, not saddened by their dimness ! not disturbed by their tears, — say ! will moans throng into thine ear ? Thou ! poet also yonder, hearkening to plaints also yonder, and solving into strains what thou hearest. O, solve my plaint, and release me from this eagerness of being comprehended and wished for. Was it not thou who comprehended me, ay, with prophetic voice awoke within me the slumbering strengths of inspiration, that avouch me everlasting youth, and raise me far beyond the reach of men ? Hast thou not, in the first replying sigh to my love, richly compensated all that ever could be denied me ? — Thou ! — to think of whom slowly rouses tempesting within my heart ; where

anon, electric shiverings run through the spirit ; where anon, slumber befalls the senses ; and no comprising more of the world's claim ! Who had ever sounded my heart ? who has asked, what ails thee ? Who has bent to the flower to enjoy its enamel, to breathe its perfume ? — to whom the chime of my voice, — of which thou saidst it made thee feel, what echo must feel, when the voice of a lover resounds in her bosom, — would have revealed, which mysteries, by virtue of thy poetic spells it was compelled to utter ? O, Goethe ! thou alone hast allowed me the stool of thy feet, and avowed my inspirations pouring before thee. Men ! a race blind to beauty, deaf to spirit, and senseless to love ! — Why then do I lament ? — because it is so still around me ? — or because I am so alone ? Well, then ! in this lone space, if there is of my feelings a replying echo, it can only be thou ; if a consoling in the free air waves towards me, it is the breathing of thy spirit. Who besides might understand what we both with another here commune ? who might solemnly comply to the converse of thy spirit with me ? Goethe ! it is no more sweet, our meeting ; it is no caressing, no mirth ; the Graces around thee no more array, no more shape each love-whim, each sport of wit into poems. The kisses, the sighs, the tears and smiles, no more chase and rally each other ; it is solemn stillness, solemn dolefulness, which entirely seizes upon me. In my breast the harmonies range, the strains sever, and each within its own prowess against the other, is penetrated with the organs of its own affinities, and with these powers it prevails. So it is within my breast, whilst I dare step before thee, in the midst of thy way, where thou so hastily roamest, and ask thee if thou still knowest me, who knows none besides

thee ? Behold, amidst this breast, the pure chalice of love filled to the brim with harsh drink, with bitter tears of grievous privation. When the harmonies transfuse into each other, then shakes the chalice, then stream tears ; they flow to thee, who lovest the votaries of death ; *thou* who saidst, — “ To be immortal, for awaking again a thousand fold within each bosom.” — Nay ! then I weened, *within my bosom alone* thou shouldst awake ; and it is become true, and close after thee and me, life is secluded. Alas, thou wakest, but I cannot cope with thy holy presence. I venture too much, and shrink longing for a breast that lives amongst the living ones, that may bear with my secrets and warm me ; for to stand before thee, gives harrowing chill ; and my hands I must fearfully clasp, in daring to think so intimately of thee ! — No ! — not to call upon thee, — not to tend my hands towards thee ; in this odd vigil of the night, not gaze after thee ; above the stars look up to thee and call thy name, — I dare not ! — O, I am afraid of thee ! rather to sink my look upon the tomb which covers thee, to gather flowers and pour them to thee ; ay, we will pluck all the sweet flowers of remembrance, they breathe so spiritley ; may they be kept for thy remembrance and mine, or chance may blow them away ; once more I will resume these sweet stories of past times.

* * *

To-day I will tell thee how in dark night thou ledst me unknown ways. In Weimar, when on the market we came to the stairs, and thou descendest the first, and thou borest me away, wrapped in thy mantle upon thy shoulder. Is it true, my lord ? — hast borne me with

both thine arms ? How *béauteous* wast thou then, how grand and noble ; how dark fulgurated thine eye in the starry glance ! — how dark into mine, when I sat there above on thy shoulder, fastening me with both mine arms round thy neck. How blissful I was ; how didst thou smile, that I was so blissful ; how didst thou rejoice to have me, and bear me waving above thy head ; how did I rejoice ! — and then I swung over to the right shoulder, not to tire the left. Thou letst me see, through the illumined windows, a series of peaceful eyes of old and young, by the lamp's light or before the blazing kitchen-fire ; also the little dog and the kitten sat by. Thou saidst, — “ Is not that a merryful gallery of pictures ? ” — so we passed from one dwelling to the other along the gloomy streets, till we came in the park beneath the high trees. I touched the boughs, and the birds startled away ; how we both rejoiced and laughed ! — children thou and I, — and now ? — thou a spirit, ascended to the heavens ; and I ? — unfulfilled, unawaited for, uncomprehended, unloved ! Nay, they might ask, who art thou, and what is thy want ? and should I answer them, they would say, we understand thee not. But *thou* didst comprehend me, and openedst thine arms and thy heart to me, and each demand was answered and each woe was calmed. Yonder in the park we went hand in hand beneath the thick-foliaged trees ; thou gavest me many sweet names, they resound still in my ear : *beloved heart ! my fine child !* how much did that ravish me, to know how thou wouldst call me ; then arose the moon ; thou also wast delighted : thou rejoicedst not at the moon, thou rejoicedst at my delight, and I ? — why did I applaud the moon ? — was I not happy to be with thee ? — what was to me the moon ? — but now thy

lips kissed my brow ; thy closed lips so stately, so consummately, pronouncing what is beauty. Say !— can form decay when it is spirit ? Did not thy lips express thy poet-tongue ; thine eye thy poet spirit ; and thy nose, thy brow so pure, so proud, maintaining its dignity ? Can form decay, which so answers for itself ?— *and soul and mind and body shall be kept clean and blameless, all to share in divine bliss.* Ay, beauty is a divine bliss ; and what is the spirit's beauty ?— to be kept free from sin, free from law. All nursing of the soul to be pure, be heaven's-bread ; each demand be granted, for the soul shall become free. And on what her instinct lays claim, that must nourish her raciness, her sensuousity to become enlightening, to stand the test of inspiration ; in the meat of love to feel of spirit the vital power.

* * *

But yonder, beneath the trees, thou didst kiss the playing shadows on my head, and not didst talk philosophy ; and to be together with thee is more wisdom than any philosophy. And thou didst whisper a litany of sweet names upon my brow, and I was rejoiced to learn them, and repeated them in my mind, not to forget them. "Thou little mouse," thou saidst, "come !" and ledst me to the well, that issued, like a green crystal-globe, amidst the turf ; there we stood a little while, hearkening to its music ; — "it sings ever, bul, bul," I said ; "ay, it calls, in Persian tongue, to the nightingale ; no wonder, when in future I sing ever like the rill, for I will ever call on thee, as thou art my nightingale, and warblest all songs into my soul." — Then we went further, — beauteous night ! — thou ledst me by my hand ; we looked at each other, bedewed with trembling light-

droplets, which the moon scattered down upon us, through the hiding shadows of yon high trees. Then thou saidst, — “ Those I have planted ere many, many years, and ever delighted in seeing them thrive so luxuriously ; this year they are most gorgeously foliated ; to help solemnizing thy presence, they pour those moon-diamonds upon thee.” — All these speeches were electric showers ; I shivered at thy words, they flew into my breast as were they birds, and would build a nest there ; or they would call my soul a young bird with its flixy wings to soar up ; — and I durst not utter a word ; thy smiling seemed to me so grand, that I was ashamed to let hear my voice ; in this stillful, breath-stopping pause, I was not thinking, I was only filled with thy presence.

Look how, in the dubious gloom, all the branches glow and bloom ; star on star is playing down, through the bushes, emeraldly, fulgurating thousandfoldly, yet thy mind is far from all. “ I will kiss thee,” said I. *

We went home ; at the door I asked, “ Shall we part now ? ” — thou camest up the stairs with me and enteredst my room ; I leaped to the sofa, and there I snugged myself in thine arms, and closed them fast round my neck. Then it was so stillful near thy heart, I heard it throb, I heard thee breathing ; then I hearkened to it, and had no other mind than to hear thee live. O thou ! — my heart pagns ; — here, long after midnight, alone with thee in

* West-eastern divan : Suleika named.

Full-moon-night.

Schau ! Im zweifelhaften Dunkel
Gloßen blühend alle Zweige,
Niederspielet Stern auf Stern,
Und smaragden durch's Gesträuche
Tausendfaltiger Karfunkel,
Doch Dein Geist ist allem fern.

Ich will küssen, sagt' ich.

the remembrance of yon hour, so many years gone, so penetrated with that love of thine, that my tears must flow; and thou, no more on earth, beyond, where I reach thee not, where my prayers do not resound! — alas! tears! will they flow to the beloved into the other world, — or is all for nought? So time passed on thy breast, not presuming that it could pass over, all was managed for eternity. Twilight; the night-lamp cast a dubious shine on the ceiling, the flame began to crackle and flashed up; had it not, thou wouldst not have awaked so soon out of thy deep dream-musing. Perhaps I should have passed a whole hour more in thy arms; perhaps I should have seen the sun rise there. Thou turnedst thy head towards me, and beheldst me a long while, then leanedst me softly out of thine arms and saidst: “I will go! — look, how ambiguously the night-lamp burns, — how movable the shine of its blaze plays on the ceiling: even as unsafely burns a flame in my bosom; I am not sure it should flare up and scorch thee and me.” — Thou pressedst both my hands with thine, thou didst go and gave me no kiss, as heretofore, when thou didst go away. First! — as it is strange with lovers, — I was quite calm, I felt me glory-filled and still inwrapped in glory, but suddenly I cried for grief, that thou wast gone. I called upon thee, I searched for one to whom I could complain, that I had thee no more. I was so very alone, I knelt on the table before the mirror; there my pale face looked at me with dark eyes: so very dolefully it looked, that from pity I broke forth in tears.

* * * *

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I WOULD not have wrote this, were not your letter, after Goethe's death, the impulse to the reviving of my memory. It is as if each breath out of the past time would rise ; and what I thought forgotten, with prodigious power lays hold on me, and discharges the fire of concealed pangs upon my cheeks ; — shall I here alone bear all, or do I not in vain ask you to share in it ? Lo, it is so gracious, nay, even delightful a task to console, I have no doubt you would accept of what my remembrance dares offer you, which once more ushers in this love's full power and everlastingness upon me.

* * *

So far I have written this night ; now the day is dawning, I will still write down how the agonized soul, with all the strength of wilful youth, assuaged itself. I had no presensions, no idea, that I could go out of these four walls and come to the door where Goethe dwelled ; that I could lean there my head upon the sill and find rest there ; the voice kept silence which could have instructed me, that it depended only upon me to become blissed in one moment for aye. Had but that inly voice reminded me, how often heretofore my quick fancy found a way to him when I spoke with his mother ; or how, in musing, which always borrows of imagination what it is in want of, I weened to climb up the vine-laths, which ascended to the window of his closet ; had I said to myself that these vine-laths were not ten steps afar ; that now I could indeed ascend them, and could knock at the window, and to be

sure, joyfully surprised, he would open it, and draw me to his heart ; — had I told that to myself, and had not hazarded upon this adventure, then that very innocence of which I was penetrated, might be denied me. I, innocent, and he indiscreet, — that was our partition-wall, not virtue ; virtue is not the genius of innocence.

Kneeling on the table before the looking-glass, at the unsteady flickering of the night-lamp, seeking for help within my own eyes, that with tears replied to me ; with lips trembling, the hands so fastly clasped upon my breast grievously filled with sighs. Lo ! how often had I wished once to dare pronounce his own poems before him ; — suddenly it came into my mind, how, ere a few moments, the great tall oaks in the moon-light had rustled above us ; then I remembered the monologue of Iphigenia.*

* Forth ! — in your shades, ye breeze-removed tops
Of the ancient sacred, thick-foliaged grove,
As in the goddess silent sanctuary
Still now with awful shivering I step,
As did I for the first time tread on them,
And not does here the mind inure itself.
So many a year preserves me here concealed
A will, sublime, to which I am addicted ;
Yet e'er like in the first still am I strange,
For oh ! the sea parts me from my beloved,
And on the shore I stand the tarrying days,
Searching the land of Grecians with my soul ;
And to reply my sighs, the billow brings
But over to me, mournfully roaring tunes.
Woe man, who, far from parent, brother, sister,
Lonesomely lives ! — to him consuming grief
Frets the next hap away before his lips.
To him the musing thoughts swarm ever down
Towards his father's halls, whereat, the sun
Before him first disclosed heaven, where
The fellowborn did playing strong and stronger
With cheerful bands unite each to the other.
Against the gods, I dare not contest ; — but

There I stood before the glass and spoke this monologue aloud, with art-inspired enthusiasm, fancying as if Goethe would hearken to me; often I stopped, — the low, detained trembling of my voice, intimated me the pauses so very momentous in these past and future-raising speeches. My emotion, my spirit, by Goethe's spirit deeply-moved, prevailed in me this dramatical effusion; I clearly felt inspired with his own inspiration. I felt as in a cloud ascending; a divine power wafted this cloud towards him, the love-inspiring one, and in sooth in the glorifying of his own work. How could I more forcibly

The state of women is commiserable;
 At home and in the war man does govern;
 In foreign lands, he knows how to behave;
 Possession he enjoys; victory crowns him;
 A glorious death will be reserved for him.
 How close ensnared is fortune for a wife;
 Nay, to obey the spouse's rude commands
 Is duty and console; how pitiful
 When hostile fate drives her in foreign lands.
 Thus keeps me Thoas here, a noble man.
 Fettered in stern and sacred slavish bands.
 O, how ashamed do I own, that I
 But with a still reluctance serve thee, goddess.
 Thee, my rescuer! — my life should wholly be
 Devoted uncompelled to thy service.
 Also I ever hoped for thee! — and hope
 Still now for thee, Diana! thou who hast
 Within thy sacred, gentle arms received
 Me, — of the greatest king the out-cast daughter.
 Ay, Jove's daughter, if thou once wilt lead
 Homeward the magnanimous man, whom thou
 With pangs didst strike, demanding for his daughter;
 If once by thee the godlike Agamemnon,
 Who brought his most beloved to thy altar,
 From Troya's crushed walls glorious be led
 Back to his fatherland, and thou for him
 Hast spared the spouse, Electra, and the son,

have been penetrated by his genius? All this longing pang dissolved in joyful wing-rushing of the spirit; as the young eagle not soaring up, with his pinions only beckons the sun, feeling valiant to pursue him on his course; so I was,—cheerly and delighted I went to bed; sleep overpoured me like the refreshing shower, that follows a storm.

The beauteous treasures all, — then give at length
Me also back again to mine; and do
Rescue me, whom thou didst rescue from death,
Also from living here, the second death.

Goethe's "Monologue of Iphigenia."

Heraus in Eure Schatten, rege Wipfel
Des alten, heil'gen, dichtbelaubten Haines,
Wie in der Göttin stilles Heiligthum,
Tret' ich noch jetzt mit schauerndem Gefühl,
Als wenn ich sie zum erstenmal beträte,
Und es gewöhnt sich nicht mein Geist hierher.
So manches Jahr bewahrt mich hier verborgen
Ein hoher Wille dem ich mich ergebe;
Doch immer bin ich, wie im ersten, fremd.
Denn ach, mich trennt das Meer von den Geliebten,
Und an dem Ufer steh' ich lange Tage:
Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend;
Und gegen meine Seufzer bringt die Welle
Nur dumpfe Töne brausend mir herüber.
Weh dem, der fern von Eltern und Geschwistern
Ein einsam Leben führt! Ihm zehrt der Gram
Das nächste Glück von seinen Lippen weg.
Ihm schwärmen abwärts immer die Gedanken
Nach seines Vaters Hallen, wo die Sonne
Zuerst den Himmel vor ihm aufschloß, wo
Sich Mitgeborne, spielend fest und fester
Mit sanften Banden aneinander knüpften.
Ich rechte mit den Göttern nicht; allein
Der Frauen Zustand ist beklagenswerth.
Zu Haas und in dem Kriege herrscht der Mann,



So since ever to this very moment, all unsatisfied desire, by sensuousness of art, will be transported to a higher state ; and if any thing bears witness for a transfiguration yonder, it is, that all sensation, arising from holy Nature, if not prosperous in its passion, exalts to a longing, by which the sensually evolved spirit strives to transfigure

Und in der Fremde weiß er sich zu helfen ;
 Ihn freuet der Besitz, ihn krönt der Sieg ;
 Ein ehrenvoller Tod ist ihm bereitet.
 Wie eng gebunden ist des Weibes Glück !
 Schon einem rauhen Gatten zu gehorchen,
 Ist Pflicht und Trost ; wie elend wenn sie gar
 Ein feindlich Schicksal in die Ferne treibt ! —
 So hält mich Thoas hier, ein edler Mann,
 In ernsten, heil'gen Slavenbanden fest.
 O wie beschämt gesteh' ich, daß ich Dir
 Mit stillem Widerwillen diene, Göttin,
 Dir meiner Retterin ! mein Leben sollte
 Zu freiem Dienste Dir gewidmet sein.
 Auch hab' ich stets auf Dich gehofft und hoffe
 Noch jetzt auf Dich, Diana, die Du mich
 Des größten Königes verstofsne Tochter,
 In Deinen heil'gen sanften Arm genommen.
 Ja, Tochter Zevs, wenn Du den hohen Mann,
 Den Du, die Tochter fordernd, ängstigtest,
 Wenn Du den göttergleichen Agamemnon,
 Der Dir sein Liebstes zum Altare brachte,
 Von Trojas umgewandten Mauern rühmlich
 Nach seinem Vaterland zurückbegleitet,
 Die Gattin ihm, Elekten und den Sohn,
 Die schönen Schätze, wohl erhalten hast :
 So gieb auch mich den Meinen endlich wieder,
 Und rette mich die Du vom Tod' errettet,
 Auch von dem Leben hier, dem zweiten Tode.

Goethe's " Monolog der Iphigenia."

itself, and pass over into a higher world, where the sensual becomes also spirit.

No spirit comes forth but out of a sensual bottom, and which does not derive from that, is but ephemerical; he who were so disposed, that the very germ of spirituous desire were not received by sensual nature, would soon, from a magic evolution in his spirit, from high-minded sensation degrade to the feel of inanity. If, perchance, a third had perceived this dramatic glorifying of my longing; the easy strain of my countenance; the low steps, the timorous looking for the temple; the disposing of my garments; the modulating of my voice; could he ever ween how deeply love insinuated this performance? — that with it, the pure, unoffenced spring bloomed forth from its cover in these premises of my feelings?

* * *

I thank my friend, that I dare relate to him all my feelings; they evolve of Goethe's unhurt piety, the infinite genius, engendering in the bosom of an innocent woman, softly to rule his ardent-spirited darling, that she might ever feel happy and in full harmony with him. I cannot elucidate what passes within me since he is dead; — deep remembrances, shooting forth like plants, ambrosial bejewelled, opening to the ambient light of marvelling truth. I feel the air wafting still his breath to me; I feel the beam of his atmosphere warm and enlighten me; I look around to see him; I feel my earthly spirit inflecting and refracting the ray of his supernal one; none can unriddle what I am, nor what power my spirit is possessed of; and how deeply, by the favor of a propitious constellation, my percipient genius, like a new moon, may grow

or wane, rise or set. Thus let not your own mind be ruffled by others' judgment ; and I will also not lose my trust, spite of dreary night-spectres, scared up to haunt me.

* * *

Wert thou with me, Goethe ! — now, in this moment. Once the sky bedewed thy slumbering brow, amidst Nature's young sleeping brood ; the early breeze awaked the blossoms with playing round thy breast ; and the sun, before it set, did woo thy assent look. Thou ! of poets the prince, wast pleased to feel straightly in the mid of thy bosom, the nightingale resound his lay. Thy proud bosom swelled by spumy dreams of love before a prosperous gale ; when time, the powerful torrent inspirited with youth, bore thee on his surges, towards the hankering mind, to meet with thee for a moment ; but those surges rolled away, and they never return.

TO GOETHE.

From unmeasured height the stars stream their light down to the earth ; and the earth becomes green, and blows in many thousand flowers, aloft to the stars.

Love's spirit also streams down from unmeasured height into the bosom of man, and to this spirit also smiles a blooming spring. Thou ! — as the stars are pleased, in the golden flower-field, to be reverberated on the fresh, verdant ground, thus be thou pleased, that thy higher genius for thee calls forth thousandfold blossom of feelings out of my breast ; everlasting dreams entwine my senses ; dreams are foams ! ay, they foam up and rush to heaven.

And lo ! he comes ! — give way ! — prodigious stillness in wide Nature ! — no breeze moving, no thought moving, — without reluctance, at his feet the mind fettered to him ! — can I love *him*, so high aloft, above myself ? O world, but thou art narrow ! — the mind does not its pinions once stretch out, without to strain them far beyond thy reach. The wood, the verdant plain I must desert, the play-ground of his poetical delight ; I fancy me touching his mantle's skirt, and my hands to stretch forth to him, who in earlier days, to me counted golden moments ; when I sat at his feet and kissed his hand, and caressed him with speeches ; and his mind was so nigh to mine, that *ay* he said to all, and drew my curls through his fingers and played with my ear ; and raised my head, to regard the moon and stars ; and should relate fine things of the moon, how she ascends the heights to crown the tops with lily-chaplets, and pour silver-streams in tenebrose wildernesses, filling their ravines with splendor, when stillness watches over the wafting vapors around. “Thou whimsey moon,” said I, “givest whims that, like yon catching clouds, impetuously roll on after each other, to veil my hap ; and as thy vapor-dividing light victoriously breaks forth to defy the nubiferous gale, thus darts on me the glance of him whose knees I here embrace. — So moon, thou art the secret divine ; and like thee, moon, he is the secret divine ; who like thee, onesided moon, pours down his light over the want of love.” And now, in the dazzling glimmer of my tears, I see him, cloud-compelling, walk a silver-lining path, casting a claim at me to follow ! — I lack ! — hard before, he stepped this cloudy style ; his breath agrees still with the air ; I might drink it, I dare not ; I am not strong to bear the violence impassionate, that prances over the bounds. O

lead me over the plain, where once my genius led me to meet with him, in the season when youth gemmed its blossoms ; when first the eye opened to light ; and he, fully darting, engaged my look, and darkened each other light to me.

* * *

O come in, as first thou camest before the face of that pale-waning, speechless maiden, obeying the fate of love ; fainting away as she saw the falchion of decree flashing in thine eye, and thou didst snatch her in thine arms and drink my glowing blood from my cheek ; in thy enclosing arms at once assuagedst this heart hankering since many years ; and peace came o'er me on thy breast, a sweet, sweet slumber for a moment, or was I stunned ? I never knew. It was a deep pause ; thou didst bend thy brow over mine, to shelter me in thy shadow ; and when I awoke, thou wouldst say, " Thou hast slept in my arms." " Long ? " I asked ; " well, strains which long since had not resounded within my breast, vibrated, and so time is gone." Thy dim eye, how mildly thou lookedst on me ; and all was new for me, — a human face, first stared at, traced in love. *Thy* face, O Goethe, never to compare to another, at once striking my soul with light. O glorious man ! — now also, I feel myself under thy darting looks. I know thy lips dew balm upon me from the clouds. I feel myself as burdened with fruits of blissfulness, all ripened by thy fire-beaming genius. Thou lookest upon me, down from celestial heights ; let it be unknown to me, for I would not bear it ; thou hast taken me from myself ; where stand I firm ? — the ground reels ; I feel myself no more on earth. My soul buoys up, I do no more know any one ; I have no thought, I have no will but to sleep, bed-

ded in clouds, on the steps of thy celestial chair. Thy glance, keeping over me fire-vigil ; thy all-inarming spirit, bending over me in the blossom-carouse of thy love-carols. Thou, lipping over me, nightingale-fluting the groans of my languishing pants. Thou ! storming over me, weather-stressing the phrenzy of passion. Thou ! shouting, heaven-urging the eternal hymns of love, that, warbling, rebound on the heart. Ay ! at thy feet I will sleep, while thou, valiant one ! poet ! prince ! lightsomely grazing the clouds, evolvest yon harmonies, rooted within my heart.

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* * *

Prayers ascend to heaven ! — what is he who also ascends to heaven ? — he also is prayer, matured in the shelter of the muses. Eros, the celestial, to light before, severs the clouds on his way.

* * *

His pride ! his sacred pride in his beauty ! They say, it were not possible, he having already been sixty years of age, when I had firstly seen him, and I a fresh rose. O, there is a difference between the freshness of youth and that beauty by the divine spirit inculcated to human features, through which inspiration perspires a halo, and, unhurt by lowness, its fragrance freely evolves.

Beauty is secluded from what is low and isolated by what is noble, being in itself, and having its own sanction to keep vigil between it and the world. Beauty fades not, its bloom only loosens from the stem that bore it ; its bloom sinks not in dust, it is winged and ascends to

heaven. They who saw *him*, must yield, that beauty, which by other men only invest the outer shape with a higher spirit, here in its appearance withal, streams forth from it, and rules over it ; and so bails his claim to the celestial.

* * *

Goethe, I yield to thy beauteousness, and would not a second time tempt thee, as then in Weimar in the library at the pillar fronting thy bust, which in the fortieth year of thy age evolved the full harmony of thy immarcessible beauty. There thou hast led the young maiden ; and thou, wrapped in thy green mantle, leanedst on the pillar, sounding if in these rejuvenated features she should remind the present friend ; but I would not mind it ; — alas, cheery love-visions, secret merriment, would not let it 'scape from out my lips. “ *Well?* ” — he impatiently asked. “ He must have been a beautiful man,” I said. “ Yes ! forsooth ! he could say in his time he was a beautiful man,” — said Goethe, irritated. I would come near him, and with soothing implore him ; he escaped, he held me aloof ; and when I touched his hand, he slung me from him. For a moment I was perplexed ; — “ stay ! like this image,” I cried : “ then I will woo thee calm again ! — wilt thou not ? — well ! then I forsake the living one, and kiss the stone so long, till grudgingly thou hast snatched me from it.” I embraced the bust ; I bent my brow on this majestic brow ; I kissed these marble-lips, I lent cheek to cheek. Suddenly he raised me from it in his arms. “ 'T is time,” said I, “ for nearly I had abandoned me to the stone : ” he lifted me high in his arms, this man of three score

years ; he looked up to me, and gave me sweet names :
 — “ Child of my good stars ! child of my gods ! thou
 liest in the cradle of my breast.” * What beautiful

* Thou lookest so stern, beloved ! with thy styled
 Marble bust here I'd like thee to compare ;
 As this, thou givest no sign of living air ;
 Likening it to thee, the stone seems mild.

The foe doth parry with his shield for 's best
 The friend to us, shows openly his brow.
 I strive to thee, whilst thou wilt 'scape me now ;
 O brave it out, as doth this artful crest !

To which of these should I now have recourse ?
 Must I of both here suffer cold and wrong,
 As this is dead, and thou alive 't is said ?

Brief, not to lose more words nor make it worse
 This stone, I shall caress and woo so long,
 Till thou art jealous, and wilt me from it led.

Du siehst so ernst, Geliebter ! Deinem Bilde
 Von Marmor hier möcht' ich dich wohl vergleichen ;
 Wie dieses giebst du mir kein Lebenszeichen ;
 Mit dir verglichen zeigt der Stein sich milde.

Der Feind verbirgt sich hinter seinem Schilde.
 Der Freund soll offen seine Stirn uns reichen.
 Ich suche dich, du suchst mir zu entweichen ;
 Doch halte Stand, wie dieses Kunstgebilde.

An wen von beiden soll ich nun mich wenden ?
 Sollt' ich von beiden Kälte leiden müssen,
 Da dieser todt und du lebendig heifsest ?

Kurs, um der Worte mehr nicht zu verschwenden,
 So will ich diesen Stein so lange küssen,
 Bis eiferstüchtig du mich ihm entreifsest.

Goethe's Werke II. Band.

words were that in which he harboured me, what a hallowed music by which he immortalized me ! After having awhile thus ardently beheld me, he let me down, wrapped my arm into his mantle, and held my hand on his throbbing heart, and so with lingering paces we went home. I said, "How thy heart beats !" — "It beats not for me," he replied ; "the seconds, that with such a throbbing assault my heart, they, with impassionate violence rush upon thee, thou also thrive the irretrievable time for me to forego." Lo ! so finely he snatched the impulse of his heart with sweet expressions, he, the irrefragable poet ! —

My friend, good night ! weep with me for a moment, — for behold, midnight is already past ; midnight, which has raft him away.

* * *

Yesterday I mused over him ; no, not mused, I had almost communion with him. Pain to me is not feeling, it is thinking ; my heart is not moved, it is excited. I was afflicted in my thoughts ; I have also dreamed of him, and awakened very grateful, that he had gratified me with his presence in dream, though the heavenly spirits can do all without trouble. Goethe, silent and portentous, led me along the shore of a river. I know also that he spoke single words, but not what ; the dusk swerved like lacerated mist-clouds driving ; — then I saw the glitter of the stars vibrating in the water ; — my peaceable steps on his side made the moving of Nature more sensible to me ; it moved me and moves me still now while I write. What is emotion ? — is it not divine force, which enters through my soul as through the

porch into my spirit ; breaks in, mingles, and blends with powers which before were untouched ; with them engenders new sensations, new thoughts, and new faculties. Thus a dream leads and directs the spirit of mankind ; — is it not also a dream, which spreads the emerald carpet before your feet and embroiders it with golden flowers ; and all the beauty which moves you, is it not a dream ? — all what you want of, do you not dream yourself to be possessed of it ? Alas, and having dreamed thus, must thou then not make it true or die for longing ? And is the dream within dream not the free arbitrary will of our spirit, that gives all what the soul demands ? Mirror fronting mirror, with the soul amid, to show her endless in everlasting transfiguration ?

Those vague glimmers in the air, those refracting light-rays in the surgy water, are they not the mirror-shape of my waving mind ? and he who placidly, silence-breathing led me at his hand, quieting my panting senses, were he not like the divine spirit of life, consuming the bad and purifying the good in me ? So plainly I dreamed, and by this dream am advised, as Salomo was by his friend, the angel of death, who also is the genius of life. And like the sun every day shines anew, thus God every day darts the beam of revelation into mankind, although not every day minded to accept of it. But love enters the bosom and plants in it desire for revelation ; and to this dream forth-streaming, my bosom opened ; like the rose-cup, exhaling and glowing, does to the sun. Goethe led me down the river along the tufted banks, and bade me sleep and wait for the day, as it was night ; and waiting for the day, I fell asleep, as was his bidding ; and in the morning, when I awoke out of this double-sleep,

it was as if, in the dream of you dreamed night, he had imparted me bliss.

* * *

Wednesday.

Also in this night I have dreamed of him, I must write it down ; it was ever my most ardent desire to see him in dream, and it would not do as only now while he is dead. The mind never by itself so daringly trusts in the floods of life, as when the dream egregiously navigates through which way in real life should have led me to him ? But dream has done it ; so simple, so sensuous of that mental rhythm within my feelings for him. Were I ever dream-inspired, I should not derogate from harmony with genius. It was night ; through its gauze I could discern the hues of the manifold flowers, spread on the turf-carpet before his dwelling ; the most flowrets were white, the gales moved them ; in the midst of the green lay stones and fragments of ruins, tumbled over one another. I climbed on them to see into the illuminated room ; the windows were open, the curtains were wafted to me by the breeze. Suddenly I saw his shape walking through the room, laying his hand on his brow, as musing into the far ; then the curtains sunk and the breeze softened. O would they waft once more to me, that I might reach them and hold them fast ; sightfully to drink this view of him, as one thirstily drinks out of a clear bourn, which brings health in its surges ; but the curtain moved never, as I could not dream any more, — I must awake by the great stillness in all Nature around. I mused about this dream, and as I traced the truth in it, I felt blessed to have seen him ; had the dream dared delude me, then perhaps it had passed the limits of the

possible, and Goethe could not have agreed with it. But it enlightened for a moment the mirror of my desire, and so I saw him.

As blessed spirits are busy to thrive the strength of Nature in blossom, so they also transfuse thinking and feeling into a spirituous blooming. To muse is to dream, and the evaporating of the vernal-ground is also the strength which sprouts forth in flowers, and is the musing of Nature's genius ; what is kept in him must thrive in him ; *so I must*, kept in this love by Nature's genius. The simplest germ of truth reaches to all-comprising-sight, like the smallest path that leads at last on the height where I am pleased to behold these romantic wildernesses of my life-shores ; lone, darksome, rugged, not easily to climb up, not easily to move freely on their tops ; but to survey life from there adown, is grand. Often I feel myself as wimpled in balmy vapor, and it is, as that cloud durst only lift, to soar me out of temporal life. And from out these heights I look nowhere, I search nowhere, but for the place at his feet. Never believe, that even the shadow of his sight were forsaken to me ; — the sound of his voice frequents my ear ; I suddenly hear it, when all other voices which daily I hear, have no home within my memory. I have no memory, I have a sacred presence ; my presence is possessed of that time I lived in love ; my senses tide on it, as does ebb and flow. Ay ! this flood tides ever and anon, uproaring on the cold, rugged shores of life, foaming, boiling, and quaffing down itself.

* * *

Here on earth the senses are not clear ; they lie under the dream-carpet. Life is not yet born into light ; it still reposes, as immatured fruit, in Nature's womb, which God has impregnated with the human mind to ripen into self-consciousness, and in the right moment to beteen into light. The innermost germ in the core of life is boding, striving to ripen into self-consciousness ; as betides to our understanding, so is our will swathed up in Nature. Like the fruit in the womb, which soaks nurture, and moves and strives to light, and spurs Nature to bring it forth, thus does the mind, and so will become to us as to the fruit when it is ripe. We are the fruit of Nature's love, and with sharp throes we shall be born to light ; and that I reply when they ask about this love, that I lie in the womb of Nature, striving for light by this love's throes, as man has not power to do otherwise.

This all, I have no doubt, prepares for a higher organization, — a string having sensual life, would thus be touched by vibration, when the master over harmonies would make it chime through all modulations ; as I am touched, that love forthwith makes me chime within its harmonies.

* * *

TO THE FRIEND.

You want I should tell you of him more, all ? — how dare I ? most too grievous it would be, parted from him, to recall all this love. No, when it comes so that I might see and speak to him, as it happened to me these two days ; when I can pray to him as formerly ; when I can hope that he again would turn the eternal, holy speech of

his look to me, then I will impart you the remembrances which out of this look beckons to me. Thus it will also happen ; it is not possible, that only because the earthly veil is sunk from him, all this should no more exist or alter. I will confide ; and what others deem to be impossible, shall become possible to me. What would love be, if it were nothing but what the dull perceive in their own mind ; alas ! they perceive nothing but its flowing off. Even in the moment when happiness makes us bold enough to summon eternity as a witness of it, we have a foreboding that for love we are not able ; alas ! we rather know nothing of love. To *know* of love and to *be* in love, is a difference ; I have *known* of it when I was no more in it. This is the difference : to live *in* it, then we live in mystery ; the inward man does not comprehend the effect which it has upon him. To live *out* of it, then we live in revelation, we become aware how a higher world once had received us ; we feel the mark of a former divine touch, — what first but seemed jesting love, we account now as heavenly wisdom. We are moved, that the god was so near to us, that our earthly part in him did not consume ; that we still live, still exist, still think ; that we did not forever give up what, in a happy hour in the bosom of the friend, we so easily renounce, that is, to be any thing else but *deeply felt* by the beloved.

Once I stood at the window with him. It was moonshine ; the shade of the vine-leaves played on his face, the wind agitated them, so that his eye was alternately in dark, and again sparkling in moonlight. I asked, “ What says thine eye ? ” — for it seemed to me as if it chatted. “ Thou pleasest me ! ” — “ What do thy looks say ? ” — “ Thou pleasest me more than any other can please me,” said he. “ O, pray tell me, what means thy piercing

look?" did I ask, for I thought his reply an evasion to my question. "My look asserts," said he, "what I say, and swears what I dare not swear, that no spring, no summer, no autumn nor winter, shall delude my look from thee. For thou smilest on me, as thou never smilest on the world; shall I then not swear to thee, what I never swore to mankind?"

Often it is as a beam of light, that breaks through my senses, flashing up in remembrances; of which I hardly know, whether they are important enough to mark them as something happened. In Nature, whate'er can mirror, reflect the characters of love; the lake paints the lofty trees which surround it, just the highest tops in the deepest deep; and the lofty stars still find a deeper deep in it, and love, that produced all, forms the foundation of all; and thus I can rightly say, unfathomable mystery lures all to the mirror of love, be it ever so mean, be it ever so far.

The first time I met with him, then I told him that jealousy had teased me, since I knew of him. Not his poems, not his works, had so impassionately disposed me. I was too much moved even before I had seen him; my senses were too much perplexed to comprehend the sense of his works. I was bred up in the nunnery, and had not yet learned to understand poetry; but in my sixteenth year already I was so much transported by him, that whene'er his name was mentioned, be it in praise or blame, my heart throbbed impetuously. I think it was jealousy, a giddiness overcame me; were it at table that my grandmother spoke at times of him, then I was no more able to eat; when the conversation lasted longer, then my senses reeled, I was no more aware of any thing, all fermented about me; and when I was alone, I burst in

tears, I could not read in books, I was too much moved; it was as if my life, like a torrent, was rushing in a thousand cascades down over rocks and cliffs, and it lasted long before it settled into calmness. Somebody came, who had a seal-ring on his finger, and said, Goethe had given it to him. Of this I complained to Goethe, at my first interview, how it had grieved me, that he could so carelessly give away a ring, even before knowing me. He did not smile at these strange love-complaints, he looked mildly down upon me, who confidently sat at his knees, on a foot-stool. When I went away, he put a ring 'pon my finger and said, "If any one says again he had got a ring from me, then say thou, *Goethe reminds no ring but this.*" Then he pressed me to his heart, I counted its palpitations. "I hope thou wilt not forget me, it would be ungrateful; I have, without conditions, complied with all thy claims, as far as possible." Then thou lovest me, I said, and eternally, for else I am more poor than ever; nay, I must despair.

* * *

This morning I received a letter from Chancellor Müller, who wrote about Goethe, as follows: "He died the most blissful death, with consciousness, cheerful, without a foreboding of his decease till his last breath, quite painless. It was a gradual soft sinking and dying of the flame of life, without a struggle. His last demand was for light; half an hour before his end, he ordered, 'Open the shutters, that more light may enter.'"

* * *

TO GOETHE.

TO-DAY let us change my strain upon the lyre ! **To-day** I am so happy, dear lord and master ! **To-day** a surprising, a glorious resolution has flashed up within my mind, that will bring me so near to thee. Thou, a refining fire, hast pervaded me, and consumed all that's unruly and vain, — it rushes so delightfully through me, — no time more exalted, more juvenile from to-day, till beyond to thee.

Who dares presume to cope with me ? What's their behest ? Would those judge me ? Who knows, who feels me, will not judge. As the sunbeams quivering play on thy brow, so love and fancy play on my heart ; and do I love one, then honor decks him ; and do I call one friend, then he is glorified, thus placed close to thee.

When raved and swept the tempest in me, then delight of love streamed melodies therein, and inspiration led them into the all-enrushing ocean of harmonies. Thou didst listen to me, and leave to others the option of shrinking at my fantastic pranks ; in the mean immortality poured through thy lays, and of jealousy the brand dissevered the nubiferous showers, and the powerful sun allured blossom and fruit.

Ay, eternal drunkenness of love, and temperance of wit, ye do not molest each other ; the one jubilees with music, the other reads a lesson. Ay, improve your wits, get names, good, glorious, and grand ; have whims, ideas ; and what you let slip, do never comprehend it ; for I and he, who poured forth to me in boundless mind, retrieves me all.

Thou art above, thou smilest down ! O this year's

vernal showers, the tempests of its summer-days, they come forth out of thy sphere. Thou wilt thunder towards me ; thou wilt strike thy all-powerful essence deep into my heart, and I exult up unto thee.

When inspiration takes her course to heaven, then dancing she takes her flight, and the youths of the skies stand arrayed to rejoice at her reckless daring. And thou ? — thou art proud, that she is the darling of thy earthly days ; who, with joyous hurricane-stirring impatience, steers through the airy ocean, midst the foam of cloudy breakers ; with joined feet, leaps up on the shore of heaven, flies towards thee with high flaring torch swinging over thy brow, then flings it into the clangerous heaven-deepening spaces to flare for the service of chance, — to her it boots not how ; she reposes in the lap of her beloved, and Eros the jealous keeps vigil nigh her, that like flames do not flash up.

* * *

In Bohemia on the height, at the skirt of the wood thou waitedst for me ; and, as I came clambering up to thee the short steep way, there thou stoodst firm and silent as a column-stone ; but the wind, the harbinger of the coming storm, violently blored, and in the folding of thy mantle revelled and blasted it up, and flung it over thy head and down again. Then streaming out with vehemence on either side, it would bring thee down to me, who paused a little while not far off, to breathe for cooling my throbbing pulse and glowing cheeks. Then I came to thee ; thou didst clasp me in thy arms, and, rolled up in thy mantle, hug me close to thy breast. There we stood in the drizzly rain, creeping through the thick-

foliated boughs, and the warm drops fell down upon us ; there came the storms from east and west ;— we said but little, we were silent. — “ It will withdraw,” so thou saidst, “ but for that blackening from there below, that gains upon us.” — And the host of clouds came riding onwards along the horizon ;— it became obscure ;— the wind raised little whirls of dust around us ; thy left hand pointed to the distance, thy right held the weeds and motley plants I had picked up on the way. “ Behold ! war is yonder ; those clouds shall confound and put the others to the flight ; if my bodings and skill in weather don’t deceive me, their strife will be the forerunner of peace.” — Thus scarcely hadst thou said, then flashed the lightnings, and from all sides the thunderings burst forth. I looked up and stretched my arms to thee ; thou didst bow over my face and plant thy lips in mine, and the tempests crashed on, bounced peal on peal, and tumbled from step to step down the Olympus, — softly rolling they did fly away ; no second clap followed. “ If one holds his beloved in arms, then may the tempest fall out over his head ! ” were thy last words up there ;— we went down hand in hand. The night broke in, the fruiterer had already her lamp lighted, to get rid of her apples. Thou stoodst still to look on me. — “ Thus Eros keeps fair with an old one, that her lamp should light the apples and the beloved.” — Then silently thou ledst me to my dwelling, kissed my brow, and pushed me into the door. A sweet peace was the cradle of my pleasing dreams till the morn.

TO THE FRIEND.

TEN years after this fair event, which remained so clearly printed in my memory, gave way to the inventing of Goethe's monument. Moritz Bethmann, from Frankfort on the Main, had ordered it ; he wished the undeniable true character of the poet to be expressed. He thought me able of forming the idea, though at that time I had never interfered with the arts. Then I remembered Goethe, as he had stood at the brink of the mountain, his cloak thrown around me on his bosom. The fever of invention seized me; often I was obliged, to recover myself from fancying, not to yield entirely up to its rapture and impetuosity. After I had spent my nights sleepless, and my days without nurture, my idea at last was decided and purified.

A glorified production of my love, an apotheosis of my inspiration and his glory ; thus did Goethe call it, as he saw it for the first time.

Goethe sitting with naked breast and arms. The cloak fastened at his neck, thrown back over the shoulders; and gathered from beneath his arms to his lap ; his left hand, which then had pointed to the thunderstorm, now lifted, reposing on the lyre, which stands on his left knee ; his right hand, which held my flowers, posing in the same manner, carelessly holds, forgetful of his glory, the full laurel-crown downwards ; his look turned to the clouds. Young Psyche stands before him, as I then did ; she lifts herself up on the point of her feet to touch the chord of the lyre, and he, sunk in inspiration, suffers her to do so. On one side of the throne is Mignon, in the garb of an angel, with the inscription: " Thus let

me look till I be so !”* On the other side a nice child-like Maenade stands on her head, with the inscription: “Stretch forth thy little feet up to heaven, and care not ! We, praying, stretch up our hands, but not guiltless like thee !”†

It is now eight years, since, with the help of an artist, I made a model in clay of this monument ; it stands in Frankfort in the museum ; they were much inclined to have it executed. At this time Goethe gave up his right as citizen of Frankfort, which mained the interest for him, and the exertions for the erection of his monument, that till now remained undone. I myself have often thought, what my love to him might signify, what would proceed from it, or if it should have been quite in vain. Then I remembered in these last days, that as a child I had often considered, if he died what I should begin, what should become of me ; and that I then ever thought, on his grave I would fain have a place, on his monument be petrified, like those stone-images, which people would erect to his eternal fame. Ay, I saw myself in fancy as a little dog, which commonly lies sculptured at the feet of celebrated men and heroes, as a symbol of faithfulness. To night I thought of it, that formerly I had often been absorbed in such visions ; and then I became aware, that this was the germ to his monument, and that it was incumbent on me to realize it. Since I have adopted this idea, I am quite joyous, and I have great hope of succeeding. Goethe said once those golden words to me : — “ Be constant, and what once a divine decree has contracted in thee, must rouse all thy strength, to bring it to maturity. If even the

* Wilhelm Meister (song of Mignon.)

† Epigrames of Goethe.

fruits do not succeed such as thou expectest, yet they are fruits of a higher feeling, and the all-generating, life-nourishing nature, can and shall still be surpassed by the eternal divine strength of love." — Reminding these words, which he then referred to our love, and trusting in them, that still to-day they will lead my mean faculties to prevail, I shall persevere ; and as it is by love that such fruits are produced, though they are not those which I then expected, I confide in his promise, that I may succeed.

To the history of the monument I have still to add, that I brought it myself to Goethe. After having long looked at it, he burst out a laughing. I asked, — " Why, canst thou do nothing else than laugh ? " — and tears choked my voice. — " Child, my dearest child," he exclaimed, " it is joy, which loudly shouts in me, that thou lovest ! lovest me, for alone love could do so." — And solemnly laying his hands on my head : " If the power of my blessing can avail any thing, then let it be transferred to thee in thankfulness for this love." — It was the only time that he blessed me, in the year 24, on the 5th of September.

* * *

My friend knows, that longing is not as men think of it, as of the roaring wind, and of both falsely, that they would pass away ; and the question, from where they came and whither they go, is to men the same by longing or by wind. But from what height descends perchance the essences, which allure the young grass out of the ground ? — and to what height ascends perchance these fragrances, which soar out of the flowers ? — is there a measure applied ? — or do all the powers of Nature de-

scend from the lap of the divinity, and do her simplest productions again ascend to their generator? Ay, certainly! all what descends out of divine bliss returns to it; and this longing, for *him* who showered down as dew on the thirsty soil of the human spirit, who here unfolded his most splendid blossom, who again ascended in the fragrance of his own glorification, — should not this longing also speed up to heaven? — should it not alike find the way to him aloft?

Καὶ ἡ σὰρξ πνεῦμα ἐγένετο.

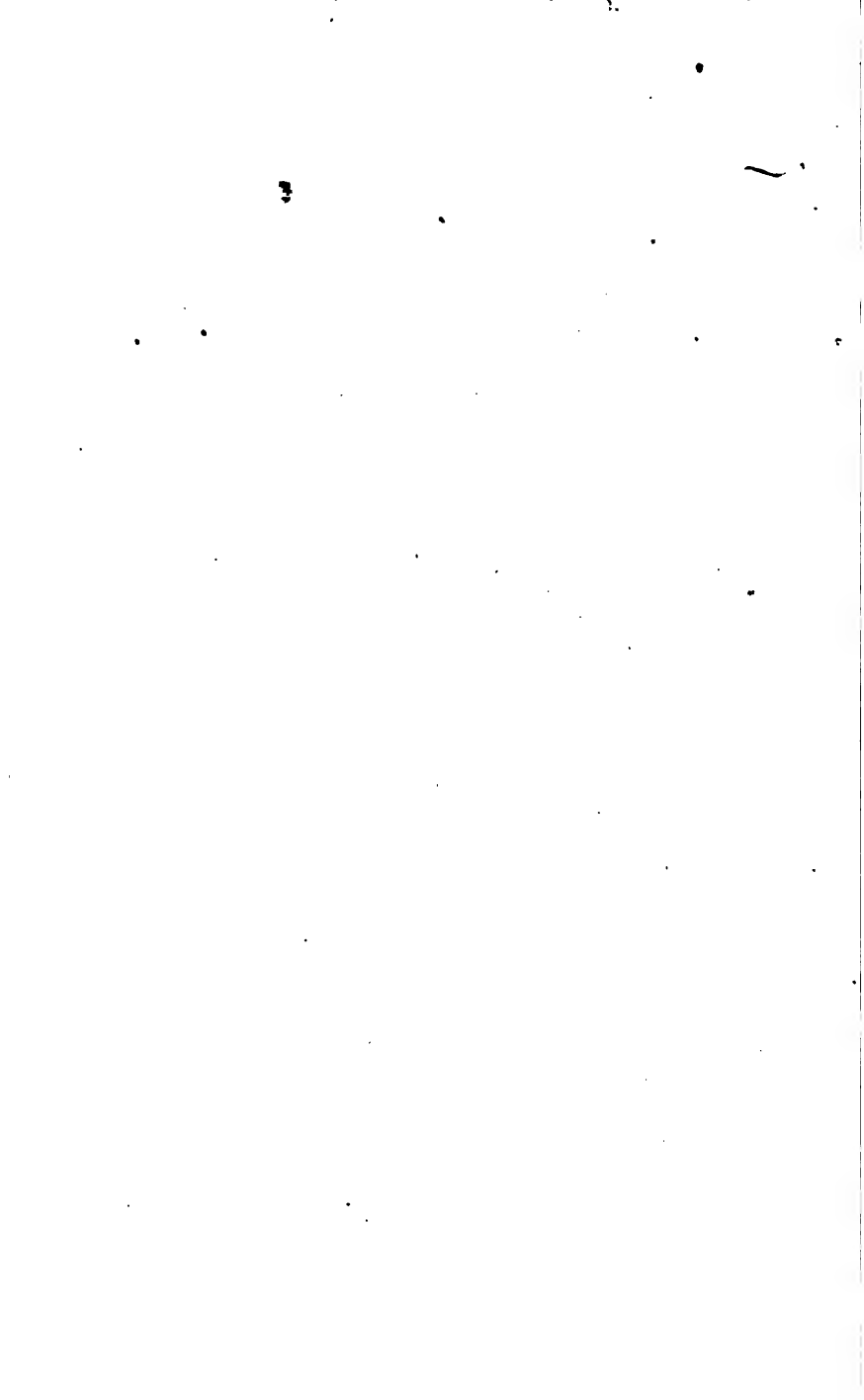
These words I have selected as an inscription for the monument. What the lover calls to thee, Goethe, will not remain without reply; — thou improvest, thou rejoicest, thou permeatest, thou impregnest the heart of the loving with the word to become flesh within it.

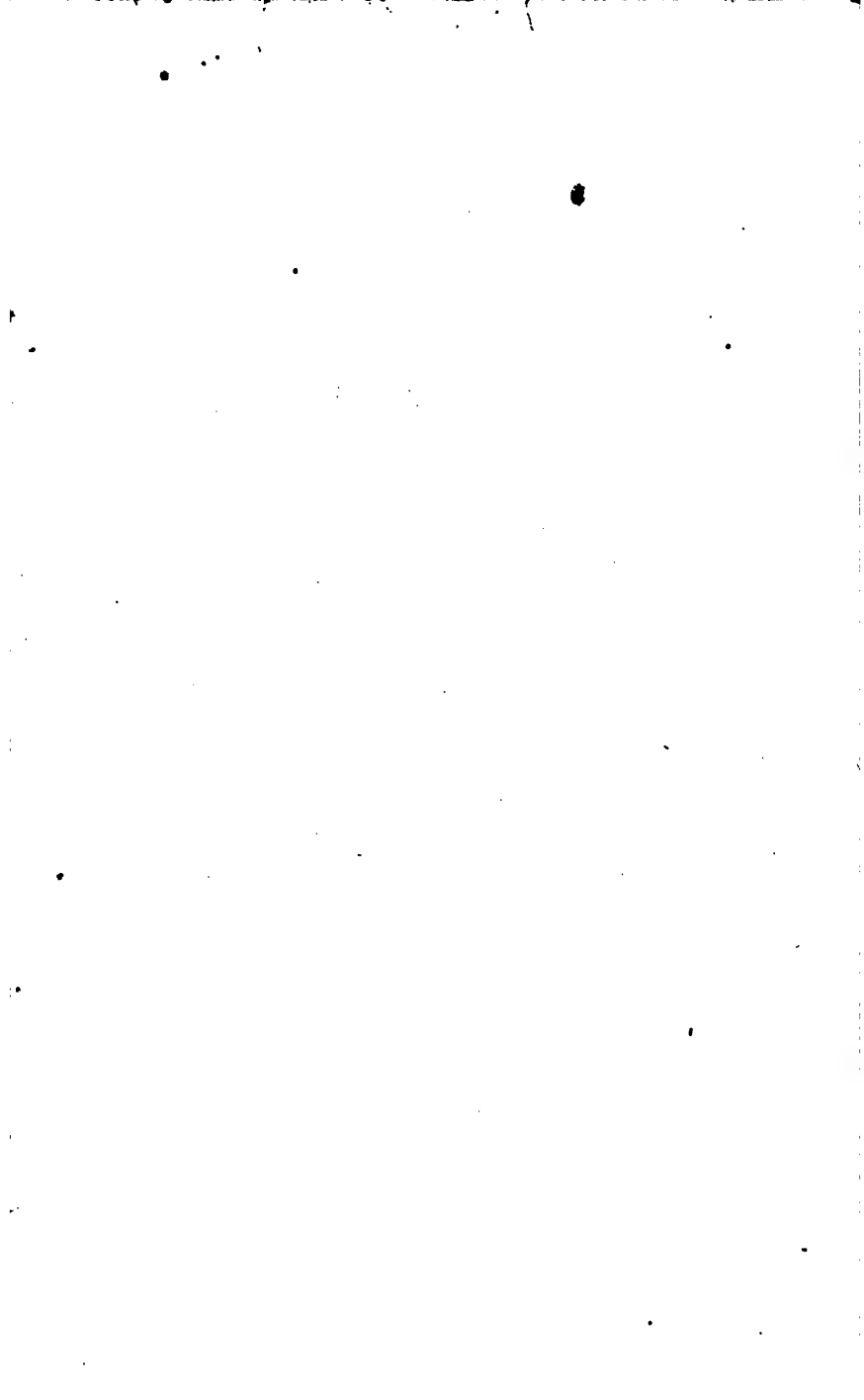
As breaks forth from nought and into nought again sonuds away the tone, that bore the word which never sonuds away, but clangs in the soul, calling up all kindred harmonies, thus inspiration also springs forth from nought, bearing the word into flesh, and then sounds away again. The spirit, which espouses with the word, as yon celestial powers in the ground espouse with the seed, from whose blossom they again ascend in fragrance to their generator, *that* spirit will also ascend; and to him, — adown from the celestial ether, answer will resound.

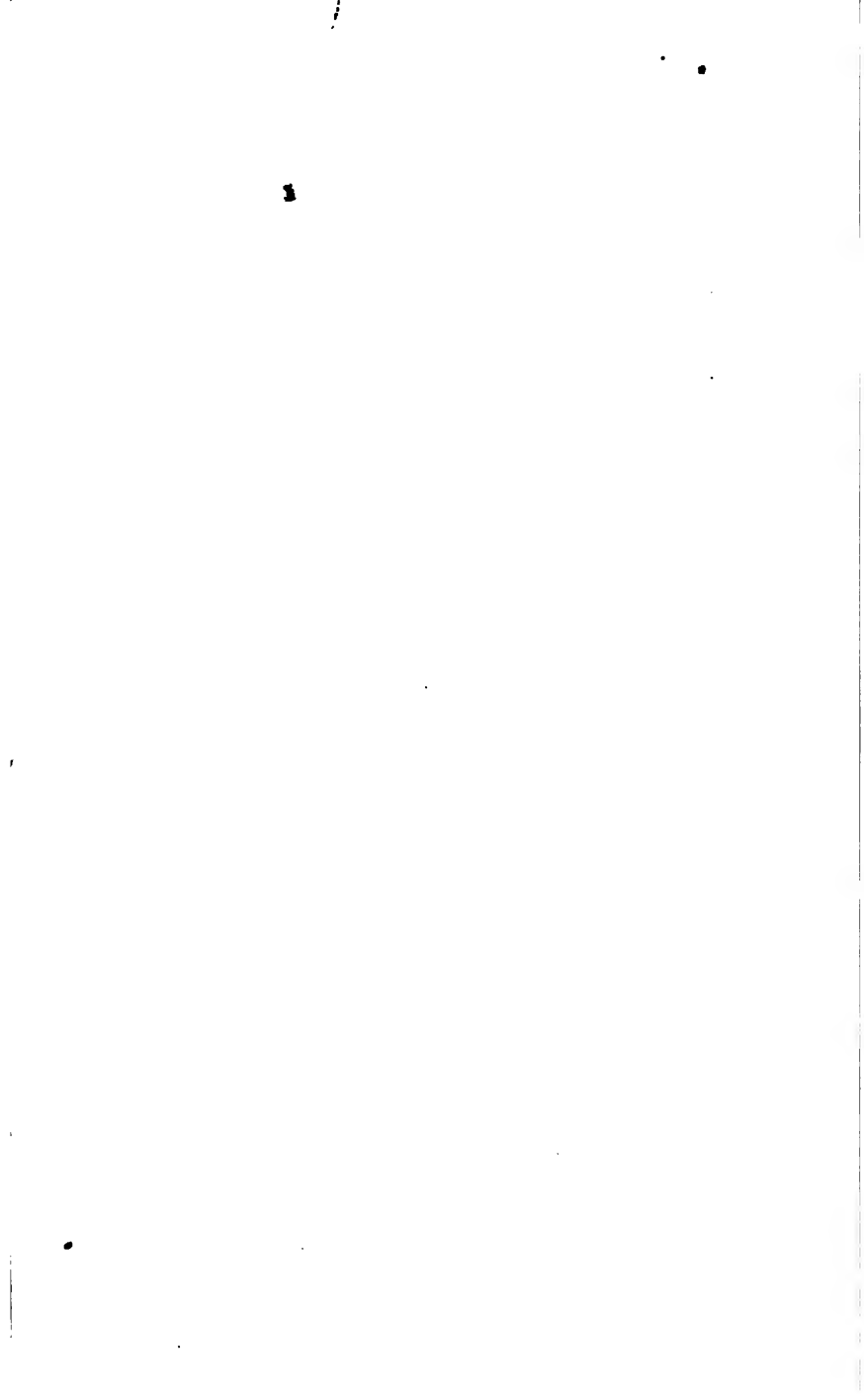
The drift of airs which sweep along and groan like longing sighs, we know not of from whence; they also have no form, they cannot say, that I am, or that belongs to me! — but the breath of divinity streams through them, and gives them a frame, for it ingenerates them through the word into flesh. Thou knowest that love

solely is parturient ;— that what is not offered by it unto the celestial generator never belongs to the eternal kin ! What is wisdom, which does not derive from love ? — what is remembrance, which love bestows not ? — what is the want, which does not strive to it ? — what is doing, that uses not love ? If thou forth-stretchest thy hand, and hast not a mind to attain love, what mind hast thou ? or what wouldst thou grasp ? That tree, which thou beddest into the pit with all its roots, to which thou carriest the fertile earth and the rillet, as it cannot walk, that it may want nothing to thrive and blossom, that tree thrives its blossom for thee, and thy care thou givest to the tree for it. I also do all, that *his* memory may thrive for me. Love does all for its own sake, and yet the lover forsakes himself and traces love.

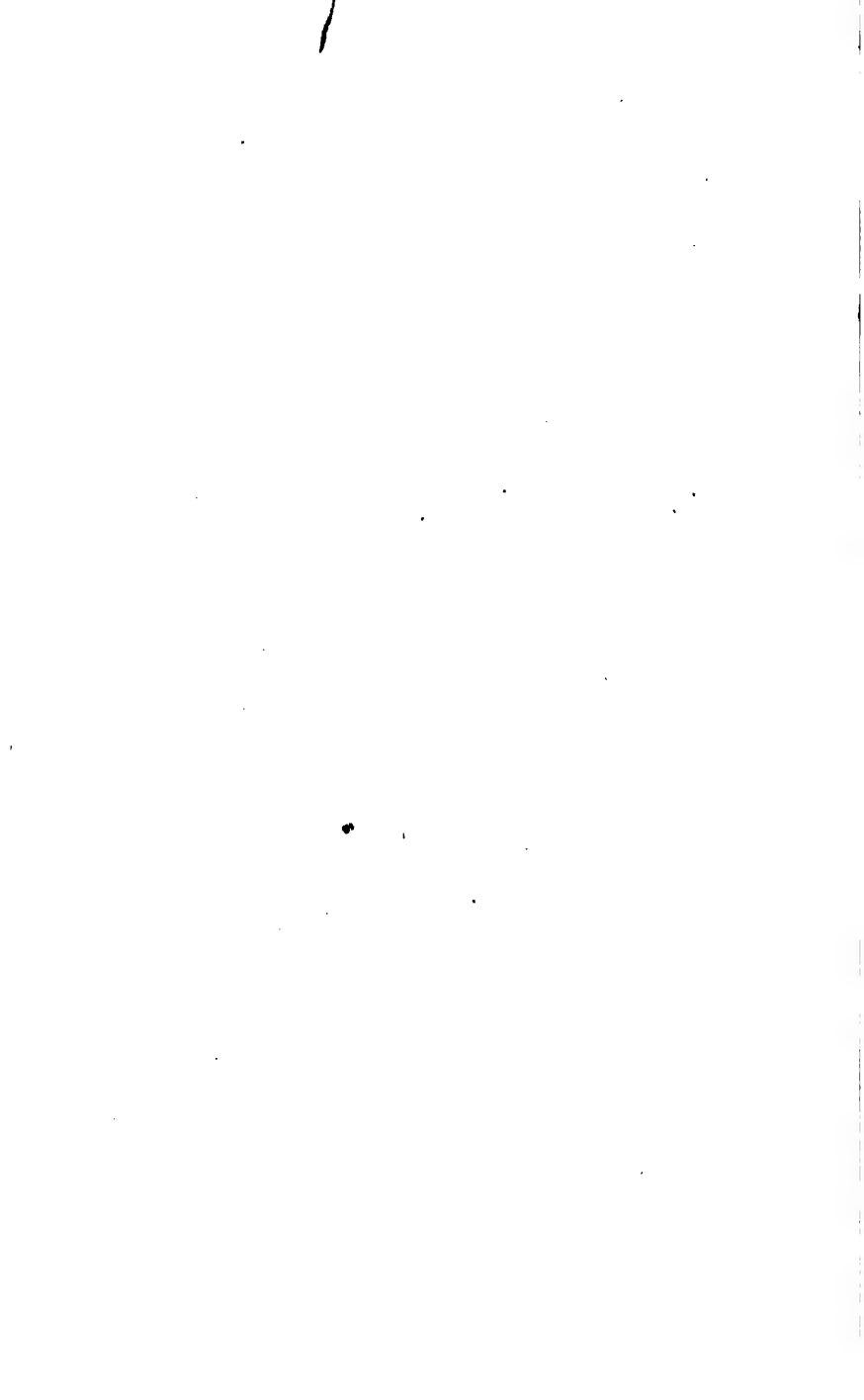
THE END.

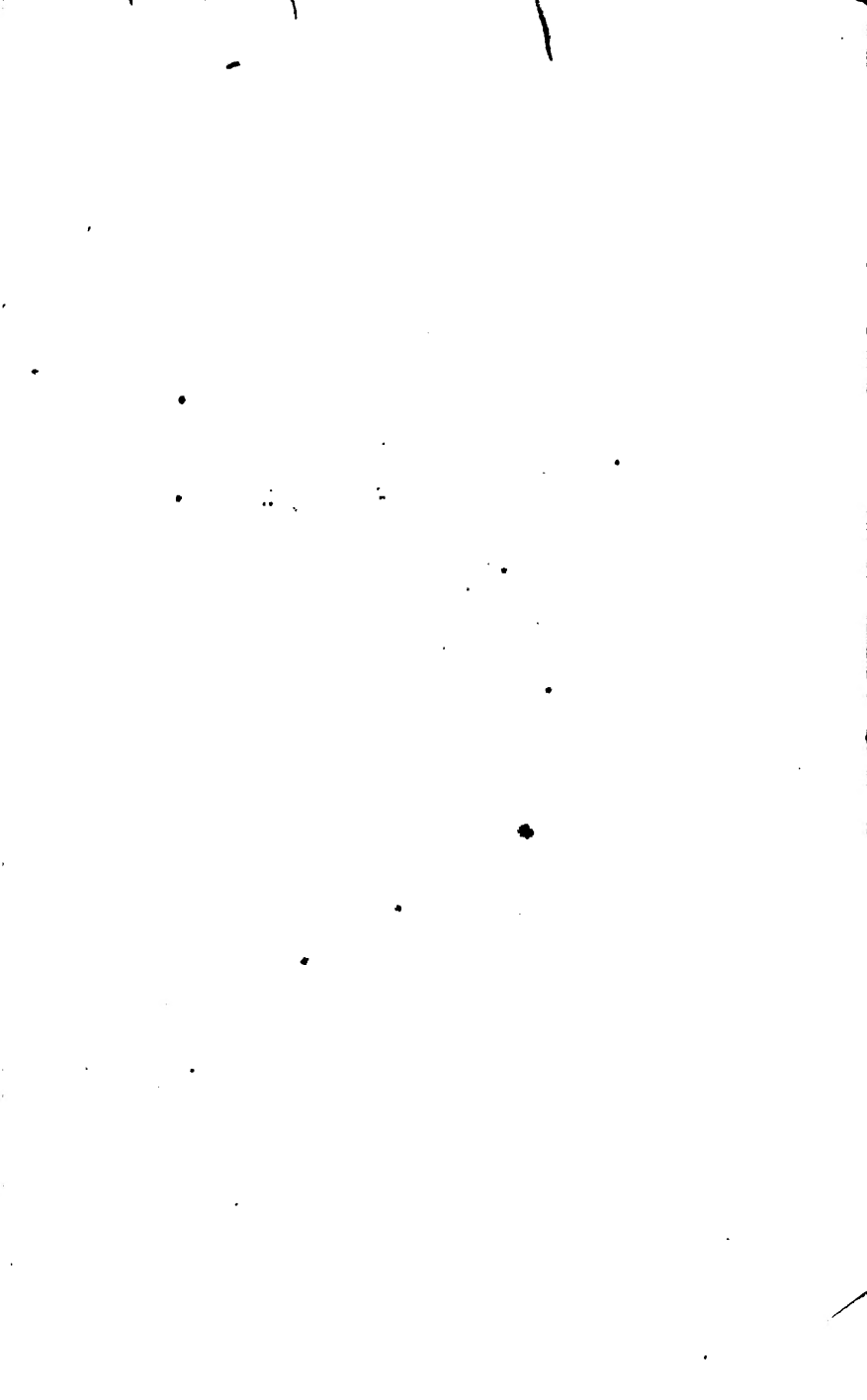












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